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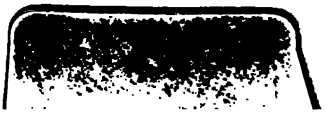

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THE

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MADEIRA DURING THE WINTER OF 1844-5.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONCLUSION.

"Away, away, from men and towns,
To the wild wood, and the downs,
To the silent wilderness,
Where the soul need not repress
Its music, lest it should not find
An echo in another's mind."—PERCY B. SHELLEY.

"My long residence here begins to fatigue me; as every object ceases to be new, it no longer continues to be pleasing."—*Citizen of the World.*

I HAD been wandering about Funçhal all the morning with a man of an exceedingly domestic temperament. He had waylaid the country folk and bartered for fowls and vegetables, he had felt lean rabbits, admired the plumpnesss of quails and partridges, and committed sundry eccentric actions of a similar nature, till, seduced by his agreeable chat, and amused at the singularity of his occupation, I found myself in the fish market at mid-day,

under a broiling sun. The fishes of Madeira are famous for their exquisite flavour and beautiful colours; the tainha is finer than salmon, and the pargo a most appetising monster. No one is obliged to eat stakes off the tunny, or regale upon snakes and sea-horses, but the red or grey mullet, mackerel, and all sorts of delicious fry, are absolutely in perfection for all piscivorous mortals.

The tints are certainly superb, but that is no reason why you should go to admire them in the market when the sun is at its meridian,—a rash proceeding, attended with an awful visitation to a person of a delicate perception of inodorous compounds.

The fact is, I believe I was out of humour that morning, for I remember being beguiled into the cooler and fragrant shades of the fruit market, and in the midst of bananas, red pomegranates, tomatas, oranges, grapes, lemons, chestnuts, green peas, custard-apples, guavas, pears, melons, gourds, and pumpkins out of all proportion, I again endeavoured to fancy Madeira the paradise I at first believed it to be, before I tried what a five months' residence would do to diminish that opinion. But the air was hot; it was a horrid *leste*,* which always disagreed with me; the very look of the luscious fruits was palling. I was tired of the place—the scene; parties were all over, people were getting slower, the girls more sanctified and the men more argumentative, and high and low church had joined issue with a tremendous clash which had been heard as far as St. Paul's. I had yet some days to get through,

* The *leste* is a siroc wind which blows occasionally from the east. Coming from the arid coast of Africa, the great ocean intervening seems to have no effect in tempering the raging, burning, parching, nature of this fiery blast. It is not a violently blowing wind, but if enough rises to ruffle the leaves, it comes like a stream of air from a hot furnace. The skin feels hot and dry; the eyes smart as if soap had passed into them; an intolerable headache, a sort of relaxed sore throat, and a general feeling of giddiness and weariness, make up the sum of one's unpleasant sensations. To people suffering under pulmonary affections, the *leste* is always a season of pleasure and delight, though I scarcely know why. The air is clear beyond conception—not a cloud tinges the sky; there is a dazzling glare, and a dry, heated appearance, over hill and valley. Seen from any elevation during a *leste*, Funchal appears in a blaze, and every place but a well-closed room, with very little light admitted, cool matting, cane-bottomed couches, and plenty of soda-water or *sangaree*, is hateful and unbearable. Sometimes a *leste* brings with it flights of locusts, which swarm over town and country in incredible multitudes. They fall about you in the prazas, flutter listlessly down to die on your dressing-tables, and, in the country, intercept your path *en masse*, extending, "as thick as bees," for a quarter of a mile or more in a long hazy line. Their ravages are confined to the fruits and vegetables; it is considerable, but they are fortunately short lived, and in a few days the whole race disappears. The *leste* is the curse of Madeira; and if ever the city of Funchal is visited with an interposition of Providence to punish the English residents for high and low church squabbles, I am certain it will be burnt up with a *leste*, like Sodom and Gomorrah.

so "I will have another gallop to the north," I said, "the *leste* will be over to-morrow. I have never seen the Boaventura, and I will leave Madeira fresh from magnificent scenery, and perhaps with agreeable impressions." Luckily I pitched upon a truly peripatetic philosopher, who agreed to ride with me. But I must collect my thoughts.

To be exact, then, it was at the end of March, 1845, that we rode out of Funçhal one Saturday afternoon towards Santa Anna, having sent an *arriero* forward some hours before, carrying three or four days' provisions, great coats, and other commodities desirable to travellers in Madeira.

From Funçhal to the north of the island there are four frequented routes: one by Camàcha and the Serra de St. Antonio to Fayal; another by the Mount and Ribeiro Frio to Santa Anna; a third by the bed of the Coural and the Boaventura to Ponte d'Algarda; and a fourth by the Jardin and the Serra d'Agoà to the village of St. Vimcente. The first of these routes I have already touched upon in my ride home from the Portella; the second we will now ride along, returning by the third, the finest country in the island.

It was late when we started, and before we reached the Mount the close of a magnificently bright *leste* day was fast approaching. As we turned round into the straight avenue which leads past those pleasant *quintas* of the English, the sun had already dropped behind Cape Giram, whose gigantic outline was traced black and strongly on the tinted sky; but the silent-looking Desertas laying to the eastward were yet streaked with golden lines, while from east to west the sea—except where ruffled by gentle breezes, whose course was marked by many a shade on the calm surface—was a flood of brilliant dazzling light; and over all, the sky was painted in broad streams of golden and violet hues. A few, a very few, moments, and all was changed: there was a short period of uncertain light—a struggle—and then the moon, looking large and globe-like, as it ever does in these bright climates, rose broadly over the sea, so blue and glittering, and still so cool, touching every object upon land with soft and tempered brilliancy.

We rode rapidly, for we had before us an ordinary ride of five or six hours. To Ribeiro Frio, after gaining the hills,—picknicking, happy, beautiful Ribeiro Frio,—we cantered without drawing rein. How changed the scene from what it appeared when we were last there. Instead of trampling hoofs, and noisy tongues, shouts, screams, wild echoes, and crashing crockery, which reverberated through the close valley, the most profound silence was around.

The moon was just peeping over the thick foliage which crowns the perpendicular mountain on one side, and, touching it with a delicate light, threw also deep and fantastic shadows across the whitened road, but it lighted up the entire valley opening down to

the north coast, and verily set the rapid torrent on fire as it dashed along for miles over its rocky bed, below wooded hills, and crags, and precipices. The fragile little bridge looked dark and perilous, as the sparkling stream, swollen with heavy rains, rushed underneath; the road beyond was strewed with detached fragments of rock, and mould, and bushes, which, though exceedingly picturesque, were sure signs of an inconvenient giving way somewhere. For Madeira roads often running along the mountain side, occasionally give way, *slip*, in fact, over the precipice, forming a kind of sloping shelf to be passed before you can regain the level path. A *slip* of this kind had taken place at Ribeiro Frio, at a spot where the narrow road rose almost perpendicularly, and moreover turned at the top of the ascent sharply to the left. On the left hand was the steep bank, on the right a precipice of some fifteen hundred feet. It may be conceived that the fact of this ascending portion of the road slipping down the precipice would render it a sort of impossible place to pass in safety. And so I thought when I looked at it. Light as day, there was no concealment of the awkwardness of the thing. What was to be done? We were not ambitious of returning; to walk would have been a case of slipping horse and all down the descent. There was but one method, and that was to carry it boldly by a *coup de main*. So at it my friend went, full-tilt. I could scarcely avoid laughing, although there was no joke to see him storming up the slope, with no discernable object for his exciting charge. Fortunately the slip was on soft ground; up the beast went, its feet sinking many inches in the earth at each plunge. This alone kept him on his legs; had the ground been hard, the animal could not have retained its balance upon a declivity at an angle of forty-five degrees, and having to make an upward progress at the same time. My turn came: I confess I *craned*,—however, I shut my eyes, sat close, applied my whip pretty freely, made a noise as nearly as possible like a *burroquero's* shout, "*cavàche cavallo!*" shrieked and screeched at him, and in a moment felt the animal making a succession of wild plunges and sideway evolutions on the *slip* which seemed likely to end in a dead stop midway. The idea of making a *pose-plastique*, or a centaur, or something equally picturesque, in that situation, was so exceedingly painful that I redoubled my shouts, achieved a fiendish howl far beyond the possible efforts of the most accomplished *arriero*, and after a few more rollings and struggles, was fairly landed by the side of my companion, very much to my own, and I believe his astonishment too. So much for Madeira roads.*

* The Funchal and Santa Anna road, of which I am speaking, is one of the best in the island, and well enough it is as far as the mount, which is as far as the English keep it in order. From there, although *paved*, the pavement always appears to be up, disclosing awful perils. But this is a "patent safety," compared to the really bad roads of Madeira.

By many a winding and broken path we passed on, and wound down the Meyametada. I had seen this ravine in a bright sunshine: I had seen it in a cloudy shroud: I had seen it during a raging violent tempest; but the vast cleft spreading out to the moonlit sea, and overhung with glorious mountain barriers, was beyond the power of description in the light which then disclosed its wonders.

In descending the zig-zag and dangerous paths to the bottom, sometimes the whole ravine was visible from end to end, but every now and then a bed of light cloud would pass rapidly down over the opposite hill, and so thin the mist, so brilliant the moon, and so clear the atmosphere, that every object beyond the cloud—the jagged outline of the mountain ridges — the rough and broken masses of basalt—groups of trees—patches of grey, green, and white—the very huts of the peasants—were all distinctly apparent, seen as through a delicate gauze veil. Then would the soft transparency gradually change to a more strongly-defined picture, as the cloud rolled slowly away, losing and burying itself in the distance, faded into fine particles, and finally "vanished into thin air."

After crossing the rapid torrent by a singularly uneasy bridge, formed of the trunks of trees, the interstices being filled with stones and rubbish,* we toiled up the opposite side, each turn revealing fresh beauties, as we passed from deep shade into bright moonlight, or from light mists into a brilliant unclouded atmosphere, in which the glorious objects above, and around, and below, were defined with exquisite distinctness. On gaining the summit, there are still one or two smaller valleys to be crossed before you may consider yourself fairly in the north, and find that having descended considerably from Ribeiro Frio, the mountain range now laying far above as well as behind, you have arrived in a tolerably level country, appearing to slope gently down to the coast.

There is still a good deal to be got through; but the roads are *really* roads, they are no longer *pavées*, but good soft, broad, turfy kind of roads — the sort of highways, or *bye-ways*, perhaps, which induce a man to shake himself well in his saddle, draw up his reins, and involuntarily press his horse into a canter, after trotting, stumbling, rattling, and jolting, over the uncertain and perilous moun-

* Probably a temporary affair, the bridge having been washed away. The disastrous flood which occurred (I believe) in the autumn of 1842, tore down half the bridges in the island, and there is scarcely a pass of any note on the north or south coast that does not bear melancholy marks of the grievous destruction then effected. The ruined arches still standing across many of the ravines are, however, exceedingly interesting objects, and fording the streams either on horseback or *burroqueroback* is always an adventure giving rise to some amusing incidents. None of the bridges have been repaired.

tain paths. The country is covered with a thick undergrowth of foliage, of what kind I am not sure, but the whole scene is open, and furzy, and heath-like. Presently you ride through groves of chestnut-trees, among whose branches, and over your head, the vine clings in festoons. This is the mode of cultivating the grape in the north. When I was there, both trees and vine were in their winter garbs, but in summer, when you may ride for miles along narrow paths through a forest of chestnuts, and under canopies of vine, the effect must be as beautiful as any in the plains of Lombardy. Still descending, and nearing Santa Anna, symptoms of cultivation appear: corn-fields, and a peasant's hut occasionally; bye and bye, a distant hum, which soon increases to a continuous roar, bespeaks the vicinity of the coast, and in a few more minutes, coming suddenly out of some tall brushwood, you see before you the towering cliffs to the right of Santa Anna, a long line of surf, and the broad expanse of glittering waves beyond. The village of Santa Anna is a straggling place, scarcely deserving the name; a few peasants' huts, one or two decent *quintas*, the church, and the roof of Senhor Accioli, are the only habitations. It was to the house of the above-named individual, who endues it with the name, without any of the circumstance, of an hotel, that we turned our horses' heads, and a nice-looking *quinta* it is, on the very edge of the cliff, many, many hundreds of feet above the raging roaring breakers. It was nearly ten o'clock when we consigned our nags to the *arriero;* and we had ridden across in exactly three hours and a quarter, about half the time usually taken to accomplish the journey, and, considering the time of the evening, the philosophizing by the way, not to speak of enthusiasms and admirations, it was not a bad pace.

It was a chilly night. Our host, whose comfortable kitchen we had taken possession of, in preference to the large, cold, rooms up stairs, cooked us a fowl (plucked for the occasion); and in that quaint apartment, with its beams and rafters, bacon, dried fish, saddles, nets, guns, poles, utensils and implements of an unaccountable character, hanging confusedly about,—in the corner of as large and cozy a fire-place as ever graced the hall of an *ancient Briton*, with a blazing fire of enormous logs, a very white table, and some very dark *tinta* smoking away in a desirable state of *mull* upon it, drawn close to the hearth, to say nothing of those few last and precious *weeds* of thine, oh, great and incomparable Alvarez! who shall blame me for softening towards the Portuguese that night, declaring they were the greatest nation on the face of the earth, and Senhor Accioli the most unquestionable hero of them all?

I rose betimes the next morning, having promised myself, as the *leste* seemed broken up, and the weather still clear and settled, to ascend Pico Ruivo.

To my surprise, my companion had vanished, and on inquiry I learned that he had left about four o'clock in the morning to ride back to Funçhal, a proceeding which to this day, intimate as I was with him, I have never been able satisfactorily to account for.

Whether it was that he forgot to lock up the spoons in Funçhal; whether the Senhor's excellent *tinta* would not allow his restless spirit to repose at Santa Anna; whether he was ambitious of hearing a tractarian discourse at the English chapel; or was dreaming of excommunication for not attending Divine service: I cannot pretend to say. Certain it is, he did arrive in town before nine o'clock that morning, and I started for the Peak alone.

I mounted early, accompanied by a remarkably strong *burroquero*, and a good luncheon. The latter I always consider an indispensable adjunct to the finest scenery and under the most exciting circumstances. We struck away immediately from the village, making straight for the hills. Pico Ruivo, to whose summit I was bound, is the highest peak in Madeira: the authorities say, 6120 feet above the sea, which, by the by, is quite high enough for all the practical purposes of a fine view. It is nearly in the centre of the island, but cannot be gained from the southern side, the Coural laying between, from whose wild head the Pico Ruivo rises precipitously: but towards the north coast the range of hills, which lies below the Peak, slopes gently down to the sea without any intersecting valleys. In fact, so gradually, that to reach Pico Ruivo is a matter of easy riding. It is perhaps ten miles from Santa Anna, a gentle rise more than half that distance, and only the last mile being at all abrupt. The roads are exceedingly awkward. They appear to be of a soft clayey nature, and the result is that torrents of rain, streaming down from the hills, wear them into a slippery trench, a regular groove, in fact, sloping from each side two or three feet deep into the middle. It is utterly impossible for a horse to keep his footing in these cursed ditches, and mine fell with me no end of times. The country is uninteresting after leaving the coast.

On nearing the summit, however, as the ascent becomes more abrupt, you pass over hills of black-looking volcanic substance, and through curious thickets of arborescent heaths, their huge ungainly trunks barkless, burnt, and blasted by lightning into weird shapes. It was a brilliant day, when, after scrambling through the thick brushwood and large shrubs which cover the summit, and give that distant tufted appearance to it, I stood on the very top of Pico Ruivo.

The mountain continent, with its perpendicular drop into the Coural, stands alone among those vast piles of rocks and ridges. Towering above everything, nearly the whole island is visible from its crest. Eastward to Point St. Lorenzo; westward to the Paol de Serra, with glimpses of the sea towards the south; the magni-

ficent north coast, and the singular apparition of the island of Porto Santo, floating, as it appears, in the clouds; the ravines of the Coural, the Serra d'Agoa, St. Vimcente, and the Meyametada; and the great points,—Arrieros, the Tarrinhas, and their lofty brethren flung in wild confusion on every hand. The *coup-d'œil* of these wonderful things is strikingly vast and magnificent, in fact too large to be at first realized: it is a view which *grows* on you. And let the day be clear,—a single bed of mist resting on the Paol, to relieve the eye,—a few fleecy clouds over the north coast, to give the effect I have mentioned to Porto Santo—and I will forgive any one for any thing they may exclaim when they reach, for the first time, the verdant top of the Great Peak. But it is best to be alone on such occasions.

I passed another evening in Accioli's kitchen, where I conversed much with my host on the deplorable want of energy of his great countrymen. He admitted the fact, and exhibited a good deal of intelligence on the subject. But we could not agree on all points, inasmuch as while I fancied a decent road, and facile communication, between Funçhal and Santa Anna might considerably improve the latter place, he remained firm in his position that mules and a terrific mountain path were greatly conducive to the free transit of commodities, and that a sure-footed horse was the greatest comfort a luxurious traveller could ever desire to obtain. Strangely old-fashioned people!

Dense clouds gathered on the hills when I started early next day for the Boaventura, but on the coast the morning was fresh and lovely, and although I had often been in the north before, I never so fully appreciated its beauties as on this occasion.

This side of the island is altogether contrasted with the other. The climate is more changeable and much colder, but at the same time, infinitely fresher and more bracing than that of Funçhal. Then, instead of the ragged luxuriance of the vine lands, the lazy spontaneous-looking growths in the south, the deep tract which lays between the mountains and the sea-shore exhibits lines of the plough, green fields, and hedges: water-mills are at work,—yokes of oxen,—groups of fine Madeirense fellows busily employed in various agricultural labours,—and altogether there is a bright, moving, active, and industrious appearance. The peasantry are a magnificent race. Uncontaminated by the influence of the town, there is a simplicity and natural urbanity in their manner very different from the cringing, craving air of the southern hillsmen. The women are exceedingly good-looking, and seem to sit oftener at their cottage doors knitting or working, and to perform fewer burdensome occupations, than the females about Funçhal. The costume is genuine; and although the men have a funny fashion of wearing only one boot, they are not the less picturesque for it, and in the loose shirt and bag breeches, they look gigantic. They are noble

fellows, always ready to give assistance, if your horse loses a shoe, or you get a disagreeable tumble: never beg like the thieving rascals about Funçhal: and, if benighted in the hills, and you seek shelter at the peasant's hut, his gudewife generally manages to produce a pair of milk-white sheets and a bed of clean straw on which you may sleep like a prince.

There is a dash, too, about the brown, bewhiskered, straight-built giants, that I liked; the very way they pull off their *carapusas*, as you pass, is done with natural gallantry, and not as if they were begging for alms, like their lazy vagabond brethren of the south.

The Madeirense of the north, are a genuine race, worthy of the fine healthy soil; and when so much labour might be expended in the proper culture of it, the shipping them off in shoals, to perish in the West Indies, seems a grievous and unpardonable error.

Leaving Santa Anna in the direction of Saint Jorge, you ride through beautiful groves of chesnut, among which, with enormous stem, often as large as the tree it depends upon for support, the vine clings from tree to tree, trails along the ground, and up the trunks, hangs in graceful festoons between the branches, and canopies the narrow paths that intersect the woods. Emerged from these plantations on to a ridge overlooking the sea, and towards the land, the fine black ravine of St. Jorge, extending into the interior, and backed by a lofty mountain-range, you bid adieu to the soft, level roads of Santa Anna, and in descending the sea-girt entrance to the gorge, view with what feelings of nervousness you may, the first specimen of a regular Madeira thoroughfare. Winding its serpentine course down the face of the rugged hill, the path is beset with huge stones, and filled with clefts, and holes; there is often barely room for one steed to pass at a time, while the descent is so steep, that the accustomed horses sometimes hesitate, and hang back in the most disagreeable manner, when you look over the outside, and reflect on the number of hundred feet that intervene between you and the rocky beach below. The roar of a tremendous surf beating ceaselessly on the wild shore, increases at every step, till on reaching the bottom, and crossing the stream, whose rushing waters mingle with the sea, the noise becomes almost deafening; for the enormous waves break at your very feet, cover you with spray, and threaten to swallow up the few straggling huts near the beach. The closeness of the headland on either side, the depth and darkness of the defile, and the apparent impossibility of escape from it, render the passage savage in the extreme; nor is the wild nature of the scene diminished by the strange denizens of the place, who, with blackened features, and sinewy frames, gaze distractedly, and yet admiringly, on you, as they raise their tattered *carapusas*; and you feel curiously out of keep-

ing with the picturesque beauty, the primitiveness, and the grandeur of the spot.

I do not know whether a figure in the fore-ground, tumbling from his horse, added beauty to the picture; probably sublimity, as being nearer allied to death; however, be the effect what it might, I got an exceedingly matter-of-fact *spill*, riding carelessly over the rocky bottom; and so much for abstractions, admirations, and many other *ons*, which in such localities are very likely to end in *offs!*

Toiling up the opposite side of this defile, the path we had descended appeared absolutely perpendicular, and almost inaccessible to a few sturdy north-men, who happened to be working their way up by the aid of their long poles.

On the summit, you once more find yourself in a nice, open, level, cultivated country, and canter on for some three or four miles, catching occasional glimpses of the blue sea, till, entering on fine groves of laurel, and till you again commence a descent, infinitely steeper, and more profound than the last. On this occasion, the path was so slippery from recent rain, that for once I was fain to dismount; but in spite of the assistance of a stout pole, having tumbled twice in about as many yards, I quickly found my way into the saddle again, as the safest place under the circumstances. The descent is accomplished by terrace paths, cut in a hill, close to the coast, covered with magnificent trees, through whose thick branches the only views which meet the eye are similar tracks terraced out far below among impenetrable woods that never seem to reach the bottom. I should say this descent cannot be less than a thousand feet. At the foot, you come upon the beach at the Arco de St. Jorge. It is a scene not easily forgotten. Above that rock-grown shore, extending for a mile or more along the coast, a perpendicular cliff arises, from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet in height, buried to the very top under dark and enormous foliage. Scarcely a grey rock peeps from among the luxuriant vegetation which clothes this noble barrier; it is singular and lovely; and shut in on all sides but the sea by these grand and forest-grown cliffs, you again seem at the mercy of the huge waves that crash and break close at hand, with a noise like a short, rattling clap of thunder.* Mountain scenery may be seen any day; but I imagine such extraordinary combinations of the "sublime and beautiful" are rarely to be found so gloriously united as at the Arco of St. Jorge, and other places on the north coast of Madeira.

* In proof of the extreme wildness of the shore, and the terrific sea which is always running, you never see any boats on the north coast; a landing, excepting on some favoured occasions, being a most difficult and dangerous undertaking. All communication with the south is across the hills.

No ravine intersects the coast between the Arco and the village of Ponte d'Algarda, consequently the road to that village runs close to the sea, occasionally (if I remember rightly) taking curious deviations into the sides of the cliff, or performing serpentine rambles over sharp rocks and shingle, till your horse's legs become immersed in the frothy surf. There the road divides; one branch,* and a fearful route it is, carrying you on by the coast to St. Vimcente; and the other, striking right away among vineyards and patches of cultivation into the interior.

This is the outlet of the Boaventura, unlike most of the great mountain clefts, remarkable for none of those magnificent scenes which distinguish the ravines of St. Jorge, St. Vimcente, and others, as they expand broadly, or emerge by narrow defiles upon the coast. Many miles of a quiet, homely valley, the very stream wanting force and rapidity, and many a cottage, and many a sturdy north-man at work on his patch of yams, or vegetables, are passed by, before—making a few abrupt ascents, and crossing the stream once or twice, backwards and forwards—you find yourself suddenly in a land-locked valley. You are on one side; opposite, (the distance seems but a few hundred yards, though it is much more,) a black and precipitous forest of immense trees stretches upwards, burying their giant foliage in a dense mass of cloud. The elevation is immense; but carrying the eye still higher, above that deep, misty line, stretching even into the blue sky, a dark wall of trees again appears, immeasurably distant, and seeming to overhang,—to topple,—as if growing out of the heavy, motionless clouds; for you cannot conceive that it has anything to do with the forest *below*.

The torrent foams, and hurries over a rugged bed; rocks, and basaltic stones of "unimaginable forms," lay in large pools of water, intermingled with the trunks and branches of huge trees, some black and distorted by many a winter storm, some recently fallen, all green and torn. Above your head, great shapeless stems, and roots, and peeping crags overhang, and threaten destruction to the path; and on either hand the gorge is all cloud and unscaleable rocks, among whose dark proportions no possible outlet is apparent. You are really in the entrance to the Boaventura. Those wooded mountains opposite, whose peaks are six

* Not far from Ponte d'Algarda, this road takes its course from the top to the bottom, on the face of a perpendicular cliff, rising to a giddy height above the beach. It is cut *in* the cliff, about two feet wide, with a parapet on the outside; and although really not so dangerous as many other places, it *looks* awfully so, as the eye glances over the terrific precipice at your side, and you listen to the raging waves beating furiously at the foot. At one or two points the parapet has fallen over, and the path lays open, and yawning, but you must not hesitate. Talking of roads, who remembers the descent into Fayal from Santa Anna!!!

thousand feet above the sea,—or others, farther into the interior, and as wild and high,—have to be surmounted;—their summits are the head of the ravine. And as the sun, casting gleams of light over the dark forest, and down the torrent, and on the tops of the slabs and blocks of stone through which it foams, and sparkles, has an hour ago passed its meridian height, and strikes intensely upon the glen, you begin to think that you have been riding since eight in the morning, and that it may be as well to pause before cutting your way through the mountains, which seems really the most probable means of effecting an exit, without returning. Indeed, I did not consider twice about it; my *arriero*, who, in addition to a heavy provision basket, carried two pilot coats on his shoulders, although he *said* nothing, looked unmistakeable things, as he deposited the aforesaid basket on the ground for a moment; I had a great idea of famine; it is not every day that one can lunch in the Boaventura; and there is something in the sublime scenery,—but more in the time of day, and still more in the mountain air, which gives a peculiar sharpness to the appetite; —so the *arriero* and I immediately fell to upon cold boiled beef, Portuguese bread, and bottled porter.—I believe the beverage was principally my share, for you can never persuade a Portuguese to touch English beer.—Poor fellows!

The horse's shoes (I was riding a little Portuguese nag, of rare pluck and mettle) have been examined;* a brown loaf, and a handful of Indian corn, his only meal, have been given him, and away you go; but the path becomes impassable from fallen trees, and rocks, and slips, and you are fain to turn your horse's head towards the torrent; and at the side, through pools, and blocks of stone, and decayed trees, force your way as well as you can, without the remotest idea where it is all to end. It would be impossible for me to give an adequate notion of the savage splendour of the scenery, as you advance up the Boaventura. The gigantic forest,—the uprooted, mighty trees,—the thousand rivulets oozing from among the damp and tangled foliage of large heaths and ferns, and gnarled roots,— the immense, branching arms above your path,—the close, but towering crags,—the black and barren pinnacles,—the tree-grown ridges,—the depths,—the roar of waters far below,—the clouds,— the few but brilliant lights anon penetrating and flashing on the black, the vast, and magnificent glen,—were things which any ordinary mortal might revel in, but which the pencil and the pen of a Salvator alone could depict.

* The *burroqueros* are very expert at this. On a long journey, they carry nails, and shoes, and using a stone for a hammer, soon set any little defect to rights. And often they will pull you up, when you could swear by an experienced eye, and ear, that the shoes are all fast; and on examination you find the *burroquero* is the most knowing, for there is *one* nail missing in the *off* fore shoe, or one *loose* in the *near* hind one!

The track is of a most extraordinary kind. I say nothing of the roughness, the steepness, and the frightful abysses it overhangs. For some distance, I remember, it is a series of artificial steps, cut in the solid rock, and steps no longer, but in name.

Up these my active little steed scrambled like a cat; but sometimes even this assistance to the clinging hoof is wanting, and the bare face of the slippery crag has to be surmounted. You feel your horse sliding, rolling, and jerking under you in the most uncomfortable manner possible, now his fore, now his hind legs in the air; it is not every horse that can do it, and I rejoiced in the stoutness and activity of mine, who never actually fell once with me during this perilous ascent. I had, as every body has, I presume, my "hair breadth 'scapes." Once, I inadvertently fired a small pistol close to the horse's ear, expecting grand things, as the report crashed, echoed, and re-echoed through the glen. And very fine the effect was; but the moment I fired, the beast backed astern in the narrow path, and it was only my simultaneously throwing myself off, with the *arriero's* applying a fearful whack on his flank, which prevented his tumbling head-long over the forest precipice. But this was nothing:—at another time, where the path was scarcely a foot wide, and the precipice indescribably profound, the horse shyed at something in the bank, and, *sans* reflection, I dropped my whip pretty freely over his forelock. In an instant he fell back, and I felt his *off* hind leg sink, as he backed over the cliff; whether it was the sagacity of the animal, or my persuasions, that prevented his making a rapid descent of a few thousand feet, I know not; but after a terrific struggle, in which I nearly lost my seat, the brute regained his footing. It all occurred in a moment. Everybody, of course, has these wonderful escapes to tell; but if anyone rides over the worst roads in Madeira, they will have no reason to be surprised at mine.

The ascent of this stupendous glen, must have taken me about four hours. When I stood upon the narrow ridge that divides the Boaventura from a tributary of the Coural, the ravine I had just ascended was hidden in a calm sea of very white mist, so thick, it appeared not to move. It was a curious sight, and gave rise to a few curious sensations, recollecting the glorious objects that great curtain enclosed.

There are several of these ridges between the mountain gorges. The most striking, is that which separates the beautifully wooded ravine of the Serra d'Agoa, from the wild Coural. It is a narrow wall, not many feet wide, with the mild beauties of the Serra on one hand,—its woods of laurel,—its lawns of broom, and fern, "one mass of mingling shade," undulating quietly into the far distance,—and on the other, the deep, dark, vast, grey crater of the Coural. The contrast is exquisite, the vastness of the double view most wonderful.

But we must ride along.

It was sunset, when I reached the cluster of huts, and the small Convent of Santa Clara, in the bed of the Coural. The quiet homeliness of the scene is rather unaccountable, when you remember, how it appears as *a part* of the grand view, from the edge of the Jardin. You leave the Coural by a kind of bastion road which is very curious, and exhibits a degree of perseverance, and ingenuity, on the part of the Portuguese, exceedingly rare in Madeira.*

The road, (steep enough, of course,) is hewn out of the rock, projecting by walls of masonry from the sides of impending crags, joining ridges, and closing gaps, which look as if meant to have been for ever disunited. Beetling rocks overhang; as you get higher, the steepness renders it hard work to progress, but even to a tired steed it is nothing, after the Boaventura; and if he does not cast a shoe in getting up, he will require no breathing, until you reach the top. Here you find yourself on the Coural, opposite the Jardin, still in the midst of noble scenes, and within an easy ride of Funçhal.

Rather an awkward mountain path, rendered more so than usual, by a dense mist, which obscurity induced my horse, contrary to all my entreaties and endeavours, to keep as close to the edge of the precipice as he possibly could, without tumbling over; soon brought me on the smooth pavèes, in the neighbourhood of Funçhal, and I arrived at quarters, about ten o'clock that night, after a stiff ride of fourteen successive hours.

This was my last scramble in the hills; and a glorious wind-up it was, to the magnificent scenes I had found in my numerous rambles.

I wish I felt my pen sufficiently descriptive, or my memory sufficiently tenacious, to dwell yet on the forests of St. Vimcente, the lovely Serra d'Agoa, and the glories of the West; all those places are haunts of sublimity and beauty. The great drawback, the tourist complains of, is, I imagine, the total want of associative interest. With the exception of the romantic history of Robert de Machim, and the faint traces of Moorish origin, which people pretend to discover among the Madeirense of the West, I do not think there is a legend, or a spot of ground, hallowed by association.

True, there is the Coural das Freiras—the *Nun's Fold*, but what romance is attached to it, I never could find out. Pico das Arrie-

* I must not forget to mention the construction of the *levadas*. The one which passes half way round the Meyametada ravine, a thousand feet or more above the torrent, is so clever, that it makes one sigh for the want of energy, or funds, or something that has allowed the great *levada* in the west to remain so many years in an unfinished state.

fos, may have been the discovery of some enterprising *burroqueros*, but tradition sayeth not: and if Cama do Lobos, was once a den of wolves, all I can say, is, that it is now a den of thieves!

But:—

"the ray
Of a bright sun, can make sufficient holiday;"

and to the lover of the picturesque, there is enough, without such reminiscences. His eye wanders over the stupendous scenery now existing, and looks back to the mighty convulsions that must have changed the whole surface of the still beautiful island. Those are his associations. There are things, which need no mediative recollections to awaken interest: the clouds in all their varying forms; the rushing winds careering over the mountains; the mighty ocean around all, are, as in the beginning; and the power, —the vitality of nature in her stronghold, if less apparent without the contrast of the perishable efforts of man,—the ivied tower, or the ruined abbey,—are yet the more striking, and fully felt, from the undisturbed, and solitary grandeur of her reign.

I will not go into the question, of how far the interest excited by association with past events, and things, is necessary to the enjoyment of natural scenery. I, myself, believe that it enhances enjoyment. But I pity the man who cannot appreciate scenery, without such connexion; who cannot love it for its own sake, and admires it merely for the scenes of human intervention, which have been enacted in its presence, and have long passed away. To such men, and there are many, I recommend not a tour in Madeira; but to those who think:—

"Dear nature is the kindest mother still;"

let them cruise round the island, and spend a couple of weeks in the hills, never forgetting to remain a couple more in the good city of Funçhal, to learn what Madeira wine, and Madeira hospitality really are; and if they do not return with a feeling of satisfaction, unknown to the hackney tourists in the hallowed grounds of Italy and the continent, I have no more faith in the influence of glorious scenery, and good fellowship upon the human heart.

Madeira is a pleasant place to die away life in,—a better, to idle six months in,— but to rattle off a few weeks, it is a delicious spot!

To the listless individual, who has indifferent health and nothing to do, and nothing to care for,—Madeira might do for a permanent residence. To the wanderer of greater vigour, and energy, who wishes to fling away a month pleasantly for recruiting, or recrea-

tion, I also say, run down to Madeira. Just let him taste its sweets; skim over town and country; glance rapidly at the senhoras; bring the last new waltzes from England, for the English girls, and waltz to distraction; drink plenty of Madeira wine, —and not flirt *too* desperately, and he will fancy himself in a modern garden of Epicurus. Then will he thoroughly enjoy Madeira, and come away with unqualified admiration of the place, —then will he talk wildly about a country, which is really very remarkable,—a climate which is certainly deuced agreeable, and wine which is a libation for the gods.

And these are the only motives which should induce a visit to the island. It will not benefit the invalid, to remain there one month,—and it will disgust a man in health, to stay six.

I went there myself, intending to sojourn a few weeks. Partly from not wishing to encounter that indescribable feeling, which—

> "sets one's heart ajar,
> On leaving the most unpleasant people:"

and partly from those vacillations, and undecided plans, which amount to nothing, and are always to be met with, among people who have nothing to do.

I loitered there many months. What would induce me to pass another winter there? Nothing! For in spite of the mountains,—in spite of the vine, and the orange,—in spite of the perfumed air, and the flowers,—the senhoras, and senhorinas, picnics and polkas,—Madeira is a melancholy place to become acquainted with. Oh! were it not that Madeira and consumption are as inseparably associated as oranges and Saint Michael's,—what a paradise it would be!

And so, farewell, beautiful, melancholy Madeira! They say the poor invalids never visit thy shores a second time; I shall follow their example, for I am certain I never shall. I feel glad to have retained by an indifferent memory, some indifferent reminiscences of thee, and if anything could give me unmixed pleasure when recalling those days spent on thy soil, it would be the satisfaction of feeling that my recollections had afforded a slight amusement to a few readers to whom thou art yet a land unknown.

And again farewell, beautiful Madeira! Thy mountain glories can never become less glorious,—thy skies can never appear less deeply blue, nor thy waters less bright and transparent. And that my countrymen may never grow less hospitable, nor their wives and daughters *more* fond of scandal-talking, is the sincere wish of one who has lived among them, and parted from them with mingled feelings of pleasure and dissatisfaction.

A WOMAN'S GRIEF.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Why urge me to seek in her voice and her looks,
The sign of her kindness and favour?
I know that she values and studies my books,
And tends the rare plants that I gave her.
She smiles when we meet, and her speech when we part,
Bears sometimes the semblance of sighing;
Yet bid me not woo her, I feel that her heart
In the grave of her loved one is lying.

For her I awaken sweet poesie's string,
And her praise to my lay is extended;
She seeks for my aid, when entreated to sing,
And our voices in concert are blended.
We speak on the treasures of science and art,
And chide the swift moments for flying;
Yet I tell not my love, for I know that her heart
In the grave of her loved one is lying.

She steals not from active employment away,
To weep without check or restriction;
She does not profane, by parading display,
The stillness of sacred affliction.
She bears in the world's busy labours a part:
She is ever the first in complying
With duty or charity's call; but her heart
In the grave of her loved one is lying.

The gifted are won by her eloquent tongue,
The good by her wisdom and meekness;
She has sense for the old, she has wit for the young,
And patience for folly and weakness.
The lovers, who venture their hopes to impart,
She soothes and consoles, while denying;
And they cease from their suit, for they know that her heart
In the grave of her loved one is lying.

Then urge me no longer to proffer the love,
Which would meet with a certain rejection;
The pale light of friendship would fail, if I strove
To wake the warm flame of affection.
From her presence I feel that I cannot depart—
My faith should be firm and undying;
And still shall I watch o'er her steps, though her heart
In the grave of her loved one is lying.

MARMADUKE HUTTON;

OR,

THE POOR RELATION.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH.

CHAPTER XI.*

But in no mournful forebodings of the future did Walter Mordaunt and Dick Burton retire to rest. With appetites rendered keen, and spirits braced by the blustering March winds, they had returned from their snipe shooting excursion, with pockets and pouches crammed with a heterogeneous collection of animals, the very nomenclature of which would have puzzled many an astute framer of the game laws to designate by which title of fish, flesh, or fowl they could come under; but which, nevertheless, made a most delicious stew, when turned out of the shining copper of the

* Continued from p. 419, vol. xlix.

jolly landlord: then a tumbler of hot whisky toddy to wash it down, and a cigar, with one of the landlord's freshest stories before they deserted the snug chimney-corner for their bed-room, followed, as a matter of course.

They were all sitting in profound silence, thus engaged, the burly landlord being placed right in front of the blazing fire, the red hue of which lent a ruddier glow to his jovial features, with Dick lounging luxuriously on the settle, and Walter smoking in a high-backed easy chair, when the sound of carriage wheels, and the hoarse, husky voice of a postilion bawling out for the inmates, broke in upon their quiet; and the landlord rushing out, presently returned, ushering in fresh guests, with many apologies for conducting them to the kitchen, which, from the lateness of the hour, was, nevertheless, the most comfortable apartment in the house.

"We don't care about the rooms, landlord," said a stately-looking woman, whose age was barely past its prime, and who led the van of the new arrivals; "my niece and I are both so hungry and tired with travelling all day, that we will be glad to put up with any fare, no matter how coarse; and we have lived too long abroad to despise the homely comfort of an English bed. Dumont, set down those boxes in that corner, and then go and assist Sir Charles to alight."

The speaker had gradually approached the fire-place as she continued, and it was only now that her eye fell on the figure of Walter, who, having arisen on their entrance, had remained standing during this little scene; she started as her dark flashing eyes were fixed on his open countenance, and the rich carnation bloom diffused itself over her lately pale features, and then, with a sudden struggle, she drew back, and walked quickly back to the door, by which an old invalid gentleman, leaning on his valet's arm, was entering the room.

"I hope you find yourself no worse, love," she demanded, in a gentle tone; "but the roads in this part of the country are really so wretched, that I am afraid you must be almost dead."

"No, no! not dead yet, my Lady Courtenay!" rejoined the old gentleman, in a brisk, cheerful voice; "nor do I hope to be, for some time to come. I'm dreadfully hungry, though, landlord, and could very well despatch any thing you may be able to set before us at this time of night. I hope we've not come too late for the game that my nose tells me has been cooking so lately; eh?" And then turning round, he cried to the valet, "Dumont, get my bags out of the carriage, and my crutches as well."

"Certainly, Sir Charles. Will you have your cordial as well?" inquired his attendant.

"No, no, not to night; as I feel quite strong enough without

it. A very wild night, gentlemen," bowing courteously to the two young men.

Dick bowed in return, and Walter begged him to take the chair he had just vacated.

"Thank you, my dear sir. One loves such a cheerful blaze as this to receive one, after a long day's march; especially after being accustomed to the dreary discomforts of Flemish inns."

"You have just returned from travelling, then, sir," said Mordaunt, who felt himself called on to be spokesman.

"Yes; only set foot on English ground, the first time these twenty years, on Tuesday morning. Glad to get back again, I can tell you; for there's no place, for an old man like me, but one's own country. Do you belong to these parts, sir?"

"I did," said the young man, laying an unconscious emphasis on the last word, as a pang shot across his heart.

"Why do you say, 'you did?'" inquired the old gentleman, in a kind voice, as he gazed on Mordaunt's features.

"I was born and brought up in this neighbourhood, but am about leaving it, perhaps for ever."

The sadness of Mordaunt's voice affected the old gentleman, but the conversation was here interrupted by the young lady, Lady Courtenay had designated as her niece, approaching the old gentleman's chair.

A face of dazzling purity, lighted up with dark violet eyes, and lips of dewy ripeness, with a profusion of dark hair, that fell in a heavy mass over an exquisitely chiselled neck and throat, was visible beneath the battered bonnet, the travel-worn appearance of which only seemed to add fresh lustre to the beautiful outline of her charming features. Her figure was so hidden and concealed by cloaks and shawls, that Walter could only hazard a guess as to its proportions; but her bearing was graceful, and her whole appearance rather gained, than otherwise, by this temporary concealment of a portion of her gifts.

"How is your head-ache, Madeline?" inquired the old gentleman, patting her neck affectionately with his hand.

"Quite gone. The Herefordshire air has, surely, charmed it away; and I, in reality, feel quite hungry."

"I am very glad to hear it. Allow me to introduce these gentlemen to you, my dear. I do not know their names, which I the more regret, from the kindness with which they have inconvenienced themselves to make an old man comfortable."

Mordaunt bowed, and named himself and his friend. On his own name being mentioned, an exclamation of surprize escaped the new comers, and a mutual glance passed between Sir Charles and his wife. The latter seemed inclined to speak again to the young man, but the same mysterious feeling made her refrain; and be-

fore anything more could ensue, by the hostess' exertions supper was once more placed on the table, at which the travellers seated themselves, whilst Mordaunt and Dick lighted their candles and retired to bed.

They met again at breakfast the next morning, and, as if fate had determined that it should be so, either party were the more delighted with each other. Sir Charles was more cheerful and discursive; Lady Courtenay less stately, yet equally kind; the young lady more lovely in her charming negligée, and more fascinating as well; the two young men were more at their ease, and so the whole party chattered gaily away until the completion of the meal.

It takes very little, at times, to build up a friendship that has to endure for life. Sir Charles guessed, from Mordaunt's manner, that he was about to launch himself upon the sea of life, and try his fortune in the world; and when he very delicately hinted his suspicion, Walter confessed that he was right.

"Then, as you are on the look out for adventures, Mr. Mordaunt, take the first one that comes, by accompanying us to Nuneham Courtenay," rejoined Sir Charles, eagerly. "I can see at a glance that you are a gentleman,—a gentleman in thought and impulse, I mean; and as Lady Courtenay and myself are old-fashioned folks, I hope you won't disappoint us just at the moment when we can call ourselves on English ground."

"If Mr. Mordaunt can excuse any trifling disagreeables on his first arrival at Courtenay," said her ladyship, with quite as much impressment as her spouse, "he is most welcome."

"Come, come, Mr. Mordaunt," continued Sir Charles, gaily; "make an old man happy, and take the empty place in the carriage."

"This is such an unexpected kindness, that I scarcely know what to say," rejoined Mordaunt, looking from his new friends to honest Dick Burton; who, much to his astonishment, was telegraphing his wishes to him, at a most fearful rate. "If I could believe that my society would not prove an incumbrance ——

"Tut, tut, Wat!" burst in Dick, totally unable to hold his peace longer. "Take Sir Charles at his word — never mind me, my lad; I must be back to Barbara to-day, you know; and as for Stephen, the dashing fellow he went away with, yesterday, I'll be sworn, 'll prevent his coming back to say good bye, before I get to Abbey Holme."

Mordaunt shook his honest, unselfish friend, heartily by the hand as he finished this hasty ebullition of feeling, and at once yielded to the wishes of his new friends. He was scarcely so profuse in his acknowledgments as Dick thought the circumstances of the case deserved; but he rose higher in the estimation of the Courtenays, from this very fact; so we presume he was in the right, after all.

The parting between the two young men was heartfelt and sorrowful in the extreme; and it was several days before Dick Burton recovered his usual equanimity. Mordaunt, however, seemed to have got over it at once; for, after getting into the carriage after Sir Charles, he was by far the merriest and most talkative of all the little company; and after his arrival the remainder of the journey became very noisy and unruly indeed.

CHAPTER XII.

WONDERFUL was the change that came over the whole household of Marmaduke Hutton, after the arrival of Mr. Pestlepolge and his angelic daughter; and intense was the curiosity of the whole neighbourhood to discover who his new guests could be, and the purport of their visit to him at such a time. The pretty little village that had, up to the present time, dozed quietly on, without even so much as a marriage or an elopement to enliven it,—that had been content to get its news, heretofore, second-hand, from Hereford, by the mouth of Dick Burton, once a month, had become possessed, all at once, of a mystery of its own, so intricate and complicated that even the little, weasel-faced parish clerk, and Barbara Burton, the two most noted newsmongers in the whole parish, declared themselves at fault; and thereupon began to throw out strange hints and suspicions about the new comers, by no means tending to the nocturnal safety of old Marmaduke, and the proper transmission of his mouldy wealth to his legal heirs, which would only have served for food for the mirth of the forgiving Humphrey and his child. But as such libels were only whispered about on the most secret occasions, when Barbara held high festival at the mill, they, strange to say, never reached the ears of those most interested in them; and so Marmaduke and his guests jogged on in their own way, which, apparently, was neither so dismal nor so dangerous as their neighbours would seem to suppose it ought to be.

The servants at the manor soon began to drop strange hints about the altered style of living that now prevailed therein; how the massy old plate, that had been an heir-loom in the family for untold generations, was once more brought forth to the light of day, at dinner and supper; and how the richest wines, all spark-

ling through the dust and cobwebs of their age, graced the plenteous board; how Pestlepolge would sit up, long after midnight, all by himself, locked up in his own room, writing as if for life, whilst old Marmaduke was fast asleep in bed; and how the youthful Penelope was at once installed as mistress, even over the head of the veteran housekeeper, who thereupon resigned, in huge disgust, and went off to the ranks of the enemy on the instant.

Had a bomb-shell fallen upon the quiet hamlet, scattering death and destruction on every side, it could not have excited half the astonishment that all these tales created. At church, the vicar's most eloquent sermons were unheeded, in the anxiety the whole congregation felt to watch every glance and movement of old Hutton and his new allies. At every merry-making the latest story about them was discussed in all its bearings. Every tea-drinking had its gossip about them, whereat the stalest scandal was canvassed and believed; and, coupled with Walter Mordaunt's disappearance, and Dick Burton's narrative of his adventure with the Courtenays, kept the whole parish in a ferment of conjectures and suspicions for months to come.

Although perfectly aware of the excitement they created, neither Pestlepolge nor his daughter seemed to notice it in the least. Until Marmaduke Hutton was convalescent, they remained entirely invisible to the whole community; but when the old man was able to limp down stairs again, and wheeze, and whine, and grumble, as was his wont, over the fire all day, then they altered at once their mode of procedure. The old, crazy chaise was brought out from the coach-house, and the trio proceeded to pay visits of ceremony to every one within the pale of respectability, in the neighbourhood. The whole village sat in state, in best parlours, decked out in best caps, and grey silk gowns, that had appeared times out of mind, at weddings and christenings, half a century before; burly yeomen and buxom farmeresses forgot ploughing, and churning, and cheese-making in their novel gentility. Old ladies grew dissipated over elder wine and souchong; and the old men sat and smoked on the summer nights, and predicted the speedy ruin of their ancient compeer, and the certain disgrace, sooner or later, of his new confederates.

And then, as if to give the lie to all such speculations, Marmaduke Hutton determined to give a ball, in honour of his guests; and as such a thing had never been known to happen, ever since his taking possession of the estate, the ferment was at its height on the instant. Wild stories, taking their rise none knew how, of the splendour of the preparations, and the total disregard to expense in the arrangements, were at once rife in every genteel household in the parish; and Marmaduke found every invitation accepted, with the exception of the Hardings and Dick Burton—Barbara, of course, would go.

It was a delicious June night, with a cloudless sky, and the full moon just rising over the hills that girdled the parish as an amphitheatre of peaceful beauty : it was the time of hawthorn buds, when every breath of air swept balmily by, laden with a thousand sweet perfumes; when the world had more of heavenly beauty than of earthly stain upon it, and the enraptured spirit mounted in adoration to the starry portals of the skies; when every leafy knoll and every brake rang with the melody of the nightingales; and every ivied cottage, with its quaint lattices, and chimneys, and gables, stood out in moonlit beauty against the sapphire sky; the very bark of the distant house dog seemed in unison with the time, and the tiny murmur of the brook, as it gurgled over its pebbly bed, had a charm about it that it never had in the staring daylight, and lent its own soothing music to the hour and the scene.

Dear reader, if you have not experienced it for yourself, believe me, that it is the pleasantest thing in all the world, on such a night as we have attempted to describe, to form one of a merry troop, all bound for some old-world country house, to take part in that gayest of all mundane pleasures,—a country ball; the hearty, unsophisticated conversation of the old folks, which all the grandeur of their Sunday-best cannot entirely subdue; the hilarous mirth of the young men, and the frolicsome coquetry of the young ladies; the handing over dangerous stiles, and the leaping across provoking ditches; the lingering behind the rest to snatch a kiss, or whisper a love speech; the laughing, and joking, and singing, by turns, added to the anticipation of all that may be in store, is a treat a thousand times beyond what any one, 'in populous cities pent,' can picture to their more sober and matter-of-fact imaginations.

Now, Dick Burton had, from the first, vehemently declared his determination of absenting himself from Marmaduke Hutton's, on this solemn occasion; and, as he coupled this resolution with many very complimentary allusions to the latter's body and soul, in a future state, Barbara at once determined to go without him, and procure a substitute instead; and her choice, accordingly, fell upon little Solomon Cash, parish clerk and pedagogue, who, besides being an ancient flame of Miss Barbara's, was a distant relative of Marmaduke, as well; and therefore perfectly eligible as her protector on the present occasion.

All this had been settled between Barbara and her ancient lover, several days beforehand, and therefore when Solomon drove up in front of the little green wicket, in a gig duly hired for the purpose, at the hour of eight, Barbara, arrayed in all her bravery, was ready, waiting to accompany him.

We feel that we ought to describe the valorous and amorous Solomon Cash, and his venerable vehicle, more at length. Solo-

mon's gig, then, was a heavy, creaky, lugubrious-looking affair, with a green body and red wheels, fashioned very like a hearse, and perched up so high behind, that, what with the knobby corners of the hood, poking you in the small of the back, behind, whenever the vixenish horse, Goliah, gave a plunge,—as he very frequently did—added to the knotty nature of the cushions beneath, and the narrow ledge allowed for the feet to rest upon in front, you felt, after travelling half-a-dozen miles in it, over a stony road, very much as State criminals in ancient times, I should imagine, felt when being broken on the wheel. Goliah, Solomon's steed, too, was a wild, rampant, dare-devil brute, with a temper so perfectly unaccountable, that whip and spur were quite out of the question with him; and although at one time he would bolt forward, with flashing eyes and snorting nostrils, tail on end, through thick and thin, for a mile or more, and then stand perfectly still after such a feat, until he saw fit to proceed, yet, after all, he managed to get over the ground in respectable time, so that it was the safest way to leave him to himself.

Solomon Cash was a little withered-looking man, with a little white pigtail behind, that kept continually wagging and jerking, with every vibration of its owner's head; a low, wrinkled forehead; small bleared eyes; a large, thin-hooked nose; puckered cheeks, totally devoid of colour; and a very long chin, made him look much older than he really was. Solomon had, however, looked old at twenty; so that, of course, he couldn't look very young when he was double that age; and his style of dress was equally antiquated and singular with his looks. His snuff-brown coat rose straight up to the nape of his neck, and fell down in broad square tails almost to his feet, making him look all body and no legs, behind, and when you viewed him in front, these appendages (for in Solomon they were nothing else) were so twisted, and shaky, and wasted away, that you felt as if they could have been very well dispensed with altogether. His scarlet waistcoat, which was ornamented with large silver buttons, reached quite below his waist, and, to give him a rakish appearance, he had on the present occasion donned knee breeches and white silk stockings, which, from the shrunken nature of his nether limbs, were almost entirely invisible, and were finished off by a pair of flat splay feet ornamented with silver buckles.

Goliah was far too skittish a steed for such a timid and inexperienced charioteer as Solomon Cash to give his own way to, so when he drove up to the green wicket Solomon never dreamed of descending, but sate perched up in his place, eyeing Goliah all the time with the most praiseworthy solemnity, and squeaking out a salutation to Miss Barbara as she proceeded, with the aid of a chair, to mount up to her appointed place beside him.

Now this was by no means an easy feat, for Goliah being of a

playful disposition, and by no means disposed to let Miss Barbara off so easily, pranced and curvetted to such an extent that Barbara immediately threatened to go off into strong hysterics on the instant, and Solomon, being constrained to exhibit his charioteering capabilities, screamed, and shouted, and coaxed the unruly brute, mingling his shrill pipe with that of his old flame, until the two rose up in a mingled jargon of terror and despair, the little clerk looking so ridiculously like a gaily bedizened ape as he sat cocked up on his perch, that the dusty miller's-men could only grin their appreciation of the fun.

At length Goliah condescended to stand still, and then Solomon, inflamed with a desire of immortality, had the temerity to bring Goliah a cutting stroke over the haunches, and the fiery brute, with a snort of pain, sprang madly forward in a cloud of dust, and after leaving the gaping crowd far behind, curvetted playfully on one side into a shallow ditch, dragging the crazy gig after him, with Barbara in imminent danger of being deposited in all her grandeur into its slimy stream, and at another moment sweeping madly forward again right into the middle of a formidable horse-pond, the dangerous contents of which, in a semi-liquid state, fell in a perfect shower on either hand, threatening imminent danger to the carefully clear-starched ruffles, and well preserved coat of the valiant pedagogue, who, with a blind reliance on Providence, sat, like the bridegroom in young Lochinvar, saying never a word, beside his horrified companion.

"Marry, come up! and you to give yourself airs about driving ladies in tandems to balls, you little monkey!" cried Barbara, at length, when Goliah had at last condescended to take to the road again; "you, indeed, to have such assurance!"

"Phew! aren't we going nicely, Miss Bab?" squeaked Solomon, trying to outbrave Barbara's wrath; "just look at Goliah, now, how he stretches himself out to his work! he's a perfect picture, mem, and as for his playful freaks—"

"Pretty pictures we'll be, Solomon," retorted Barbara, disdainfully, as she eyed her delicate swan's-down spencer, on which an ominous spot exhibited itself; "that is, if we ever do get there in all this world, and that, judging by your achievements, looks very apocryphal, indeed!"

Barbara drew a very long breath after this speech, which Solomon received with becoming meekness, for he had discovered, during their long courtship, that to dispute with his companion was but to feed the flame of discord; he therefore merely twitched Goliah gently over the shoulders, and Barbara immediately gave vent to an angry scream, for the knobby corner of the gig-hood had come in contact with one of the angular points so liberally distributed about her person, and she at once began more venomously than ever.

"In fact, Solomon Cash, it's quite preposterous my expecting ever to get to Ripley to-night with you, so I'll thank you, sir, to let me get down, and go on without me; only mind you, if you do get there to-night, without a broken neck, it's what, from your present audacious conduct, you have no right to expect."

"Now, Miss Bab!" cried Solomon, blushing all over at the stinging tone in which this insult was uttered, "if you mean to say you intend to get down, and leave me and Goliah to go to Ripley all alone, I must tell you it's not to be thought of for one moment. Out of this gig you don't stir until we get to our journey's end, and that's plain speaking, Miss Bab, and no mistake."

"And I tell you I will get down, Solomon Cash!" cried Barbara, making an ineffectual attempt to snatch the reins out of Solomon's hands, which of course had the effect of making Goliah rear bolt upright on his haunches, and then plunge forward in splendid style, whereupon Solomon, with a triumphant scream, bade Barbara "keep hard hold, for the beast was off for certain, now," which he certainly was in a most alarming degree.

First a snort, and a plunge, and a flourish of his long tail, which made the gig shake to such an extent that every bone in their bodies ached again; then another snort, as, like a flash of lightning, they were carried past trees, and gates, and cottages, and mills, darting up hills, and plunging down banks, that almost brought the gig over upon him, whilst Solomon groaned, and Barbara screamed, in mingled pain and terror, for it was really becoming fearful now, and both wished themselves well out of it.

To their great relief Ripley Grange appeared in sight at length, and the vixenish Goliah became, as if by magic, as tractable as a lamb, in an instant, and with a heartfelt prayer, Solomon threw the reins to a groom, and, dismounting from his perch, assisted the still terrified Barbara to alight. The latter had not yet recovered her breath, else she would have favoured him with another explosion as they entered the house, which was a perfect blaze of light, and already apparently crammed with guests.

"Now, Solomon," said Barbara, in whose manner the nervousness of her novel situation mingled most oddly with her natural acerbity of temper, as they ascended the stairs, "Remember, when you see Mr. Hutton and Mr. Pestlepolge, you make a very elegant bow, and after you have handed me down from tea, you must ask me to dance,—you must not forget that, Solomon, you know," added Barbara, with maidenly coyness, darting a loving glance at her bewildered companion.

"Sartinly not, Mis Bab," whispered Solomon, ogling his ancient flame in a manner that he fancied was vastly killing; "Oh my! did you ever see such a scene?" as the ball-room, in all its splendour, burst upon his enraptured gaze: "Whew! but Marmaduke is doing it in style, and no mistake."

"Hush, Solomon," said Barbara, in her most dictatorial voice, pinching his arm as she spoke, for she was inwardly scandalized at the gauchery of Solomon's loud-spoken amazement; "see all and say nothing, you fool," and having delivered herself of this admonition, she led, rather than was led by, the little pedagogue, right up the centre of the room, entirely oblivious to the many

"Becks, and bows, and wreathed smiles,"

and we regret to add, that a keen regard to truth compels us to chronicle not a few titters, amongst the rest, of numerous friends and acquaintances, not one of whom would she notice until Marmaduke Hutton and his friends were saluted after the most approved fashion.

There was an imposing tableau at the upper end of the room, formed by Marmaduke and his own peculiar satellites, more than sufficient, of itself, to strike terror into a thousand Solomon Cashes, could so many duplicates of that luckless wight have been summoned to behold it. There was Marmaduke in the centre, in a peach-coloured coat, and tawny velvet waistcoat, all bedecked with lace, and breeches to match, looking like a vitalised phantom, sneering a welcome to his guests, supported by the courtly Pestlepolge, whose usually dark countenance mantled with smiles, and who made a great form of being introduced to every one of the guests as they approached, whilst a stream of the sweetest adulation poured from his lips, which in one moment entirely engulphed the hapless Solomon to such an extent that he kept bowing and wriggling, and scraping, and muttering his raptures, long after Barbara had dropped her curtsey and was fain to retire.

"Glad to see you, Miss Burton," squeaked Marmaduke: "how d'ye do, Cash? Pestlepolge, let me introduce our very enlightened schoolmaster, Mr. Solomon Cash. Capital hand at birch is Solomon."

"Most happy to make the acquaintance of Mr. Pestlepolge," jerked out Solomon, looking up with admiring wonder to the place where the stern and somewhat gaunt grandeur of the Pestlepolgian column terminated in a head; "this is a great day for us, Mr. Hutton. 'Hospitality and generosity are the certain signs—' I beg your pardon," stuttered the poor pedagogue, on finding himself quoting from one of the trite axioms with which he was in the habit of ornamenting, in gigantic letters, the copies of his pupils.

"Miss Burton," said Marmaduke, with a wave of his hand, "this is Miss Pestlepolge."

Barbara dropped the stiffest of curtseys, which Miss Pestlepolge returned with compound interest; the latter, in fact, was in her element now, and in her dazzling yellow satin dress, which, however gaunt and spare it was from the bosom to the waist downwards,

at that point swelled out into such a gigantic balloon, that some of the less fashionable of the guests, whose costume was a few years behind-hand, were at considerable doubts as to its fair wearer's actual sex, and laboured under a strange suspicion that Penelope was some fresh importation from Owhyhee, whence the present rage for broad skirts is derived. Penelope, it must be confessed, played her part to admiration: the air of lofty disdain her pinched features had assumed, assorted so well with the pearl necklace round her throat, her gold bracelets, and the glittering head-dress she wore, that she was in fact a very different personage to the meek modest thing in a muslin gown and spencer, that Marmaduke Hutton had taken about with him on the visit of ceremony.

. And now a crowd of fresh arrivals swept Barbara and her cavalier onwards, and then only did she condescend to see her friends. Presently, to Solomon's intense horror, tea and coffee were handed round in great state, when the latter in the agitation thus entailed upon him, after scorching his mouth and throat with the scalding liquid, at length finished by overturning the remainder upon his stainless inexpressibles. The hapless pedagogue, uttering a groan, in which was concentrated all the horrors of the night, sprang from his seat, and with starting eyeballs, and quivering lips, attempted to diminish the pain by squeezing his attenuated limbs, whilst Barbara soothed him in a most edifying manner by a series of cutting compliments upon his dexterity, a process equally pleasant with the rubbing of vinegar into a very bad flesh-wound. To this succeeded a dampness surrounding the seat of the injury, equally unpleasant, and in this state, at Barbara's bidding, he led his partner forth to the dance.

On lifting up his eyes, Solomon beheld Marmaduke Hutton about to lead off the dance with Miss Pestlepolge: Marmaduke, with his yellow visage, his white lips, and black teeth: the very sight almost deprived the astonished pedagogue of breath, but his own duties and responsibilities soon absorbed all his attention, and Marmaduke Hutton was forgotten.

It would have done a philanthropist's heart good to see Mr. Pestlepolge's demeanour to his friend's guests: how he chatted with the old ladies so pleasantly: how deep and learned were his speculations touching agriculture and the game-laws, steam ploughs, and farmers' clubs, with the fat-headed, jolly-faced, farmers; how demure, and yet how fatherly, he was with the young girls, who blushed, and giggled, and played with their tuckers, when he accosted them; and how he slapped the young fellows on the back, and pledged them in bumpers of punch and madeira, and in one minute became the wildest rascal (in talk) amongst them; how deferential he was to the little vicar, how urbane to the pimply-faced doctor! Bless you! in five minutes, he had won the heart

of every man, woman, and child, in the room, and there was a sly twinkle in his sharp grey eyes, and a self-satisfied smirk about the wrinkles of his large unpleasant-looking mouth, which betokened plainly enough his satisfaction at such a state of things.

The old butler hated him heart and soul, for he looked upon him as the sole reason of poor Master Walter's leaving the Grange; and though he had brought out all the old plate and the richest wines on the present occasion, he did so only because Marmaduke Hutton had insisted upon it. The old man, too, was at no pains to conceal his dislike, and always turned on his heel whenever Mr. Pestlepolge came in his way, and walked off with all the dignity he could throw into his somewhat ancient figure. This was almost the only drawback to Pestlepolge's complete success on this occasion, and the latter very cleverly contrived to turn even this adverse circumstance to account by the contrast it afforded to his own meek, self-injured demeanour.

Pestlepolge danced, too—the staid and immaculate Pestlepolge, who looked as solemn as if he had just been assisting at his own funeral, and had scarcely dried his tears in consequence. There was little Miss Midge, a very madcap for fun and mischief, who laughed shockingly loud, and talked very fast, and was a complete hoyden, and doated upon fun, so that all the respectable old ladies regarded her in the light of a congreve rocket, from whose society it behoved them at all times to warn off their own innocent lambs, —Miss Midge, I say, swept down a whole country dance with Mr. Pestlepolge as her partner: her brown hair floating half a yard away from her shoulders, her face dimpled with smiles, and her merry eyes shining out from the surrounding red and white like two diamonds, and behind her sailed the good old man, every thing about him, from his solemnly tied cravat down to his shoestrings, proclaiming, "Here I am, in all my philanthropy, willing to join even in the pleasures of the dance, so that I make my fellow-beings happy!" and every one that beheld him felt that Mr. Pestlepolge, in sober truth, was all but angelic.

Pleasant it was, too, to behold the gentle Penelope, when playing at loo with Doctor Yellowchops, the hard-headed, pimply-faced village Esculapius, and Judith Liptrot, a meek old maid of fifty-five, whom the gallant doctor had regularly victimised of her shillings for a quarter of a century, without the poor old thing ever suspecting him once of being a cheat. Penelope was so ignorant of those shocking things, with red and black pips, that she really had to be taught a knave from a king, and a club from a diamond; hearts she knew intuitively, as what woman does not? And so the doctor, who only took brevet-rank by courtesy, had always an excuse for leaning over her chair to look at her hand, and winking at her over his cards when Judith Liptrot was not looking, and playfully shaking his head at her, and declaring it

was really too bad, when Penelope won the pool. Penelope was very coy and reserved to the doctor, and playfully confiding, of course, to Judith. But this daunted the former never a bit, and as Judith, in her innocence, was a capital foil, Penelope felt she was very charming in her timidity towards her male antagonist, who, on his part, laughed louder and longer than any one else about him, and joked Judith about her ill luck, and affected a vast show of gallantry towards the frigid Penelope, which put her little heart all in a flutter, though she did not show it in the least.

"Pon my honour, Miss Pestlepolge, but you do sweep the board uncommon fast," quoth the doctor, his great rolling eyes gazing admiringly at the third pool Miss Pestlepolge's taper fingers were sweeping off the table; "really, Miss Judith, you and I had better decamp whilst we've a leg left to hobble away upon,—eh?"

"Oh, now, Doctor Yellowchops, I am ashamed of you," simpered Penelope, averting her head from the gallant doctor, as if seriously displeased with him; "you must really be a very great cheat indeed, if your pupils make such rapid progress under your tuition. I really never touched a card before to-night in all my life."

The doctor screwed up his lips, and an ominous "Whew!" was on the point of bursting out therefrom, when he suddenly dispersed the shades his adult visage was harbouring, and vowing "it was all fair, and he was a villain to impute any but the best motives to such a seductive antagonist," cut the cards, and dealt another hand round.

Great was the wrath, and vast the indignation of Mr. Pestlepolge when he discovered his daughter in the very act of sullying her fair fingers with those abominable devices of the evil one, which had whiled away so many dull hours in the lives of Pangrado Yellowchops and Judith Liptrot; and elevating was it to the moral nature of all present to witness the manner in which the meek Penelope poured the oil of her gentle spirit over the troubled waters of her parent's ire; how Judith, poor thing, lifted up her meek eyes, with serious intentions of fainting clean away; and how the doctor cried out, "No! no! Pestlepolge, 'pon honour, now, you're a leetle too strict!—you are indeed!"—and how Pestlepolge shook the honest fellow by the hand, and blessed his darling child, and then ran away, covering his eyes with his hands, lest he should see more of the abominations of Satan; all this was very edifying and very elevating, and two old ladies said it was so, whilst an old yeoman was seen to put his tongue in his cheek, and mutter, "Walker!"

When they had played another game, just to prove, as the doctor said, that they wer'nt afraid of old Pestle,—and which, by-the-bye, the doctor won too,—the card-party broke up, and Penelope was handed down to supper by her new admirer, who, although he had the lamb-like Judith on his other hand, of course devoted his

entire attention to the more lively Penelope, whom he was more than once heard to describe to his more immediate crones as "a regular trump! an out and outer, and no mistake;" but as this was a rather ambiguous compliment to pay a young lady of such starch prudery, he took pretty good care it should never reach her ears, but was only uttered when the doctor was taking his brandy-and-water, quite cosily, in Marmaduke's study, whither these worthies had adjourned somewhere about two in the morning, after a terrible country-dance, which had nearly finished them.

"I say, doctor," quoth a young fellow of the name of Jack Winter, puffing a volume of cigar-smoke out of his mouth, as he lolled upon Marmaduke's table with easy impudence, "you seem quite down upon that girl of old Pestle's,—wish you joy, Choppy!"

"Thank you for nothing, John," retorted Choppy with edifying gravity, "and very much obliged, too, into the bargain, but old birds aren't to be caught with chaff."

"They are with tin though, Choppy, my boy!" interposed Winter with a horse laugh, "Has the gal plenty of that, Choppy? I'd stick up to her myself, ugly as she is, if I was only certain of that."

"Shall I give you the reversion, John?" inquired the doctor cooly.

"Thank you for nothing, doctor!—why you scarcely know the gal, to speak to, yourself."

"Do I not?—why man, I've done scarcely anything else all night, but ogle, and grin, and squeeze her hand under the table, whenever Judith Liptrot wasn't looking:—and if that's not knowing a young lady with a vengeance, sir, I should like to know what is?"

"Then if that's all you've done, doctor, I must say your time's been ill disposed of,—why man, she's as ugly as—I wont say what, but this I will say,—that a Cairo mummy buried in the time of the Pharoahs, isn't a more fusty piece of goods!—but she'll make a delightful Mrs. Doctor Yellowchops the second;" and Jack rolled himself off the table and walked away.

"A confounded puppy," growled the doctor as he strode after him, just in time to see the young vagabond being introduced by old Pestle, as he impudently called that venerated individual, to his daughter,—"he only means to roast her, and as he says, she's rayther dry and tough for that."

It was some alleviation to the doctor's jealousy, to perceive that Miss Pestlepolge by no means favoured the advances her new partner was evidently in the act of making her;—there was a coyness in her manner, almost amounting to timidity,—a diffidence which sate so becomingly upon her, that flattered Doctor Yellowchops' hopes in spite of himself, as he watched every movement and gesture with the most lynx-eyed watchfulness; and so he

returned to the supper room, and solaced himself by quaffing bumpers of champagne to the fair Penelope, which had the additional merit of being kept a perfect secret from the rest of the company.

Halt an hour after, the doctor might be seen hovering round Marmaduke Hutton, evidently determined to do the agreeable with all his might.

"What a delightful spectacle, such a happy scene as this must be, to a man like you, Mr. Hutton," said he with a sudden outburst; "Really, sir! when I look upon the number of beaming, joyful, animated, faces, around me, and remember that it is the act of one man that has called all this happiness into being, my emotions get the better of me, in spite of myself,—and—"

"My dear Yellowchops," retorted Marmaduke, all the malevolent shrewdness of his nature seeming to concentrate in his sharp, puckered, repulsive looking mouth; "all that you have just said is very fine, and very affecting, and to a man of my universal love of my fellow beings," and here every line and wrinkle of the old villain's yellow visage seemed stamped with aqua-fortis, "to a being so loving and philanthropic as I am, doctor, such a sight,—ha! ha! must be worth kingdoms. By Jove! old boy, I'd not exchange my feelings at this moment, to be emperor of all the Russias! I'll be shot if I would!"

A very odd expression came over the doctor's face, as he received this announcement; it did not, however, prevent his exclaiming, as he wrung Marmaduke by the hand, "Mr. Hutton, I envy you those feelings!"

That night,—or to speak more correctly, that morning,—after Doctor Yellowchops had left Marmaduke Hutton's "festive halls," and returned home, he staggered into his own dining-room, and held the candle, he carried in his hand, up to the portrait of the deceased Mrs. Pangrado Yellowchops, which hung in all the glory of lace, and satin, and pearls, over the sideboard; the artist, notwithstanding all his efforts, had not been able to conceal the envious crow's-feet, the tell-tale wrinkles, and faded complexion of the woman of sixty, all of which were rendered more repulsive by the leering air of languishment, "the mute inglorious," Sir Joshua had contrived to throw into his handiwork. Doctor Yellowchops in fact, had, when first settling in the neighbourhood, twenty years before, as a wild young fellow with more impudence than cash, married her out of hand on the strength of her wealth; but as the latter was discovered after marriage to be merely a pleasant fiction, existing only in her own imagination, her gay young spouse had revenged himself, by treating her with neglect, if nothing more; scrupulously refraining, however, from chronicling on her tombstone, the advanced age of his first love, and in this he did wisely.

And now as he looked upon the simpering image of his first helpmeet, he vowed a vow, that on the morrow, the elaborately gilded canvas should vanish into the dreary recesses of the lumber room; and he went to bed, to dream of Penelope Pestlepolge.

Shall we take a peep into the chamber of that fair vestal? we tremble at our own temerity, and our grey goose-quill quivers at our own audacity, as we venture to depict what is passing.

Penelope was sitting on a low stool, submitting to the infliction of having her "back hair," twisted into an elaborate club, by Miss Kitty Noggles, who looked, we are fain to confess, very dissipated, and rather sleepy, as well. Kitty had, in fact, been the belle of the servant's hall, on this eventful night, and having openly rebelled against the neglect of old Robert, and the snubbing of the housekeeper, who "thought her, a pert, forward thing amongst the men, and quite owdacious to her elders and betters," she was naturally, in a very high-flown temper, and by no means disposed to take quietly the tiffs and humours of Miss Pestlepolge.

"And lor' a mussey, mem," continued Kitty, whose volubility was really quite alarming, owing to the punch and the dancing, "they do say that this Doctor Pangreedy, wuz a perfect bluebeard, mem, to his first poor dear darlin' of a wife;—the tales they do tell, mem, are enough to make the blood run cold in one's body."

"Who's been telling you all this stuff, Noggles?" inquired Penelope, in her tartest voice.

"Who, mem?" reiterated Miss Noggles, indignantly, "Jesse Jopling and I, danced a good deal together, first and last, and Jesse told me all about, how the doctor married the poor old woman on the repytation of her riches, and how the people cried shame on the match, when he might have been her son a'most twice over, and how they said he was right sarved, when it was found out she hadn't a penny to bless herself with."

"And you may tell Mr. Jesse Jopling, from me, Noggles," interrupted Penelope, with inflamed visage, "that he's a meddling fool, and that if I was the doctor, I'd horsewhip him, for telling such fool's tales;—and what more, pray, did he say, simpleton?" she added carelessly, although in reality her naturally cunning disposition prompted her to hear everything she could, both for and against Yellowchops; "you can tell me everything, Noggles, for, of course, I don't care a pin for Doctor Yellowchops."

"La, miss! what should they say?" blurted out Kitty, with admirable simplicity, "the doctor is such a nice man, I'd wager my life, there's people mean enough to say everything injurious to his krakter;—I did certainly hear, but you know miss, how vile and low some people will stoop."

"Hum! and so they villified the doctor, down stairs, Noggles?"

said Penelope, surveying herself leisurely in her glass; "Dear! dear! what sad creatures men are, to be sure!"

"Oh, for sartin sure, miss, they villified him, out and out," continued Kitty, screwing up her grotesque features into an impenetrable mysteriousness. "Jesse whispered me, when we wuz standing up in a corner together, that Mr. Walter Mordaunt and the doctor,—but, miss, I'd rayther not tell what Jesse said, for it'll get him into trouble, and then he'd blame me for it;" and Kitty began to whimper quite hysterically.

"Well then, Noggles, you must keep it to yourself," rejoined her mistress, as she proceeded to invest herself in an elaborately frilled night-cap, through the lace-border of which, her sharp, hatchet-faced visage, peered out in tenfold ugliness: "you are such a strange girl, that if it wasn't for wiling away the time, whilst you were dressing my hair, I certainly would not allow you to detail such stories to me,—and so Jesse told you that the doctor, and,—now, Noggles, you are a good girl, and so you must tell me what Jesse said about the doctor, and,—and—you know who I mean."

"And Mr. Walter Mordaunt, mem?" added Kitty, setting down her candle again on the dressing table, as her mistress threw herself into an easy chair. "Jesse said,—but—you are sartin sure, miss, that you'll never let on to your papa, nor Mr. Hutton."

"Now! now! Noggles, what a fool you are," cried Penelope, indignantly, as her white face flushed a bright scarlet, "I insist upon hearing, what the creature said of Doctor Yellowchops."

"Well then, miss,—he did say that there was some difference between Mr. Walter and Doctor Pangreedy, and Mr. Walter horse-whipped the doctor, and made him go down on his knees and beg his pardin, and ever since then they've been most bitter foes, for Pangreedy's a mortal proud man, and grizzled finely at the disgrace, which everybody was sure to know about, for one or two of the blows happened to come over his face, and there was a couple of deep welts, for weeks after; and they say, if the doctor could pay Master Walter off, for it all, he'd a'most go crazed, for joy."

"And Jesse told you that?" inquired her auditor, whose face had changed from red to white, whilst her lips quivered, and her eyes sparkled in spite of herself, during Miss Noggles' elaborate narrative.

"I'd take my bible hoath, miss!" said Noggles, stoutly.

"You're a good girl, Noggles,—and I won't forget you," said Penelope, very graciously, as she started up; "you did quite right in telling me of this,—quite right, for, good heavens, if the doctor ever was to meet with the poor deluded young man, he might murder him in his wrath."

"Murder the doctor, mem?" inquired Kitty with an incredulous smile; "lor' a mussey, mem, don't you know it wuz him that thrashed Pangreedy out and out; and the twos been living in the same village, a year and more, since,—no, no, he'd never do that, mem!"

"Nonsense, Noggles!" retorted her mistress peevishly; "an idiot like you cannot see, that the doctor has only refrained from having his revenge upon,—upon,—you know who I mean, Noggles."

Noggles, shook her head, for five minutes incessantly, apparently to try whether any part of the machinery had got loose, or not; and then listened with gloomy incredulity to her mistress.

"Any one, but you, Noggles," continued Penelope, contemptuously, "would be clever enough to divine, that the doctor didn't get his revenge earlier out of regard to our dear Mr. Hutton, but now that,—that,—you know who, Noggles."

Noggles rattled her head again apparently for the same purpose, and ejaculated "Mem, certinny."

"But now that the latter."

"Mordaunt," ejaculated Noggles, somnambulically.

"Yes;—has quarrelled with Mr. Hutton, of course Dr. Yellowchops will not be restrained by any such compunction, and therefore, of course, the doctor will horsewhip,—you know who, Noggles."

Noggles swallowed an imaginary Mordaunt, and ejaculated, "Oh my!"

"And, of course, Noggles, such a step will be very soothing to our dear Mr. Hutton, and will certainly be the means of ingratiating the doctor in his good opinion, which will be quite invaluable to him,—and, as by all accounts,—you know who, richly deserves it,—it will only be a proper rebuff for all his ingratitude, and heartlessness, and all that;—and so Noggles, I would recommend you to be very circumspect in all that you hear and see,—and be quite sure you be cautious in what you say,—for its very dangerous speaking your own mind too freely; and if you do hear anything more about the doctor, or anybody else, why of course, Noggles, you can tell what you hear to me, and then we can know what to believe, and what to laugh at,—and so now good night!"

Noggles uttered an asphyxiatised "Lor' a mussey!" and with a vehement shake of the head, which made her look ten times more ridiculous than ever, took up her candle, and vanished.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE cosy old parlour at Abbey Farm had never beheld a sadder supper-party, than that which assembled therein on the night of the pompous gentleman's arrival with Stephen Harding;—on the road thither, the conversation had turned on such very general topics, that Stephen was quite ignorant of the errand that had induced his companion to favour them with his society, and even now, when the errand was told, his sad and gloomy air, his fits of abstraction to what was passing, and the violent starts he made when spoken to, proclaimed plainly enough, the unpleasant news of which his new acquaintance was the bearer.

At the head of the table, a post she had never been absent from for five and thirty years, sate good Mrs. Harding, tearful, sad, and despondent, carrying on a painful conversation with her guest, who was the only unconcerned member of the party; the latter, to do him justice, eat and drank, and talked so incessantly, that the stranger would have imagined them all to be very busily engaged indeed.

Stephen sate apart, by himself, near the fire, apparently not even hearing the conversation that was being carried on by the other two, but gazing abstractedly into the dull, red, blaze that shot up the chimney; a noble stag-hound that usually accompanied him in his rounds, had crept to his feet, and with that strange sympathy with sorrow dogs sometimes display, now lay gazing wistfully into its master's face, with a gravity very little inferior to his own.

"Yes, Mrs. Harding!" said the stranger, gulping down an enormous mouthful with evident gusto, as he resumed the conversation; "after poor Bessie's death, things went hardly with me for a time, and when I sent little Di' to you, I had sore work enough to keep my head above water,—many and many's the time I've crept to bed with an empty stomach, and got up in the morning, in total ignorance of the manner in which that day's dinner was to be provided,—but that's all over, years ago, and now that I'm a rich man, and can make ducks and drakes of my money, why I think it's time I took the care and expense of my little girl upon myself: and mind you, when I do this, I'm quite aware that no return on my part could ever compensate you for the care and anxiety you've been at with her; I'll be shot, sister, if I do!

you've filled the place of a mother to the poor thing,—and when I look at Di',—so lithe, and blithesome, and merry, with her joyous laugh and her roguish eyes, and her dainty little figure, why I will say between us both, that the girl is perfection and there's an end o'nt."

"Ah Joseph! to hear you talk, one would think you were bringing our darling Dinah to us, instead of taking her away," rejoined the old lady, with a mournful shake of the head; "I know what she is, much, very much, better than you yourself do; the bud that has unfolded into such a lovely flower, had given but slight promise of its future excellence; day by day have I watched her increasing in womanly virtue, and now that I had fondly thought that nothing but death could part us, you come all unawares, and rob us of the being that has been the very sunlight of this happy home for years."

"All that you say, sister, is very true," continued her companion, "and from my heart I thank you, for all that you have done for little Di; it must be a hard thing to part with the girl after such long companionship; and when you say this, you must also admit that nothing but my own unsettled career should so long have separated father and daughter; you must be aware that Dinah is now of an age to take the direction of her father's house, and as I can keep her in the very first style, I will not longer delay introducing her to the station, her grace and beauty so richly deserve;—so cheer up and let us be as merry as we can during the short time we have to be together: God knows no harm shall come of my little girl."

"God forbid that harm should come, Joseph Linton," said the old lady with solemn earnestness; "you are her father, and by that sacred right alone, you take her from the roof that has sheltered the happiest years of her life. Beware of forfeiting by your misconduct, the love and affection of one of the merriest and most guileless of God's creatures,—and yet even now, when you tell me that you are rich."

"Rich! I warrant you I'm rich enow," cried Linton with a coarse laugh; "look here!" and he scattered a handful of gold on the table, "I have untold bags of these yellow boys, stowed away in a handy place, which no living soul knows of;—I have bank scrip, and railway shares, and canal shares without end; I have a mortgage on an estate, the only life in which has one leg in the grave already;—I'm a director of two fire-companies, and might be a Justice of the Peace would I but consent to take the trouble: why, heart alive, I'm as rich as Crœsus, and if harm can come to any girl who has such a father—"

"If wealth is your only security for your child, Joseph, I tremble for you," said Mrs. Harding, almost sternly, "but I know you of old, in poor Bessy's time, when you were the victim of every

visionary plan and wild chimera for converting dross into gold, whilst your poor wife—"

"What of her," growled the man fiercely from between his clenched teeth, "was it not a bitter enough trial to see her pine away, day by day; struck down as she was by hunger, and misery, and want, and to feel that I had not the power to reach a finger to save her:—to see the form, once so light and airy, grow haggard and gaunt, and spectre-like:—to see the face, that was once so lovely, fade away as if death clamoured greedily for his prey, and was ready to strike, whilst the spirit still lingered in its shrine:—to mark the eyes grow dim, the hair grow lank and skeleton-like, and the merry voice—"

"As Dinah's is now," sobbed the old lady. "Oh Joseph! Joseph! I implore you by all you hold most dear,—as you hope for forgiveness from God for all the fearful wrong you did to that angel who is now in Heaven,—as you would save Dinah from such a fate, and would have her all that Bessy might have been,—as you would spare your guilty soul, this last and greatest crime of murdering your own child,—as you would not strike her down in all her beauty, and happiness, and lay her in her shroud—"

"What the dickens is all this hubbub about?" cried Linton, savagely; "upon my soul! to hear you talk, one would fancy I'd murdered poor Bessy outright; why you almost make the blood run cold in one's veins, sister," he added, glancing hurriedly round the room, and trying to laugh away his own fears; "and you that know so well how Bessy died, Mary."

"Do you remember, brother-in-law?" said Mrs. Harding, through her tears, "what Bessy was when you took her away from our poor mother's house, thirty years ago?"

"Certainly! as if it was yesterday," rejoined Linton, endeavouring to look bold and unmoved, in spite of himself.

"She was a girl then," added the old lady, looking at him with her chin resting in her hand, "a generous, confiding, noble-hearted girl, the very image of what Dinah is now."

"She was," acquiesced the man, whose strongly lined countenance grew darker and sterner every moment, "it was a bright May morning, and as we stood beneath the honeysuckle porch, as the joy-bells struck up a peal, I thought I never gazed upon such a beautiful creature."

"And do you remember what our poor mother said?"

"How should I?" retorted the man restraining an oath, "at such a time as that? do you think I could attend to an old woman's thoughts?—something foolish and simple enough, I'll be sworn!"

"She took Bessy in her arms and kissed her."

"Go on,—I remember that," rejoined the man, doggedly.

"And do you remember when Harding said,—we had'nt been married long, then, ourselves,—that he hoped you'd be happy

in each other, and that you would cherish Bessy, whatever befel you,—mother turned round, and said solemnly, "God forgive me if I misjudge him, but, as I'm a living woman, Linton will bring her down with sorrow to the grave!"

"Did the old woman say that?" inquired Linton, with a sneer.

"She did,—and you yourself know how fearfully true was the prediction."

"Any one might have known from that, that we never could prosper,—I always thought there was a fatality about the match, and now I'm convinced of it:—had I been ever such a husband, it would have been of no avail;—we were doomed, body and soul, beforehand, and so there's an end of it."

"God forgive you, Joseph," said Mrs. Harding, attempting to rise; "bad, and depraved, and hardened, as I knew you to be, I never expected you would dare to palliate your conduct thus."

"What can I do?—I didn't kill Bessy!"

"Not actually:—you didn't poison her in a manner that would call down the vengeance of the law upon yourself;—you did not strangle her so as to leave the mark of the cord around your victim's neck;—your cowardly heart would not permit you to do this:—but you poisoned the life-springs of her existence, so that she died by a miserable and lingering fate:—you cast back upon herself the love and affection her confiding nature lavished upon a worthless creature like yourself,—and when on her death-bed she forgave you with her dying breath, a brutal jest was your only answer: and so she died."

"Mother!" said Stephen Harding, hoarsely, "who is this man on whom you heap such terrible reproaches?—I have heard but little of your conversation, and the little I have heard, seems more like some terrible dream than a sober reality."

It was a singular picture that these three people presented at this moment; the man called Linton, seated at the table, his big burly form, and stately demeanour, and extravagantly dressed exterior, contrasting so vividly with the air of mingled terror and bravado his features had assumed; his face was perfectly livid with mortification and passion, his eyes were wild and blood-shot, and the sweat stood out in great beads on his forehead;—standing over him on the opposite side, was Stephen Harding and his mother,—the former, with one arm supporting her round the waist, whilst the other was raised in a menacing attitude; it was a scene in which the tears of the old lady, the bewilderment of the youth, and the bravado of the man of middle age, were strangely mingled.

"Mother!" said Stephen, tenderly, yet firmly, "who is this man?"

"Who, or what he is, my son, it matters not, at least for the

present," said Mrs. Harding, striving to be calm: "a time may come, Stephen, when I shall think it fitting to entrust you with the secret of his history:—but do not ask me now;—it is enough that he has the power of robbing us of our sweet Dinah."

"You said he was a murderer," rejoined the young man, turning from his parent to their guest, "Why do you entrust Dinah to such a wretch?"

"Do not ask me Stephen,—a time will come—"

"Mother, the time has come!" interrupted Stephen, hoarsely, "no time can be like the present, for unmasking this man's guilt:—is he Dinah's father?"

"He is, Stephen!" rejoined his mother, with a shudder.

"What I have heard to night, then," said the young man, striving to speak audibly, "accounts for the air of mystery and secrecy, my father and you always observed when speaking of Dinah's parents;—God knows how bitter the discovery has been,—and yet I thought that Dinah's father was dead."

"He is not, Stephen,—I fondly hoped that he was; but God has seen fit to rebuke my prayers; and though I feel that I am forced to give up our sweet lamb to him, I know that God himself will be her shield."

"Mother," said the young man, passionately, "Dinah shall not go with this man, were he even an angel from the skies,—I have heard to night what you never intended I should know,—and be he the devil himself, he shall not take Dinah away without her own free-will. I swear it, mother! he shall not!"

"Don't be afraid, my young cock, but what little Di' will be ready enough without any compulsion," quoth their guest, with a hoarse laugh. "I think I see a daughter of mine refusing to obey me in such a matter as this,—whether you like it or not she shall go, but I would just hint that you really make far too much work about a very trifling matter; upon my soul! no harm shall come to my little girl; I love her far too dearly for that!"

"Your very countenance gives the lie to your words," said Stephen, indignantly, "I do not even believe that you have the right to deprive Dinah of the protection she has so long enjoyed."

"My son," said the old lady sadly, "he is her father."

"Were he her father twenty times over, I've heard enough to forbid him accomplishing his hellish purposes:—what are his schemes, I know not, but I feel confident that they are black enough,—and our Dinah shall never be a party to his infamous purposes:—mother, don't gainsay me!—Dinah shall not go!"

"My son, if he says she must go—"

"She must go," said their guest, whose keen eyes flashed with triumph, "to-morrow, Mrs. Harding, by nine in the morning."

"So soon?" gasped the old lady.

"By nine in the morning!" continued the other, as if not

noticing the interruption, "my daughter and I must leave Abbey Holme; we will write from Hereford, and from thence Dinah shall inform you where to direct the answer to our letters,—and although your son—"

"He will not endeavour to delay your departure, Joseph Linton," faltered the old lady, leaning heavily on the affectionate arm of the young man, who read in her pallid cheek, her quivering lips, and tearful eyes, how great was the struggle that shook her frame:—"Dinah already knows that she has to leave us for a time,—I did not tell her,—I couldn't do it so suddenly,—that it might be for ever, but I did tell her that it was her father, with whom she was to set out, and whatever I and my son may know of your misdeeds, your child, at any rate, believes you guiltless."

"It is better so, ma'am," said her auditor, contracting the frown that hovered around his lips,—"and for all the kindness you have shown to me and mine, weakened as it is by the scene of to-night—"

"Enough, sir," rejoined Mrs. Harding, with proud composure, "I do not value your thanks,—it is enough to know I have done my duty,—I will now go and see Dinah, and bid her good night, for—" the old lady's lips quivered so, that she could not articulate the last word of her speech, and putting her handkerchief to her face, she bowed, and left the room, leaning on Stephen's arm.

As soon as she had gone, the man threw himself into a chair, in front of the fire, and pouring himself out a tumbler of sherry, drank it off, and then resting his boots on the hobs, fell into a moody reverie.

A moment after a cry reached his ear from the adjoining room. Opening the door gently,—so gently in fact, that Stephen, who was bending over the venerable form of Mrs. Harding, did not even look up,—he perceived that she had fainted.—He drew his head in again with the same noiseless precaution, and as the light fell on his eager upturned face, it disclosed features, that, through all their habitual joviality, were distorted with all the triumphant ferocity of a fiend.

He did not resume his former place again, but sitting down near the door, listened with malignant pleasure to the alarmed accents and hurried movements of the actors in the little tragedy he had evoked in the next room.

THE CITATION.

Evelyn Bellisle had a father on the sea,
But he left her in a bower of soft security;
The treasures of far distant lands, the best gifts of the earth,
Had all been lavished doatingly on the fair girl from birth.

Evelyn Bellisle had no mother, and no kin,
No anxious hearts to watch her, no partial praise to win;
Her sire was the only one who claimed her fervent love,
Such love as holy angels know, in the bright realms above.

"How rich and rare my bowers must be," she said with thoughtful smile,
"For the treasures of *the earth* are poured on Evelyn Bellisle:
But treasures from *the deep* I crave. My sire is on the sea,
And surely he will strive to gain these wondrous things for me."

A packet bound with silken cord was sped unto her sire,
Containing words of tender love, and this her new desire:
"My golden harp is all unstrung, I'm wearied of its tones;
Ah! bring to me a mermaid wild, with sweet unearthly moans.

"My paradise of fairest flowers oft tires upon my view,
Though I have all from every clime, of every scent and hue;
But hie thee to the coral beds of some enchanted isle,
Pluck branches from the sparry caves for Evelyn Bellisle!

"My casket is enriched with gems and diamonds from the mine:
The task to find the largest pearl, O father must be *thine*;
I've heard of gems in ocean depths, by lucky divers found,
Pellucid gems, of untold worth, on diadems oft bound.

"My fond gazelle is graceful still, with tender dove-like eyes,
My fleet and docile Arab steed, my brilliant birds, I prize;
But thou art on the sea, father,—all around thee lie
The strange and unknown creatures, for whom I daily sigh.

"My voice rings through the breezy woods: at hush of evening hour
I love to try, in cadence wild, its every varied power;
But syrens sing, you've told me oft, to mariners afar,
As they rest from their weary toil, beneath the evening star.

" Then wile away a spirit bright—a songstress of the sea—
And she shall teach me mystic lays of fairy minstrelsy,
And tell me of the secrets dread, where whirlpools lash and roar;
Oh! let thy Evelyn be wise in ocean's fearful lore."

The treasures of the deep were hers, the gifts she wished, obtained;
But Evelyn Bellisle, alas! with her sire's blood was stained.
He perished in his last attempt to reach the syren's home,
But he *cited* his fair daughter, ere he sank amid the foam.

He cited her to meet him, in a year and a day,
Before a ghastly council—oh! worlds of space away!
The dread citation came, all across the rolling sea,
Borne in a classic nautilus, by voice of mystery.

In this dark world of woe, citations dread have been
From the dying to the living, as hath been proved and seen.
She sought the holy fathers,—they exorcised the while,
But the summons true was timely kept by Evelyn Bellisle.

C. A. M. W.

THE PARSONAGE OF SPRINGSIDE.

" It is but dust thou look'st upon. This love,
This wild and passionate idolatry,—
What doth it in the shadow of the grave?
Gather it back within thy lonely heart:
So must it ever end—too much we give
Unto the things that perish."

"How sad it is that nearly all deep feeling is pronounced romantic, the love of 'things ancient' called eccentric, and that the finding sources of pure pleasure apart and independent from the worldly herd, subjects one to all sorts of silly impertinencies, if not to envy and malice!" Thus I exclaimed one evening to a dear friend, who fully sympathised with me, and even in her ancient days retained the freshness, may I say, the romance of youth; for that she was strongly imbued with this so-called foolish weakness, and that I loved her dearly for it, are equally certain.

As thus we confabulated and grumbled together, one still autumn evening, in her pretty parlour, by degrees we touched on the theme of *love*—ever an interesting discourse to young maidens, —and such I was then, though the kind lady was antiquated, and somewhat too indulgent, perhaps.

I much doubted if real love was left on earth—"real undying enduring constancy"—something I had formed an ideal of in my inmost heart of hearts, but never hoped to see embodied. She then, amid some tears of remembrance, and many sighs for the degeneracy of the present age, thus recalled these scenes of her by-gone years.

"We hear much talk certainly about misery, and that earth is an abode of wretchedness: and alas! I have drawn from my stores of memory and experience enough to make you believe it is so; but in the midst of all this there arises a green spot, an isle of beauty, so enchanting, serenely beautiful, and full of melody, that I turn to it in my day dreams, whenever loneliness or life's pressing cares weigh on my spirits too heavily.

I almost fear to paint *too* highly a scene of perfect earthly happiness it once was my blessed lot to witness, for the hand should rest with fairy lightness of touch, and the tints beam with celestial colouring, in attempting even a poor outline of this rare picture set in the wilderness.

Near a village on the banks of the Wye, the picturesque, winding, fanciful Wye, there stood an old grey church; a very old church it was, half covered with ivy, tower and all, full of old monuments within, and surrounded by the combined beauties of nature without,—green hills, rich woods, silvery streamlets, and verdant pasturage, while the churchyard, the dear old churchyard, seemed the very spot of all others where the weary might rest in peace. It lay on a hill-side, and it was large and open; but there were grand trees, of the growth of centuries, dark solemn trees they were truly; but then the profusion of gay wild flowers, the rare devices, and quaint inscriptions, relieved the somewhat sombre shadowing. There was a little gate in one corner, nearly hidden by abundant foliage: it opened into the garden of the adjoining parsonage, and the orchard trees stretched forth their spreading branches over the peaceful graves beneath. And when the time of blossoming came, how the dainty spring breeze scattered the showers of waxen leaves all over those grassy hillocks! But enter into that paradise of sweets with me, through the little wicket gate. I never roamed in the pastor's garden at the still evening hour, without thinking (reverently and sacredly, I hope, and thus would I speak) of "the Lord walking in the garden in the cool of the evening." A garden ever was an earthly paradise to me, and as a child, that brief but blessed description was vividly impressed on my imagination By a garden, I do not mean a narrow slip of

overlooked ground, I do not dignify such by the term: but I mean a plot of earth, large or middling, as may be, where reigns perfect solitude, and the stillness of undisturbed repose, combining pure air and deep shade; winding pathways of smooth gravel, not too wide; hedges that Evelyn would have gloried in; patches of emerald turf, with sloping, shaven, tiny lawns, that surprise on some sudden turning; fountains, too, and pretty terrraces, with rustic seats overshadowed by majestic trees, about whose knotted roots the blue violets hide in beds of moss: with the clearest, swiftest, and narrowest of rivulets, threading its mazy way over sparkling pebbles, deep enough, too, for an ivied bridge to have been thrown across, and with strawberry beds sloping down to its very edge. And then the flower beds—oh! speak not of their brilliancy. Flora's festival of garden gems is kept up here in stately pride. In addition, there was a cedar-tree,—the pride of the neighbouring country, the growth of unknown years; it stood in the centre of *the* lawn, whereon the windows of the low, thatched, but rambling dwelling opened. A peaceful and most charming looking old home it was, so perfectly comfortable, too, giving no ideas of damp or earwigs, (I am reminded of good Mrs. Nickleby) or of home comforts sacrificed to show. There was a deep verandah, and there were many tasteful flower baskets dispersed about, full of lovely exotics. There was a pretty greenhouse, too. But peep through the antique latticed windows, festooned by simple but snowy drapery; look into the interior. There is the unpretending but unique library, with its few, but well-chosen, exquisite engravings of scriptural subjects, from the divine masters: the books, the beloved, well-used books, couches, reading-desks, classic lamps, busts, and instruments of music: a work-table, too, and vases of flowers. Ah! the tale is told that *here* a wife shares her husband's strictest retirement,—that no divided object of interest or pursuit is between them: and so it was, for I am not about to recall a fanciful recollection, but without comment or cavil as to right or wrong, merely to dwell on a detail of "perfect happiness,"—perfect as earthly happiness ever can be, as it really did exist for years.

The pastor of Springside and his wife Melicent had dwelt for a few years in this sheltered bower. He had taken possession of the living on his marriage, and since that period, their existence had been one bright dream of unfading love, perfect tranquillity, and the purest happiness, unbroken and entire. It was the more vividly enjoyed, perhaps, from contrast, because they had both known sorrow, the deepest, the most heart-wearing sorrow, previously.

Probably thus it was that outward events had no more power over their chastened, well-tried spirits. They had no offspring, and but one alloy, one drop of bitterness, to dash their cup of over-

flowing sweetness with pain: he was so sensitive and pure-minded a being that he often lived in the deepest religious fear and humblest anxiety, that he was committing deadly sin in loving the adored wife of his bosom *too well*: he feared placing the creature before the Creator, and that she would be taken from him as a just punishment for his passionate idolatry.

She, indeed, looked up to God through him alone; and worthy he was of such homage, even from such a mind and heart as hers, if ever man existed whose perfections could excuse it. A perfectly christian gentleman, of refined habits and the most courtly bearing, to which he added the rare gifts of deep and profound erudition, to lighter and more fascinating accomplishments: and then the purity, the unselfish generosity, the yearning tenderness and passion of his nature—a manly, noble, nature, too; the sublime devotion to the blessed Redeemer's written word. No wonder that the pastor of Springside was adored by the poor, respected by the profane and idle, and the courted counsellor and companion of all the great and powerful in the neighbourhood, as well as of the humble few: no wonder that Melicent found her home an earthly paradise. Indeed they rarely, very rarely, even left it, though their own hospitality was judicious and abundant.

Of Melicent how shall I speak? I loved her so fondly, and love is ever partial. Mankind had called her lovely, pre-eminently so, in her days of youth, but sorrow had dimmed and worn away her lustrous beauty; it had indeed been partly restored by the sure balm of happiness and peace, the calm succeeding the long, long howling tempest: still to me it was the spiritual and deeply intellectual gaze of her black, night-black, eyes, with their melancholy tenderness, contrasted by the clear pallor of her cheek, that sank into the soul, and formed her principal charm. There was unspeakable grace in her every movement· elegance, perhaps, too refined and sensitive, in her every thought and action. Yet she combined a rare strength of mind and depth of thought with child-like belief and a most unworldly creed, composed of superstition, romance, and fervent love, all regulated and kept in order and abeyance by the master hand she revered and adored. They were each the *first love* of the other. Ah! surely the heart can never own second love; *fancy* may hold its sway, but love—sacred, yearning, passionate, love—*can* come but *once* in man or woman's life—man and woman nobly formed after their Maker's image.

There were none at Springside to ridicule the peculiarities or peculiar pursuits of the pastor and his wife: they were too much respected and admired, and all criticism was disarmed; indeed, I think it doubtful if it would have been at all heeded by them.

After the regular and scrupulous household duties were overlooked by Melicent, for every arrangement was refined and beautiful, she had her poor to visit; the children to instruct; sympathy,

heartfelt, real sympathy to offer *for Jesus' sake;* advice and assistance ever humbly tendered, to bestow. Her own past afflictions taught her this, and truly she mourned with those who mourned, and rejoiced with the happy.

A light step and a right merry laugh had she,—a laugh that said in its tones it had been little exercised during her early days; but that was all unknown and a mystery. In the midst of their various duties and occupations, religious and secular, they yet found time for intellectual attainments, and all the sweet adornments of life, and they both added somewhat to their not very large income by their united literary efforts. Indeed, some of the ladies of the vicinity used smilingly to say, that when their beloved pastor's sermon was more flowery than usual, they knew whose hand had assisted, and that the dark eyes had been playing more havoc than usual with his heart, on the nights of moonlight, amid the terraces and fountains of the paradise garden.

Ah! rarely, rarely, on this earth doth God permit such a realization of love, faith, and charity!

That garden was to Melicent a recreation of perfect enjoyment; she could fancy nothing beyond her own blissful lot, and to *him*—her husband and lover—she helplessly left all scruples, fears, and anxieties, as to *loving too well;* for her love was abandonment, and she looked forward to heaven joyfully and fearlessly, in the certainty they would pass *eternity* together. She was as a pure sinless child in this belief, and death had no terrors for her, save that it might separate her for a while from him.

* * * * * * *

Perhaps that which follows is almost too sacred for repetition; it never was intended for mortal ears, other than their own, and it is only because they have long been angels of heaven that I dare to intrude thus on their secrets,—hallowed to me, even at this great distance of time.

Let me tell you, there stood on a pretty shaded bank of mossy turf, a white moss-rose tree. A most rare and peerless tree it certainly was, for the unutterably pure and perfectly formed white moss rose *is* a rare and peerless gem, priceless as diamonds and pearls. Amongst many touching and quaint superstitions which were inherent in Melicent's inmost nature, hidden, but not obliterated, there was a wild but sacred one attached to this fair blossom. This it was: that being a flower peculiar to the soil of Paradise, blooming beside the everlasting waters of crystal, beneath the spreading branches of the trees of life, it could only be transplanted and flourish here as a token of favour and grace, rarely seen and soon passing away, degenerating and *blushing* for the sins and woes of earth. The winged messengers of Paradise in passing over

this troubled world of ours are sometimes arrested in their flight, and stay to gaze on their favourite flowers in their queenlike majesty, purity, and pride: and then the veiled blossoms—all pure and holy as they are—bend and droop suddenly, as if in shame and awe: each stem trembles, and becomes utterly powerless to support bud or full blown rose, until the angelic contemplation is withdrawn; but when the spirit passeth by, then it regains, as suddenly, its proud, calm, stately bearing. Ah! how often Melicent watched that tree of beauty! and it was on a summer night,—one of those nights when heaven seems drawn nearer to earth, and the moon was streaming down its mystic radiance,—and there reposed the lovely, quiet garden, bathed in silver, sparkling, radiant, and shadowy! It was a holy and a touching scene which these eyes beheld on that night. Melicent was reclining on her favourite seat by the fountain side, contemplating with more than her usual earnest tenderness, the pride of the garden. Gorgeous and unearthly it surely looked, beneath the starry skies. *His* arms were around her, and her head rested on the supporting shoulder. I know not what they had previously been speaking of, but it had been one of those hours of mysterious interchange and communion of the inmost thoughts of the soul. I was passing, sheltered by the thick-set hedge which bounded the fairy lawn, when these words, spoken by Melicent in accents of subdued tenderness, arrested my footsteps, and I became rivetted to the spot—unwilling to listen, but fascinated and unable to move:—

"My life," she murmured, "should it be decreed by our heavenly Father that I am to pass away the *first* from the face of the earth, I will, if so permitted, come again on a night like this, hover about this beloved spot, and unseen glide by your dear side, and list to the sighs I *know* you will breath for your departed Melicent. And when you see this fair rose-tree shivering and awe-stricken, *then* remember, my beloved, that her happy spirit is very near unto you, that in heaven her love is changeless, and that she impatiently waits your spirit's flight to the glorious regions of everlasting day."

* * * * * *

He did remember this. It was but a short twelvemonth from that time, on the following summer, that he stood alone on just such another night, on the same spot. The paradise tree was in full and splendid bearing: but *she*, the fondly adored, the idolized, wife, was no longer there to watch its beauty. No, she had slept for some months in the old churchyard, on the sunny hill-side.

The wan cheek and sunken eye of the bereaved husband, alone had told the anguish of his stricken soul: for no outward sign of sorrow had he permitted to be visible, save these mute, involuntary

ones; but it was evident to all that he was wasting away: yea, that the proud majesty of mind was inadequate, the strength of the mighty man was but as the reed before the devastating blast, and that of a broken heart he was dying. Aye, world, laugh as ye may, and deride, and scorn; there *is* such a disease as a broken heart; but being unseen, and not understood by physicians of the flesh, is therefore disbelieved and unexplained. Yes—he was dying —and there he leant alone, earnestly and fearfully looking on *her* favourite tree. Fearfully he gazed, with starting eyes and panting heart, for it was shivering, bending, and collapsing: each bud, each rose, in listless helplessness hanging down, till all, all, swept on the mossy bank. With outstretched arms he advanced a few paces, as if to clasp the transparent air in his yearning embrace; suddenly he darted forward, as if to stay some retreating form, and fell heavily, heavily, on the ground. How still he lay—how *very still*—in the moonlight! and the bowed tree gradually arose, and recovered its stateliness. But *death* was by the living tree.

He was laid by the side of Melicent, and the last roses that ever shed their mysterious fragrance around that well remembered spot, I flung into the open grave, on the coffins of those whom I had warmly loved and revered in life.

The white moss rose tree withered away, and never bore leaves or blossoms more.

C. A. M. W.

CHATELAR'S PRISON SONG, TO MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Air.—"*Tell Her I Love Her.*"

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Have I not loved thee? by these burning tears,—
By the scathed blossoms of my blighted years,—
By all I was, and am not,—'twas my sin,
To love where love no recompense could win.

Have I not loved thee? ask the breathing stars,—
The bright moon beaming through my prison bars;
For they have witness'd what none else might see,
The rapt devotion of my soul to *thee*.

Yes, I have loved thee;—and in after years,
Chatelar may win the tribute of thy tears;
When thou hast found, how *faithless hearts can be*,
Oh! then thou'lt own *none* ever loved like *me*.

Yes, I HAVE loved thee, and *do* love thee yet,
Though thy last act might teach me to forget:
But love survives what friendship could not brave,
And wreathes its myrtles round the martyr's grave!*

* The harsh conduct of Mary to Chatelar, the bard of her favourite France, is all the more remarkable, considering her subsequent conduct to David Rizzio. The handsome and accomplished Chatelar was one of the many unfortunate beings who were sacrificed at the shrine of Mary's beauty. From historical records, it appears, that this youthful martyr to his affections, (who had accompanied the lovely Queen of Scots from France, as her private secretary, and intinist,) was condemned to death, for his too devoted attachment to his queen; a sort of *high treason* fallen into desuetude. Chatelar met his fate with the greatest fortitude, and ascended the scaffold, divested of every sentiment of fear. On the scaffold he made a short address to the spectators, and turning towards the window of the chamber usually occupied by the queen, and which commanded a view of the spot, he still professed his unalterable passion, and gloried at meeting death in such a cause. He then repeated some lines from the works of Ronsard, which were applicable to his own situation, and with a dauntless demeanour, gave his head to the block, which was severed by the executioner at one blow. Perhaps Mary, despite her exquisite beauty, never had a heart so sincerely her own, as that of "the martyred Chatelar."

WHARFDALE;*

OR,

THE ROSERY.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER V.

At an early hour the following day, I visited the scene of my last night's adventure, bouyant with hope and expectation of again beholding my young friend and schoolfellow, Leicester Melville. On carefully reconnoitering the house which he had entered, so suddenly, on the previous evening, I found, much to my astonishment, that it was not altogether so humble, as I had at first been inclined to suppose. There was an air of gentility, and costliness about it, which led me, for a moment, to doubt whether I had not mistaken my course; a slight survey of the objects around me, soon convinced me, however, that I was right. Summoning the servant to the door, my inquiry was soon made, and readily answered. I had not mistaken the person of my schoolfellow; here, indeed, dwelt my friend Melville, the same kind-hearted, intellectual, Melville, I had parted with, now more than eighteen months ago. After ascending a long flight of stairs, leading to a gloomy corridor, on the upper story of the house, I succeeded in discovering the studio of the young painter.

From a delicate, and sickly boy, Leicester appeared to have

* Continued from p. 462, vol. xlix.

sprung up, as it were, almost by magic, into a healthy and handsome young man. There was, however, a peculiar delicacy in the formation of his figure, that gave to his appearance an air of feminine grace, rather than of manly strength and vigour. Words would scarcely convey any adequate idea of the pleasure we mutually felt, on thus meeting, after so long a separation, in a land so far removed from the scenes of our former friendship.

"To-day," said Leicester, pushing aside the easel at which he had been engaged before my entrance, "to-day, at all events, I will have a holiday, It is so long since I have seen any one of my old friends from England, that now,—now that I am able to press the hand of my good Everard, perhaps one of my best and dearest friends of all,—I am almost mad with joy."

A brief half-hour served to rekindle in our hearts, all the trusting confidence of school-boys. We had both much to relate, and each was alike eager to learn the history of his companion. For my own part, however, much as I had to communicate, I had nothing, perhaps, out of the common course of events. Nothing that at all partook of the character or nature of romance. No,—mine was a plain straight-forward story,—a relation of commonplace, yet, in one or two instances, of most melancholy incidents, the whole of which were listened to, with a feeling of deep sympathy and commiseration. Such, however, was not the case with my more fortunate companion. His were, indeed, stories of that sunny land of which he had been an inhabitant,—stories of poetry and romance.

The young painter had opened on a new life, fresh hopes had inspired his heart, fresh joys had brightened his path, fresh motives to his ambition had been created, and he seemed, indeed, to be living in an atmosphere of happiness and delight. And how was this? what could have wrought this magical effect? On looking over the various productions of Melville's pencil, which were hanging against the walls, I was struck by the exquisite colouring of one of his smallest cabinet paintings. It was evidently the most laboured, and highly finished in the collection, and, if I might judge from the costliness of its frame, and the superiority of the position in which it was placed, it stood foremost in the estimation of its master. The subject was chaste and simple. In the foreground of a landscape, such as only Italy can boast, reposed a sweet young girl of more than earthly beauty, shaded from the bright sunlight,—which was thrown over the picture in a style so true to nature, that Claude himself might have condescended to admire,—by the spreading branches of a fresh tinted myrtle tree. A guitar was thrown carelessly on the ground, and a beautiful little greyhound, evidently the pet of its fair mistress, was sleeping by her side, while its exquisitely formed little head rested on her lap.

"Well, Everard," said Leicester, as I stood to examine this exquisite *chef-d'œuvre*. "What think you of that picture, eh?"

"It is exceedingly good. There is an air of life-like freshness on the face of the sleeping beauty, that would almost tempt one to believe in her actual existence."

"You think her pretty?"

"Decidedly,—why do you ask?—is it a portrait?"

"It is of one who is very dear to me."

"Indeed," replied I, somewhat ironically, suspecting for the first time the whole story.

"Yes, indeed, good Master Everard,—it is the very picture of one of the most bewitching little English girls, now residing within the dark walls of this sea-girt city. But a truce,—a truce to such idle badinage at this moment,—I will tell you the whole story some other time; for the present, let this suffice: her name is Lisette Cavendish, she is my own dear *amante*, and I will venture to assert, she is one of the most *fidele*, as well as the most accomplished of her sex."

"And think you, Leicester, you are the only person who has discovered and admired her virtues?"

"No,—no, most assuredly not, friend Everard, but I am the only one who has succeeded in winning her favour, and having done this, I set myself down as one of the most fortunate young fellows in existence."

"It is well, provided you can enjoy the smiles of your mistress, without incurring the anger of your rivals. This affair may make you more enemies than you calculate upon. Now tell me, Leicester, is there one amongst the number whom you have any reason to believe, would be glad to get rid of your opposition to his suit at *any* price, eh?"

"I do not exactly understand you?"

"Then, perhaps, I have arrived in time to warn you of a danger which you little anticipate,—to save you from an attack,—cowardly as it is brutal and unmanly,—an attack from which you would have had little or no chance of escape."

I then related to the astonished Melville, my adventure of the previous evening,—describing as accurately as possible, the person and appearance of the old woman who had interested herself so deeply in his behalf. He listened to my recital with great coolness and forbearance, though I saw from the alteration that had taken place in his countenance, he was more startled and alarmed, by my communication, than he was altogether willing to admit.

"Well, my dear Everard," replied he, after a few moments' pause, "this will form another link in the chain of our friendship. As you justly said you have, indeed, arrived in time to warn me of a danger I did not anticipate."

"And have you no suspicion, Leicester, who is the paymaster of these same despicable bravos?"

"Yes, yes; the whole affair is now clear to me, and I can only wonder that I have not suspected it long ago. A few words will tell you the story, and convince you I am right in my conjecture. One of my most persevering, and decidedly, one of my most formidable rivals for the hand of Lisette Cavendish, is the young Count d'Almaviva, a man, rendered notorious, by his extravagant gaieties, and disreputable *liasons*. He is, however, rich, that is, for an Italian nobleman, and this alone is sufficient to cover his multitude of sins. Shrinking with abhorrence, nay, I may almost say with disgust, from the attentions of a man whose heart is so totally different to her own, Lisette has ever received him with marked coldness and indifference. Her mother, on the other hand, whose sole object seems to be the obtaining for her children, what she is pleased to term 'an eligible alliance *in every respect*,' or in other words, less doubtful and ambiguous, 'a money match,' is ever ready to receive him with courtesy and kindness, encouraging by every means in her power, the growth of that admiration, which he professes for her daughter. I know he looks upon me as the only barrier to his success, conceiving that I, and I alone, stand between him and the object of his passion. It was but yesterday, we met at the house of Mrs. Cavendish,—we had a slight dispute on some casual topic, or other: I spoke warmly, for I felt annoyed at his presence; Lisette, who had taken part in our conversation, decided, as usual, that I was right and the Count wrong.

He was evidently chagrined and annoyed by the decision, and availing himself of the first opportunity, he arose, muttered a half-suppressed, ill-natured, '*adio*,' and retired. Annoyed as I felt at the moment, the merry voice, the confiding look, and the affectionate manner of my pretty little *amante* soon banished from my mind every remembrance of the affair. From that hour to this, I know not that it has once crossed my memory, but now, after hearing the details of your last night's adventure, I cannot but think, that I am indebted to the most *Honourable* Count d'Almaviva for the fate to which I seem likely to be destined."

"Doubtless, Melville, your suspicion is well-founded, but,—knowing the danger,—it will be no difficult matter to avoid it."

"Whatever, my dear Everard, may be the result of this affair, I am delighted to have a friend like yourself by my side, to counsel and advise; I shall visit Lisette Cavendish this evening, and hope you will allow me to introduce you."

I spent the day with my young friend, and in spite of all his endeavours to the contrary, I clearly saw he was unable to throw off the sadness with which our conversation of the morning had

inspired him. He was thoughtful, restless, and uneasy,— and evidently began to attach more importance to the affair, than even I was at first inclined to think it deserved. His rival, however, was a powerful and unprincipled man, and it was difficult to say to what length he might be carried by the fierceness of his passion.

CHAPTER VI.

A very brief description will give the reader a sufficiently accurate knowledge of the Cavendish family at this period.

Mrs. Cavendish, who was the widow of a British officer, was a noble aristocratic-looking woman of fifty or fifty-five years of age. She had travelled far and wide, had mixed much in society: and was thoroughly acquainted with the ways and dealings of the world. Though somewhat straitened in her pecuniary circumstances, she had always succeeded by good management in maintaining a respectable and creditable appearance. Pride was her one great failing, and to this one idol she had sacrificed almost all the better feelings of her nature. To be courted and admired,— to be introduced in the highest circles of society,—to draw upon herself and children, the observations and attentions of the men,— to stir up the spleen and envy of the women, formed, perhaps, the foremost subjects of her thought, the most important labours of her life.

Her natural disposition, strengthened, and confirmed, by rambling and unsettled habits, entirely unfitted her for the sacred duties of domestic life. Much as she had read, numerous as were her intellectual acquirements, she could not bring her mind to endure the calm and quiet seclusion of home. She found little or no pleasure in the company of her children, though, like herself, they possessed many of the necessary acquirements to an agreeable companionship. The world, its pomps and vanities, its pleasures and delights, these were her idols, the highest objects of her thoughts, the brightest pictures of her hopes. To reign the idol of fashionable society, was at once her glory and ambition! Mrs.

Cavendish had been left with three girls, Adelaide, Sophia, and Lisette.

The eldest, who was now in her twenty-sixth year, inherited much of her mother's temper and disposition. With startling and uncommon beauty for her dowry, she was truly a creature of the world, courted, praised, and admired. Sophia and Lisette, the former, two, and the latter three years, younger, than their sister, were beings of a different class, though equally lovely, and well calculated to excite the admiration of society. Their pleasure sprung not from the busy assemblies of fashion and frivolity, their eyes brightened not at the whispered words of flattery and admiration. Far nobler and better feelings influenced their young and happy hearts. They had read the same dear books, cultivated the same temper and disposition, and had almost instinctively been led to avoid the follies and the faults of their indulgent, though thoughtless parent.

Mrs. Cavendish had been in Venice about two years, and, short as that period may appear, she had succeeded in introducing herself and daughters into the very highest and most aristocratic society. She had enrolled as her friends several of the most wealthy and influential noblemen of the day, and if she had not yet quite succeeded in marrying her daughters to her heart's desire, she had reason, at least, to believe that she was now in a fair way for accomplishing that object, at all events, as far as two of them were concerned. Adelaide had long been betrothed to a signor in every respect perfectly eligible, both in the opinion of mother and daughter, and as for little Lisette, Mrs. Cavendish well knew that she could secure to her at any moment the homage of the Count D'Almaviva. Sophia alone had failed to bring a captive to her feet; but then she was still young, and there could be little doubt but that her personal and intellectual attractions would eventually win a suitable admirer. Mothers and daughters, however, frequently differ very materially in their opinions on such matters: so it happened in the present instance with Mrs. Cavendish and Lisette. The Count D'Almaviva, however much he might please and captivate the mother, inspired no feeling of admiration or respect, much less of love, in the pure and unsophisticated heart of her gentle child. No; Lisette had given her heart to another, and she was not the girl to break her vow. Hers was a *heart that could never love but once.* Happy, thrice happy, Leicester Melville, to have won such a treasure!

At an early hour in the evening we set out for the residence of Mrs. Cavendish. Though not the accepted of the mamma, it was clearly evident that Leicester Melville nevertheless was a welcome and a favoured visitor, and as his friend, I was received by all with an air of kindness and familiarity that at once dispelled every feeling of reserve and diffidence I might otherwise have felt. Much as I

had heard from Leicester of the beauty and accomplishments of his fair favourite, I found my expectations far exceeded. To see, and not to admire, the fairy-like Lisette was utterly impossible. Hers was not the startling and commanding beauty that so signally distinguishes the *prima donna* of the south, but it was the calm, serene, heaven-like witchery which more frequently characterizes the gentle *peri* of the east. Though, perhaps, below the average height in stature, her figure was so elegantly and equally proportioned that the sculptor or the painter would have found in it a model "fair and faultless." Dazzling, however, and captivating, as were her personal attractions, they became very secondary in comparison with her virtues.—A pure heart was her first, best, dowry.

After we had been seated for nearly a couple of hours, Mrs. Cavendish proposed a short excursion on the canal, which was already studded with an innumerable fleet of fairy-like gondolas darting to and fro beneath the first beams of the rising moon. Lisette, who was busily employed with some trifling occupation, framed a ready excuse for remaining within doors, and Leicester, who I knew was anxious for a private interview with his fair *amante*, proposed that he should remain with, and read to, her during our absence. After some slight disapprobation from Mrs. Cavendish, the arrangement was agreed to, and, anxious to serve and forward the wishes of my young friend, I endeavoured to render myself as engaging as possible, and failed not to employ every stratagem that might lengthen our absence.

On returning to the house, we found the young couple apparently busy as we had left them, one still employed at her tambour frame, the other studiously engaged in reading aloud the gentlest melodies of the inimitable Petrarch. There had settled, however, on the brow of the young beauty, a shade of serious thoughtfulness and melancholy that could scarcely fail to excite remark. She talked, laughed, sang, and coquetted, throughout the remainder of the evening, but I was soon satisfied that she was playing a part little in accordance with her feelings. Leicester was also more serious, more thoughtful: but he was an apter player, a better dissembler, than his fair favourite.

The Count D'Almaviva and the Signor de —— were at length announced, when, excusing ourselves on the plea of a second engagement, we took our departure, leaving the gallant Signor to his lady-love, the proud and aristocratic Adelaide, and the disreputable Count to the very agreeable mamma, Cavendish, and her cold and unimpassioned daughter, Lisette.

On again being left to ourselves, Leicester, with his usual confidence, related to me all that had passed between himself and Lisette during our absence on the canal.

"I have told her, Everard," said he, in conclusion, "I have

told her the whole story. To win her mother's consent to our union, so long as the Count D'Almaviva continues to urge his suit, will be an utter impossibility. Daily, nay, almost hourly, has the tender girl to withstand the excited persuasions and entreaties of her unwise and unnatural parent, who seeks unfeelingly to sacrifice her daughter's happiness and contentment for the glittering baubles of aristocracy and wealth. Everard, to tell you that our love is pure and sincere, is to tell you *that truth* which I feel you are already prepared to admit. We have both, long ago, bound our young hearts by a strong and sacred vow; the time has now come when that vow must be ratified. To delay longer would be to trifle with our own happiness, to inflict upon ourselves a harrowing suspense, which no one can in justice desire, much less demand."

"But think you, Leicester, that Lisette will be prepared to act in opposition to her mother's wish?"

"I do, Everard: nay, more, I am assured of it. She had a fierce struggle with her feelings. The duty she owed to her mother (unnatural, it may be), on the one hand, and the interest she owed to her own happiness, on the other, long, long, caused her to hesitate. Love at last triumphed. Placing her small white hand within my own, her lips pale and quivering with agitation, she whispered (oh blessed words!), 'She was mine—only mine!' To-morrow night, Everard, we leave for England: will you accompany us?"

"Gladly; right gladly."

Wishful to avoid the public thoroughfares, we proceeded at a brisk rate through several narrow streets towards the residence of Melville, talking merrily as we went along, and congratulating ourselves on the disappointment to which the bravoes would again be subjected.

"Yes, yes; to-night, at all events, I shall elude them," said Melville, when we were within some three or four hundred paces of his own door: "I am returning at least a couple of hours before my usual time, and doubtless the ruffians will be too busily engaged with their cups to be on the watch already."

"Be not too sure of that, Signor Melville; the enemy is even now close at hand. My presence alone has thus far saved you."

Startled by the sound of a strange voice, we turned suddenly round, and were astonished to find an old woman close upon our heels. A single glance was sufficient to convince me that it was the same person who had warned me the previous night.

"What mean you, my good woman?" inquired Melville, as we slowly proceeded on our way.

"Your steps have been dogged, Signor, from the residence of Mrs. Cavendish; and more than this, let me tell you, your conversation with Miss Lisette is fully known to the Count D'Almaviva."

"Impossible!"

"It is not impossible, Signor. What I say is the truth."

"Then am I undone?"

"Not so, Signor. Trust to me,—ask no questions,—but conduct yourself in every way as though you had never heard a word from my lips, and I will answer for your success."

"Your name, and station?" demanded Melville of his mysterious friend.

"They matter not. You shall know all anon. For the present let this suffice:—I am an Englishwoman, and love Lisette Cavendish as though she were my own child, yet I would rather follow her to her grave than ever live to see her the wife of the Count D'Almaviva."

CHAPTER VII.

It will here be necessary to conduct the reader back again to the residence of Mrs. Cavendish, and to make him acquainted with a circumstance of which, at present, he can have but little or no suspicion,—a circumstance of serious importance to the principal characters of our story.

No sooner had Mrs. Cavendish and her little party taken their departure, as mentioned in our last chapter, than the Count D'Almaviva arrived at the house, and was hurrying along the principal corridor leading towards the drawing-room, with his usual familiarity, unattended by any of the domestics, when his footsteps were suddenly arrested by the sound of Melville's voice. His first impulse was to break in upon the tête-à-tête of the young lovers and to excite an open quarrel with his more favoured rival; a moment's reflection, however, was sufficient to induce him to abandon this course for one less noble, but certainly far more in keeping with the general character of the man. Stealthily creeping past the door, towards the entrance of a small ante-room, which, from his knowledge of the house, he knew to communicate with the drawing room, he determined to make himself acquainted with their conversation. Every thing seemed to favour his design,—the door of the ante-room stood half open, and the window blinds having been carefully let down to exclude the mid-day sun, now served to shut out the sober light of evening, and left him in total darkness and obscurity. Carefully groping his way to the

farthest corner of the room, a faint beam of light stealing through the crevices of the folding doors which opened directly into the apartment where Melville and Lisette were seated, was a sufficient beacon to his wary footsteps. Here he could distinctly overhear every sound that was raised, every word that was uttered. Often during the fervent interchange of vows which he was then doomed to listen to, did he find himself on the point of rushing from his retreat, determined at once to punish and chastise the insolence and audacity of the young painter. Much, however, as the physical organization of the Count D'Almaviva exceeded in strength and vigour that of Leicester Melville, he was unwilling to compete with him in personal hostility. He had a coward's heart, and trembled like a child at dangers existing only in the wild imagination of his own fevered brain. Yet he had, in common with all cowards, a dark and fiendish spirit, a spirit that led him to look upon the most desperate and diabolical stratagems with comparative coolness and indifference, so long as he was able to screen himself from their immediate results. With a brave man one may safely venture to compete, for his very bravery inspires him with a principle of honour and justice that ever prevents him taking an undue advantage over his opponent: but with a deep, designing coward, few men may venture to cope,—he is of all enemies the most dangerous, because the most ignoble and unmanly.

Such was the Count D'Almaviva: such are hundreds of his countrymen. And yet there are brave hearts in Italy, hearts, perhaps, as noble as ever beat within a human breast, but custom, the invincible tyrant, too often makes their owners assassins and murderers. Let Italy put down her bravos, let her suppress the cowardly stiletto, and she will do all that is required for the restoration of the misguided spirits of her countrymen, naturally brave, high-minded, and noble.

Long and impatiently had the Count D'Almaviva listened to the conversation of Melville and Lisette, every word of which had sunk deep into his heart, when that conversation was suddenly brought to an end by the return of Mrs. Cavendish and her little party from the canal. The next moment, stealing silently from his hiding-place, he hurried through the gloomy corridor, and succeeded in reaching the drawing-room door just at the same instant as the Signor ——. Greeting each other with an air of friendly familiarity, they exchanged a few trifling words, and were ushered together into the room.

Had the Count D'Almaviva's been the only ear that had heard, or had his been the only eye that had witnessed, all that had passed between those young and devoted creatures, how different a story should we have had to tell, how different a destiny would theirs have been! It was well it was not so. In that dark anteroom, within a few yards of the very spot where he had been

stationed, there also had been another and by no means a less interested listener; but by what different feelings, by how much nobler motives that other had been influenced, future events will shortly declare. Lisette Cavendish had her guardian angel, one who loved her with passionate idolatry, one to whom no sacrifice would have been too great to insure her happiness and contentment.

"Let him plot, let him plot," muttered our second listener, an infirm old woman, as she crept from her hiding place, "Ill mar his prospects. Yes, yes; my own darling Lisette, she whom I have often nestled in my bosom as though she were my own child, shall never sacrifice her happiness at the shrine of a proud mother's ambition. What, though Leicester Melville be but plain Mr. Melville, and a painter into the bargain? he is none the worse for that: 'All is not gold that glitters.' Lisette loves him, and Lisette shall marry him."

CHAPTER VIII.

Trusting to the words of the mysterious stranger, and believing, from the earnestness of her manner, that she was sincere in her professions of friendship for Lisette Cavendish, we were early at work on the following day making such arrangements as were necessary for our departure. Every thing seemed to favour our wishes, and had it not been for the untimely discovery of the Count D'Almaviva, there would scarcely have been a ground on which we could have entertained a reasonable doubt as to the ultimate success of our stratagem. Notwithstanding the confident assurance of the old woman it was impossible, however, for us to mistake our real position. What would be the conduct of the Count D'Almaviva? what the step he would take to frustrate our flight? On this all seemed to depend. Following the advice of an old, but wise, adage, "Hope for the best; though prepare for the worst," we took every precaution that seemed necessary, not only for securing our departure in the event of success, but for placing ourselves in a position for refuting the claim of the Count D'Almaviva, in case we should happen to be driven to that extremity.

Our first object was to secure a passage in an English merchant ship, which, according to previous announcement, was to leave Venice at an early hour on the following morning. The captain, who had brought out letters of introduction to Melville, and with whom he had consequently been on terms of friendship during his brief sojourn in port, was a man of between thirty and forty years of age, frank and familiar in his address, with an air of candour and sincerity in his manners, that could scarcely fail to win the admiration and to excite the confidence of all with whom he came in contact. At once making known to him as much of our scheme as we deemed necessary for our success, we soon found in him a warm and useful ally. He had instinctively imbibed the reckless hardihood and daring which "a life on the ocean wave" is almost invariably sure to inspire, and never was that hardihood and daring more lively and energetic than when called into exercise on behalf of injured woman. Never shall I forget the fire that lighted up his dark, penetrating eye, as he patiently listened to our recital, nor the cold, contemptible sneer that curled his moustached lip when he heard the means by which the Count d'Almaviva had sought to rid himself of his more fortunate rival.

"'You are right, Mr. Melville," said he, striking Leicester on the shoulder, as we brought our conversation to a close; "you are right, and, hark you, sir, I am your friend; I will run any risk to serve you, but let me tell you there is one condition."

"Name it: no matter how heavy, I am ready to obey it," replied Melville.

"I must have no unfair play! You tell me Lisette Cavendish is a young and virtuous girl?"

"With my life I would dare to answer for it."

"Then you must marry her before you leave Venice," replied the sailor, in a firm and decided voice, at the same time fixing his eyes steadfastly on the face of my companion as though he would have read the very thought that was passing in his heart.

The young lovers, secure in the uprightness of their own high principles and the unsullied purity of their own young hearts, had never once thought of this, the most important step of all. A very breath of suspicion would have filled them with horror and despair. Their's was the deep, impassioned love of the spirit, not the gross, sensual affection of the clay—

> "To wander like two sexless bees
> From flow'r to flow'r, from grove to grove,
> Each unto each—the life of life—
> Had been for them a heaven of love."

Grasping the outstretched hand of the captain, Melville, with a voice trembling with agitation, yet energetic and eloquent with truthfulness, rapidly replied:

"Marry?—how,—where,—when? Tell me, sir, and gladly, right gladly will I obey your condition. Do not, I beseech you, doubt the honesty of my purpose, nor the honour of my attachment. Think not for a moment I would ever ——"

"You have said enough, sir! Your anxiety is sufficient guarrantee for your sincerity. An hour before the time appointed for sailing, I will meet you and Lisette Cavendish at ———, from thence I will undertake to conduct you to the residence of a neighbouring priest, one who will readily perform the ceremony, and one on whose secrecy I can implicitly depend. Pardon my suspicions,—it may be they were both ungenerous and unjust; but, to a young English girl, a pure and spotless reputation is the brightest jewel; and I abhor the man, whoever he may be, that would coolly lend a hand to rob her of that ornament! It is a pearl beyond all price."

Soon after nightfall, our luggage was removed to the vessel, and everything was in readiness for our departure. As the hour of assignation drew near, every moment increased our anxiety.

The dull, monotonous sound of a neighbouring church clock, at length, warned us that it was time to set out for the place of rendezvous. With beating hearts and agitated steps we hurried down the gloomy staircase, and rushed arm-in-arm into the street.

It was a calm, fair night, though every now and then a passing cloud interposed its dark shades, obscuring for a moment the bright rays of the young moon, which hung out its sparkling crescent in the boundless canopy of heaven. Every sound had died away—even to the distant echo of the last retreating foot-fall on the pavement—and the whole city appeared wrapped in calm tranquillity and slumber.

To have doubted, however, that there were other eyes watchful, other hearts anxious and uncertain as our own, would only have been to impose upon ourselves. Scarcely had we arrived at the appointed rendezvous,—a short distance from the house of Mrs. Cavendish,—when a female closely habited came stealing silently along the footpath. Doubting not for a moment but we beheld in her the companion of our flight, Melville was in the very act of rushing forward and clasping her in his arms, when the same voice that had warned us on the previous night whispered in a hurried and agitated tone,—

"Hold.—I am not the person you seek.—Back to your hiding place!—Lisette Cavendish will be here anon.—As you value your own success, remain quiet, whatever may occur, until she arrives."

Almost mechanically obeying these injunctions, we became mute, though anxious spectators.

No sooner had the old woman left us, than two bravos,—the same who had dogged our steps only a few hours ago,—again made their appearance. They were evidently in pursuit; and

passing within half-a-dozen yards of the place where we were standing, we were enabled distinctly to overhear these few ominous words:—"At the corner of the street, Matteo, we must seize her; —the carriage is within hail;—come, quick,—quick."

There was a slight scuffle, a suppressed shriek, and the next moment the old woman, still closely muffled, was borne away in the arms of the two bravos.

She had not deceived us. Lisette Cavendish, trembling with anxiety and fear, was shortly in the arms of her devoted Melville, her best, now, almost her only protector. For him she was deserting the being who had given her birth, the sisters whom she loved with idolatrous affection. It was a fierce struggle, to sever these ties; it was a perilous hazard, thus to forsake *all* to cling to one! That one was worthy of the sacrifice.

All our arrangements proceeded favourably. The captain was at his post, the priest was in readiness at an adjoining palazza,—and within an hour of the time we first left the residence of Melville, we were safely pacing the deck of the gallant ship that was to bear us from the shores of Italy!

The breeze sprang up, the dark clouds that had occasionally floated across the sky at the commencement of the night, passed away,—and the moon, in cloudless majesty, shed forth her liquid brightness over the calm, clear waters of the mighty deep! The vessel was in motion, the dark domes of the lofty palaces, and giant-like palazzas, were faintly visible in the distance, and a few minutes more, and Venice would have faded from our sight.

"There,—there, it is gone!" said the young bride, as she leant on the arm of her husband, taking her last fond look, "Venice, bright beautiful, Venice! farewell!" A gleam of sadness stole over her features, Melville pressed her to his heart,—their eyes met,—one look was sufficient to dispel the gloom. All in all to each other were the young pilgrims of the world!

CHAPTER IX.

Gertrude Simpson,—for that was the name of the old woman who had so carefully watched over the interests of the gentle Lisette,—had long been in the service of Mrs. Cavendish, so long

indeed, that she was looked upon, rather as one of the family, than as a mere servant. She had nursed Lisette when an infant, and often during the trying illnesses of her early childhood, she had sat, hour after hour, by her little couch, watching over her with all a mother's fondness and anxiety; and to her unwearying care and attention, the delicate and sickly girl had perhaps more than once owed her ultimate recovery. Nor was Lisette ungrateful for this kindness and attention; even then, in the thoughtless hours of her childhood, she would throw her tiny arms round the neck of her faithful attendant, and call her by a thousand endearing titles; "dear Gertrude,—good nurse Gertrude!" were the earliest words her rosy lips had learnt to syllable. Day after day only served to bind the nurse and child more closely to each other, till at length Gertrude's partiality for her little charge assumed an almost maternal character. To attend on Lisette was no longer a duty, but a pleasure, and all who praised the child were sure to win the good opinions, to enlist the willing services, of the nurse.

Years passed away. From a delicate and puny child, Lisette had grown up, a beautiful and sylph-like girl, but still she had the same child-like affections, the same pure and unsophisticated heart. She never, for a moment, forgot all that good nurse Gertrude had done and endured for her sake. There had been woven a chain around the hearts of nurse and child, that could not readily be broken. Nor let it be imagined, that while the honest Gertrude was thus deeply and devotedly attached to Lisette, she was in the slightest degree wanting, either in respect, or obedience, to Mrs. Cavendish, or to any other member of her household. A more faithful and devoted servant could not easily have been found; never, indeed, until now,—now that she saw the happiness, and well being, of her own especial favourite, about to be sacrificed at the shrine of a thoughtless and unfeeling mother's ambition—had she been guilty of a single act of disobedience, with which either Mrs. Cavendish, or any of her family could justly have been offended.

After the arrival of the family in Italy, closely and carefully did nurse Gertrude watch over her fair favourite. Hour after hour had she frequently sat, speculating on the destiny that was marked out for that young and warm-hearted girl, and many were the prayers she had breathed from the secret recesses of her heart, for her future happiness and welfare.

The attentions of Leicester Melville and the Count d'Almaviva, soon became too striking not to awaken her suspicions, and the manner in which those attentions were received was too clear to leave even the shadow of a doubt on her mind, as to the opinions of her gentle Lisette. That she admired the young painter was evident to all,—that she *loved* him, deeply, passionately, loved him, was known, perhaps, only for some time, to the watchful and observant Gertrude. Such being the case, it is almost needless to

say that Leicester Melville soon became to her an object of deep and absorbing interest. His virtues alone were sufficient to enlist her good opinions, and to secure her services, in his favour; but when she discovered how deeply and devotedly he was attached to her own Lisette, how, for the gratification of her slightest wish, he would willingly submit to any sacrifice, she at once felt how powerful an influence he had already gained over her admiration and regard. The Count d'Almaviva, on the contrary, had ever been to her an object of aversion. His manners were vain, frivolous, and hypocritical, and even in his attentions to Lisette, there was an air of flattery and deception, which said but little for the sincerity of his professions.

Perhaps, however, after all, she may have been somewhat prejudiced: it was quite evident Lisette disliked him, and this of itself would, doubtless, have been a sufficient reason for the honest Gertrude to have done likewise. Mrs. Cavendish, on the other hand, flattered by the attentions of a person of the count's rank and position in society, daily became more and more favourable to his suit, and pointedly availed herself of every opportunity that occurred, of influencing her daughter in his favour,—avoiding, however, an open rupture with his less aristocratic rival, who, it was evident, would have been considered an eligible partner for her daughter, had it not happened that her beauty had won for her the homage of the Italian nobleman. "There is many a slip between the cup and the lip," says an old adage. This, Mrs. Cavendish had proved by experience, and she could not avoid coming to the conclusion, that, after all, Leicester Melville might probably, under certain circumstances, eventually prove a very convenient husband for Miss Lisette,—or even, (and such things have occurred,) in case *she* should succeed with the Count d'Almaviva, for her elder sister Sophia.

Closely, accurately, as nurse Gertrude had read the heart of the daughter, she had, perhaps, more closely, more accurately still, wormed out the desires and intentions of the mother.

"Shall the parent sacrifice the child?" that was the one important question Gertrude at once put to her heart. Love for that child, deeper it would seem than even a mother's, prompted a quick reply.

Day after day,—hour after hour,—did the old nurse secretly watch over and protect the young lovers, never, for a moment, betraying even by word or look, her fears or apprehensions to the unsuspecting girl, who, in the childlike purity and simplicity of her heart, often made her the confidant of her hopes, the partner of her joys.

It was no easy task that nurse Gertrude had undertaken. Her feelings were at war; her duty towards her mistress inclined her

one way, her affection for her favourite, another. The better and the juster feeling triumphed.

Twice already has she been the means of saving Melville from the hand of the assassin,—and now, to insure the safety of her dear Lisette, has she thrown herself, even at the risk of her own life, into the hands of two of the most heartless and diabolical bravos in Venice.

Noble, brave-hearted woman! How will Leicester Melville and his young bride shower down their blessings on thy head,—when they discover in the mysterious stranger, the guardian angel of their flight,—that old familiar friend, "dear Gertrude,—good nurse Gertrude!"

CHAPTER X.

HAVING secured old Gertrude Simpson, the bravos at once bore her away to a close travelling carriage that was waiting at the extreme end of an adjoining street, and after hastily taking their places inside the vehicle, orders to drive on were given, and in less than a quarter of an hour, they had passed the limits of the silent city.

Whither they were bound, and for what purpose, Gertrude could little imagine. It was quite evident, however, from the manners and conversation of her companions, that they were totally ignorant of their mistake. They had obeyed the orders of the Count d'Almaviva, in seizing the first woman who had attempted to escape from the palazza of Mrs. Cavendish, and appeared well pleased that they had found so little difficulty in executing the task.

Much as Gertrude had reason to fear and tremble for her own safety, she still managed to maintain an unswerving coolness and courage. She could no longer doubt the successful flight of her fair favourite, and the very thought that she had been the means

of rescuing her, was a sufficient reward for any trial she might now be called upon to undergo.

Stage after stage was passed, and it was not until the early beams of the morning sun had once more clothed the earth with their brightness, that their journey was brought to an end. The carriage stopped at a low, mean-looking hovel, situate on the verge of a wild, uncultivated tract of country, and entirely removed from every other human habitation. Far as the eye could reach, nothing but a dark, barren waste, intercepted, here and there, by a few half grown forest trees, and bounded on the western extremity by a long range of high, unbroken hills, could be discerned. While looking on this wild scene of gloomy desolation, Gertrude, perhaps for the first time, felt a chill of horror and alarm creep into her heart.

She had brief space, however, allowed for reflection. No sooner had the carriage drawn up to the door, than a coarse, brawny-looking woman was ready to receive her. Her manners, evidently intended to be courteous, were anything but prepossessing. She led the way through two or three inner apartments of the mysterious looking hovel; and Gertrude, without daring to utter a word, almost mechanically followed her steps, fearing at every moment, to encounter some new and unforeseen danger. With many, but only half intelligible compliments, her guide at length conducted her into a small, neat looking room, and then, hastily closing the door, left her alone.

Seating herself resolutely on a chair, that stood by a small table in the centre of the room, Gertrude determined to await patiently the issue of her stratagem. Her attention was shortly called to the sound of three or four voices, apparently engaged in serious conversation. She listened for a moment; then placing her ear against the wall of an adjoining apartment, from which the sound seemed to issue, was enabled, every now and then, to hear certain broken, nevertheless, to her, perfectly intelligible sentences. She at once recognized in the voices of the speakers, the Count d'Almaviva and his two bravos.

"And you are quite sure," said the count, "your flight was not discovered?"

"Yes, quite sure. After the first struggle, we had little or no difficulty at all, indeed, we had not even so much as a shriek to betray us."

"It is well."

All were silent for some moments.

"Tell me," at length resumed the count, "did you observe Melville in the vicinity of the palazza during the evening?"

"No."

"Nor did you hear of him throughout the day, eh?"

"We did not."

"So much the better. You have no longer any need to trouble yourselves about him."

"Perhaps at some future time—"

"It may be so," sharply interposed the count. "At present you know my commands.—I have now but one more question to ask you,—you say, the palazza of Mrs. Cavendish was closed by ten o'clock?"

"Yes!"

"And was this female whom you have brought here the only person who passed the gates after that hour?"

"She was,—and I will answer for it," replied Matteo, the elder of the two bravos; "none save ourselves were there to witness her departure."

"You have done well,—this purse will reward your labours. —Return at once to Venice,—I shall be absent, it may be, for some months,—no matter, though,—you know where I may be found;—and more than that, you understand me, eh?"

"We do," replied the bravos in a breath, and instantly left the room.

The Count d'Almaviva paced hurriedly to and fro the apartment for a few moments.

"Ha, ha!" soliloquised he; "the proud, high-minded, girl, is now in my power. I will soon teach her what it is to trifle with the passion,—to discard the suit of an Italian nobleman. Discard, —and for what? the love of a poor, mean-born, English painter. —Tush, tush, it is too ridiculous for a moment's thought. No, no, Lisette Cavendish, your beauty is too high a dowry for so mean a plebeian to monopolize."

He left the apartment, the door closed heavily behind him, and immediately the sound of his approaching footsteps in the passage, warned the listener to her chair.

The door opened.—Face to face stood the Count d' Almaviva and Gertrude Simpson!

Now came the moment of trial for the old nurse. She had saved others,—and it were hard, indeed, if she could not now save herself.

With a calm, unmoved countenance, she contemplated the features of the astonished nobleman. The moment he looked upon her face, a cloud came over his brow, and his dark, bright eyes peered out from beneath their thick fringing lashes with unearthly brightness. He was rivetted to the spot—wonder and disappointment paralyzed every limb. Shortly recovering from his first surprise, the agitated workings of his angered features—the contraction of his dark, fiend-like brow—and the strong effort which it evidently cost him to curb the fury of his passion within bounds, would have been sufficient to have overthrown the firmness and courage of any ordinary woman. Nurse Gertrude, however, was

something more than a mere ordinary woman. She had all the Count d'Almaviva's cunning—far, far more than the Count d'Almaviva's bravery. Both seemed alike reluctant to break silence, and the Count was turning towards the door, evidently intending to make his retreat, when the old woman, springing from her chair, placed her long, sinewy hand firmly on his arm, motioning him at the same time to remain.

"Answer me one question," said she, in a firm, unbroken voice, "and then leave me to my fate!—Why have your bravos brought me here?—It was a noble act, a manly act of the Count d'Almaviva, thus to entrap an old and infirm woman. Go to—urge your suit to my young mistress; but mind you tell her in your wooing, the misery to which you have consigned her old nurse. Doubtless she will give you a world of thanks; doubtless her smiles will well reward your trouble.—Nay, nay, do not interrupt me; I know your motive. You think I have seduced her ear in favour of Leicester Melville; there you are right! I love the young English boy; he has a high and noble spirit,—a warm and brave heart,—and I hope at some day or other to see Lisette Cavendish his wife."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the count, fiercely.

"Yes: though I well know the Count d'Almaviva, (backed by the flattering attention—supported by the undue influence of a thoughtless and unnatural mother,) has good right to suppose it will be otherwise. No matter—no matter,—heaven will defend the innocent."

There was a momentary pause; during which the Count d'Almaviva walked hurriedly to and fro the apartment, evidently revolving in his own mind every word that had been uttered by the artful Gertrude.

"Woman!" at length said he, seizing her firmly by the arm.

"Well:" replied Gertrude, with the same cool, intrepid voice as before; "will you now condescend to answer my question?—Why have your bravos brought me here?"

"I know not who brought you, or how you came here: it was by no order of mine; nor should you have been detained here longer, had your speech been less discourteous. Now, mark me, Gertrude Simpson, by your own confession, you have done me grievous and unpardonable wrong: you have poisoned the ear of Lisette Cavendish against me; you have sought to encourage her union with another,—one alike unworthy of her beauty and estate. This is enough to justify the step I am now about to take. From this day we are enemies. You are now my prisoner,—you are now in my power. On one condition alone may you regain your liberty."

"And it is, ——"

"That you never enter *Venice* again, nor hold communication with either Mrs. Cavendish, or any of her family, until such times

as Lisette Cavendish shall be mine; and, even then, mark you, your safety will be proportioned only to your secrecy. Breathe but one word of what has occurred to-day, and your life will be the forfeit of your rashness. Think of this till night-fall; then, according to your decision, so will be your destiny."

The Count d'Almaviva left the room, and Gertrude, inwardly rejoicing at her success, deliberately seated herself by the window of her apartment, which she now for the first time observed overlooked the road by which they had approached the house. Presently there was a bustle and commotion below. The tramping of horses and the rumbling of a carriage re-echoed on the pavement, and immediately she had the satisfaction of seeing the Count d'Almaviva leave the house, take his seat in the vehicle, and drive off towards Venice.

THE SHOOTING STAR.

THERE was music on the summer air, that soft calm summer eve,
Distant music, sad and sweet, forebodingly it seemed to grieve.
They gazed upon the darkening scene from out the trellised bower,
And the moonbeams fell all shiningly on the pale jasmine flower.

"Thou art mine idol; human love there never was like mine,
The feelings, actions, thoughts, of youth, devotedly are *thine*."
The lover's idol upward gazed—sad thoughts were wandering far;
Thus answered she, as downward shot a bright and glittering star:—

"The mystic lore of ancient days, prophetically read,
Ill-omened, deems a shooting star a warning from the dead:
Such influence shed on lovers' vows, falls as withering blight,
In future times thou'lt not forget *this* quiet summer night."

He listened: and a year passed on, and summer came again,
The trellised bower still hidden there, the starry flowers the same:
The moonbeams cast their holy rays on him—he stood alone—
And *she*, the worshipped idol,—ah! whither hath she flown?

C. A. M. W.

THE DAILY PRESS.—ITS PRICE AND ITS PROFITS.—No. II.

In our former article on this subject we endeavoured to prove by reference to facts and figures, that a good and independent daily newspaper could not, under ordinary circumstances, be produced, with profit to the proprietors, at a lower price than 5d., and that the proprietors of the *Morning Chronicle* would be disappointed in their expectations that by reducing the price of that journal to 4d. they would obtain such an increased number of subscribers and advertisements as would enable them to produce at the lower price a paper equal in quantity and quality of matter to that which they have been in the habit of giving to the public: and that they had therefore acted unwisely in lowering the price of their paper from 5d. to 4d. In this article it will be our object to point out the probable effect which the reduction will have on the other daily papers, and the consequences of reduced prices on the press generally. Before we do so, however, we will, in conformity with our promise, suggest the course which the *Chronicle* should have adopted, in order to cover its loss, rather than resort to a reduction of price.

The annual loss of the *Chronicle* was, according to our estimate, which we believe was very near the mark, £5,720, or, in round numbers, £110 per week. This deficiency would have to be made up either by an increase of the receipts, or a reduction of the expenditure, or with the aid of both combined. If by an increase of the receipts, the increase must necessarily arise from a larger circulation or a larger number of advertisements. These are the only sources of revenue which a newspaper has, and from either or both the increase must be derived. To increase the circulation it will be necessary to suppose a change for the better in the politics, management, or getting up of the paper, or a change favourable to the *Chronicle* in the public mind. As we do not wish in any way to offer any opinion in disparagement of either the politics, management, or getting up of the *Chronicle*, we have no suggestions to make as to any improvement that might be effected; but as a change or improvement of some kind must be made before an increased circulation could be expected, we must turn our atten-

tion from the circulation to the advertisements, as the source, if any, from which additional revenue could be raised.

Our readers will perhaps remember that we estimated the revenue from advertisements at £50 daily, after payment of the advertisement duty. If we include the duty, which would probably be about one-fifth, we shall have a gross daily revenue derived from advertisements of £60 per day, or £360 per week. Now, we believe that if the *Chronicle* had raised its advertising scale, which was previously lower than some of its morning contemporaries, it would not have lost a single advertisement in consequence; and we firmly believe that it might have raised its scale, with perfect safety, sufficiently high to cover the greater part, if not the whole, of its annual loss. An increase of twenty-five per cent. upon the gross receipts from advertisements, would give a weekly sum of £90, or £4,680 per annum. By adding this per centage to the charge, the duty would not, of course, be increased, but remain the same, the duty being chargeable on the number of advertisements inserted, and not according to the revenue derived from them. If, therefore, we deduct from the estimated loss of £5,720 per annum, the estimated increase from advertisements, £4,680, there will remain a deficiency of £1,040 per annum, or £20 per week. This sum, or a considerably larger one, could easily be met, either by reducing the number of double sheets, or by a slight reduction in the salaries of the editors, contributors, and reporters; or it might be saved in the expenses of the foreign expresses, or the salaries of foreign correspondents. Those who know any thing of the management of a morning paper, know that a sum of £20 per week could be saved without seriously effecting the efficiency of any department of the paper.

But it may be said that to increase the advertising scale of the *Chronicle* by so large a per centage as twenty-five per cent. would alarm the advertisers, and be productive of evil rather than good. In answer to this, it would be sufficient to point to the *Morning Post*. The charges made by the *Morning Post* for advertisements are in many, if not in most, cases at least fifty per cent. higher than the charges made by the *Morning Chronicle*, although the advertisers are perfectly well aware that the circulation of the *Post* is not half that of the *Morning Chronicle*. For some time back both the *Morning Chronicle* and *Morning Herald*, entering into a competition which was as unnecessary as it must have proved injurious to both, have been reducing their scale of charges for advertisements, or if they have not reduced the scale, they have at all events been charging less than scale price. The *Post*, with scarcely half the circulation of either, looked on, firmly and peremptorily kept to its scale, and we believe lost not a single advertisement. Does the *Times* reduce its scale because its contemporaries do so, or because an occasional advertiser grumbles? No:

it demands and gets its full price. The *Post* does the same, and, strange though it may appear, frequently asks and gets with its small circulation a higher price than is demanded by the *Times*, with its countless thousands of circulation. What does this prove? Why clearly this, that every newspaper and periodical has a particular class of readers, and that in order to get at that class the advertiser must insert his advertisement in the favourite paper or periodical, and when an advertiser once commences to advertise permanently in a particular paper, it is singular, and almost incredible, the pertinacity with which many of them continue to advertise in it, in the face of very suspicious circumstances that the circulation and influence of the paper are very much on the decline. We remember several instances of this kind in the case of the *Courier*. Although the circulation of that paper had dwindled down to a few hundreds, and although this fact was tolerably well known, or at all events strongly suspected, yet its old advertising patrons stuck to it until it was discontinued altogether. If the paper itself does nothing directly calculated to proclaim its weakness, its old friends will be slow to perceive, and will be reluctant to act when they have perceived, the truth. If persons were to advertise for the general public only, and not for particular classes, they would rush to the *Times* exclusively, and leave the other papers altogether. Although we do not wish to undervalue the importance to advertisers of extensive circulation and great publicity, we are decidedly of opinion that the class medium, although of more limited circulation, is the best to resort to, and as an evidence of this fact we have only to refer to the high scale of charges exacted by all class papers. The *Morning Chronicle* was a class paper, and it is on that account that we have thought it necessary to go into the subject so fully. We say, therefore, that either gradually or at once, the *Chronicle* might very safely have increased its scale for advertisements twenty-five or thirty per cent., and, if the latter per centage, the increased receipts would amount to £5,616, or within £104 of the estimated loss of £5,720.

The *Morning Chronicle* has adopted a different course, and time will prove its ruinous consequences.

But what is likely to be the effect of the reduction of price on the other daily papers and the press generally? If the example is followed, the consequences will be ruinous to all; but if the other daily papers, morning and evening, are true to themselves, and keep to their price both for papers and advertisements, the ruin will be confined to those who were thoughtless and rash enough to plunge into a sea of troubles in which shipwreck is inevitable. If, as it is reported it intended to do some months back, the *Herald* reduces its price to 4d., the *Post*, we fear, must follow; it cannot buffet the tide alone, it must go with the stream, and

sink, to rise no more. In that case, the evening papers must also reduce their price, and perhaps they could better afford to do so, as their expenses are comparatively light, even in proportion to their circulation. At all events, it is utterly impossible that in the face of four cheap morning newspapers with evening editions, the *Globe*, *Standard*, and *Sun*, could resist the downward tendency. If they attempted to stem the torrent single-handed, we believe that at least one-third of the circulation of the two former, and fully one-half of the circulation of the latter, would be gone within the first month or two. With so many cheap newspapers in the field, not one of them paying, for that we think we have pretty clearly proved, something must be done to save themselves from irretrievable ruin. They must either sell themselves, bound hand and foot, to the first rich and profligate demagogue politician or minister they meet, or in a body storm the chambers of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and insist on the repeal of the stamp duty, the advertisement duty, and the paper duty. This would be necessary to their existence, and if it were granted, the cheap newspapers might, if they had it all their own way, linger out a precarious existence for some years. But would they be allowed to have it all their own way? The advertisement, stamp, and paper duty, once taken off, a host of reckless and unprincipled adventurers would rush into the "newspaper world," with worthless but still cheaper papers, and at one blow put an end to the sufferings and the existence of the first vendors of "cheap ware."

But it is said, "Oh never mind what becomes of the proprietors, provided the public reap the benefit." Indeed! such is the common cant of the advocates of cheap newspapers. The proprietors of newspapers with their editors, contributors, and reporters, after having exhausted their property, wasted their energies, and racked their brains, to create in the public a taste for reading, and to elevate their physical, mental, and moral condition, are to be ruined and thrust aside, as unworthy of notice or consideration, so long as the public benefit, by having cheap newspapers. Such is the lesson that has been taught to the public, by newspaper writers, who, deluded by magnificent promises and dazzled by flattering, but unsubstantial prospects, were induced to instil this dangerous fallacy into the public mind, but who have since had reason to chew the cud of bitter reflection. Nothing can be more glaringly absurd, than to say that the public can benefit by cheap newspapers.

By cheap newspapers, we mean newspapers sold at a price which cannot yield a fair return to the proprietors, or afford an adequate remuneration to those engaged in conducting them. "Let us look at the weekly papers, where the cheap-newspaper disease first made its appearance. They are started by persons without capital, conducted without talent or principle, and after a brief existence, die,

leaving the unfortunate paper-maker, type-founder, and others, losers, and after having, during their short career, poisoned the minds and morals of those who had the bad taste and misfortune to read them.

On principle, we are in favour of cheapness in the price of the newspaper as well as of any other article, but we are opposed to cheapness at the sacrifice of quality and principle. Did we not apprehend that greater evil would result from the repeal of the duty upon advertisements, paper, and stamps, than any practical good that could follow such a repeal, we should desire that every facility should be given to the public, to purchase papers cheaply. But we believe it to be absolutely necessary, for the public security, that the present newspaper stamp-duty, at all events, should be imposed, to protect the public from the mischievous consequences that would necessarily result from the establishment of cheap newspapers. At present the reckless adventurer who intends or wishes to start a paper has the fear of the stamp-office before his eyes;—he may cajole and cheat the paper-maker, the type founder, or the machine-maker, but he cannot hope to cheat the stamp-office.

The paper must be stamped, and the duty paid, before he can go to press; and when the month is out, the advertisement duty must be forthcoming, or down comes the imperious mandate of the Solicitor of Taxes, who will neither brook refusal or delay. Let these checks be removed and an unlimited number of cheap newspapers will be started and foisted on the public by persons, without property, respectability, or principle, who will be unscrupulous as to the means they employ, to debase the public mind, and assail private character, if they will find it profitable to themselves, to attempt to do either the one or the other. The best security against libel is a bond with two good securities, lodged at Somerset House, and the best possible public censorship of the press is the stamp-duty. We have had a foretaste of what an unstamped press would be, from our own experience, in the case of an unstamped paper, now fortunately no more, which a few years back had a large circulation, and which during its existence, had positively traded in attacks upon private character, and with the most mischievous effects.

That, it is true, is but a solitary instance amongst ourselves, but if we wish to see the evils of a cheap and unrestricted newspaper-press, on a large scale, we shall see them in full operation on a gigantic scale in America. We maintain that the evils which we see at work there, are inseparable from a free and unstamped press, in whatever country it may be carried on.

We may be told that public opinion, and public feeling, would be a sufficient check to prevent newspapers from attacking private character, and that the good sense and discernment of the public,

would soon lead them to discontinue the cheap newspaper, if it did not equal the dear one both with regard to quantity and quality of matter. We have little doubt, that a short experience of cheap newspapers, would, with the discerning portion of the public, settle the question.

We believe the right-judging portion of the people, would soon become dissatisfied, if not nauseated. But then we must not forget that a large proportion of the public, the great mass of the least educated, and least intellectual classes, would be exposed to the evil; and it is but too probable, that a very large number of them, would even prefer the paper that most attacked character, abandoned public principle, and outraged the conventional decencies of society. The great majority of those classes would, we fear, become the patrons, and the victims, of a cheap and unprincipled press. It is therefore fallacious to say that it is for the benefit of the public to have newspapers as cheap as they can get them.

But it is important in considering this question to inquire who are the principal purchasers of newspapers? Surely not the poorer classes,—not those classes to whom it would be of great importance, to consider whether they should give a half-penny, or a penny, more or less, for this or that paper. Except, perhaps, one in a thousand, who occasionally purchases a weekly paper to send to his friends in the country, the working classes, to whom a halfpenny or a penny would be a matter of moment, are not at all the purchasers of newspapers. It is indeed true, that at least two-thirds of the readers of newspapers, belong to the working-classes, but it must be kept in mind that *they do not purchase* the papers they read.

The purchasers of newspapers may be divided into two classes, —first, the upper classes, who purchase daily or weekly papers, for their own exclusive use and gratification; and secondly, public Institutions, such as Mechanics' Institutions, Libraries, Clubs, Reading-rooms, Public Houses, Taverns, and Coffee-shops, in which newspapers are purchased, for the use and benefit of the members and customers generally. With respect to the first class it matters not to them what the price is, so long as the paper is honestly and ably conducted, and advocates in the main their political opinions. To the other class, it may at first sight appear a matter of great importance to have cheap newspapers, and especially to those who keep public-houses, and coffee-shops, because the difference of a halfpenny or penny, on the price of each paper they take, would considerably alter their profits.

This particular class, therefore, and not the high or the low, are those whose interests are involved in the question, in so far as relates to the pecuniary part of the consideration. Now can any one believe, that if a great reduction were made in the price of

newspapers, that this class of persons would be permitted to enjoy the benefit? No one can doubt, that if the reduction took place, they would be forced, in consequence of the competition kept up among themselves, to take in additional papers, and so, in short, expend just precisely the same amount as before,—the question is not, therefore, one which really affects the pockets of the working classes or the public generally. Besides, we believe that in all respectable public-houses, and coffee-shops, the dear paper, if superior in point of writing and news, as there can be no doubt, it necessarily would be, would not be supplanted by the cheap papers, but that the inn-keeper or the coffee shop keeper, would be compelled to take it in, for the benefit of at least a portion of his customers, in addition to the cheap paper which might be better suited to the tastes of another class.

Has the *Times*, *Herald*, or *Post*, been supplanted to any extent, by the cheap *Daily News*, although that paper is at present, and from the force of existing engagements, conducted with ability? Is it likely, then, that when those engagements have ceased to have force, and when the representative of a certain noble duke, and other pecuniary contributors to the *Daily News*, are released from their liabilities, and when, as is not improbable, if it shall be longer continued, it gets from bad to worse,—is it likely that the high priced papers, will *then* be supplanted by the *Daily News*, when it has failed in effecting that "consummation devoutly to be wished," in its palmy days? It is true that the *Daily News* has supplanted the *Chronicle*, to a considerable extent, both in what may be called its public and private circulation. There are, however, peculiar reasons to account for its having done so. Ever since what was at the time called "the Durham Storm," when, for a short time, the *Morning Chronicle* turned upon its own party, and became hostile to the government, a very considerable number of the liberal party have not reposed that confidence in the *Chronicle*, which they were wont to do.

There was another section of the liberals, chiefly composed of dissenters, who became dissatisfied with the *Chronicle*, because, as they supposed, it did not go far enough. Besides these two, there were other causes, to which we need not advert, to account for the substitution of the *Daily News* for the *Morning Chronicle*. But we have no hesitation in saying, that in but very few instances, has the *Chronicle* been supplanted by the *Daily News*, on account of the difference of price merely. Can any one believe that the difference betwixt 4d. and 5d., will induce a single subscriber to leave the *Times* to go to the *Chronicle?* We think not. But let us for a moment suppose that the inn-keeper or the coffee-house keeper, will run with eagerness to the cheap shop and purchase the cheap newspaper, how long will he be allowed to exclude the dearer but better article? A very short time indeed, as we have

every reason to think, from the case of the *Daily News*, which although it may have supplanted the *Times* in some instances at first, was itself soon rejected and the *Times* resumed. Under these circumstances we contend, that the public are not interested in having a cheap newspaper, but rather a dear one, supposing always, that the dearer one is, as it must be, the better of the two.

Another most extraordinary argument, which is used in favour of a reduction of the price of the daily newspapers is, that newspaper proprietors, and those of the *Times* in particular, are making enormous profits, and can well afford a reduction of price. This is certainly a novel mode of argument. The proprietors of the *Times*, are, no doubt, making large fortunes, but the return derived from that paper, great as it is, is not more than a fair one, for the capital invested in it. The profits of the *Times*, are variously estimated at, from £60,000, to £100,000, per annum: and when it is recollected, that it required the devotion of a long and active life, aided by the very first talent in the country, to bring the *Times* to its present high and prosperous position; and that in order to retain that position, the greatest care, foresight, and enterprise, must be continually exerted by the proprietors, and the greatest talent by the editors; and that besides, all newspaper property is of an uncertain and fluctuating nature, we do not think that £60,000, or £70,000, or £80,000, is a return by any means higher than the proprietors have a right to expect. The *Morning Herald* was purchased a few years ago, by the present proprietor, for we believe £40,000. Now according to the usual mode of estimating newspaper property, that is, as worth six years' purchase, the income which he should receive from it, would be about £7,000 per annum.

Does the proprietor of the *Morning Herald* get more, or so much? We refer our readers to our estimate of getting up a newspaper, and leave them to judge for themselves. We have, we think, proved beyond all doubt, that the *Morning Chronicle*, was not paying before, and cannot be paying since the reduction in its price. It is a forcible and lamentable evidence of the fluctuating nature of newspaper property. A few years ago it would have sold for a very large sum of money, but our readers may judge for themselves what it would fetch in the market now. The *Daily News* does not now, and never will pay; and we really believe that the proprietors would very willingly make a present of it, to any person who would relieve them of their existing engagements. If the *Morning Post* pays, it is little short of miraculous,—the wonder is that it has existed so long. The *Morning Advertiser* pays well, but then it has the exclusive support of a very large and influential body, and its expenses are scarcely half those of the other *Morning Papers*. Two of the Evenings, the *Globe*, and the

Standard yield a fair, but not exorbitant return, and we think the *Sun* can hardly be making more than pays its working expenses. These facts then, are the best answer to the argument, that the proprietors of the daily papers are making large fortunes, and that therefore, the price should be reduced.

For all these reasons we come to the conclusion:—

Firstly. That 5d. is not too high a price for a good, enterprising, and independent daily newspaper.

Secondly. That to carry on properly and efficiently a paper at a less price would involve the proprietors in ruin.

And:—Thirdly. That it is not only the interest of the proprietors of newspapers to keep to the present price, but that it is the interest of the public also.

The daily press of the metropolis is a credit to those connected with it, and an honour to the country; and as we are desirous of seeing it maintained in all its efficacy and integrity, we hope the present price will be continued, and that nothing will induce the proprietors of morning or evening papers, to follow the dangerous and ruinous example, which has been set before them. If, as we fear is the case, some of the daily papers find it difficult to make the two ends meet, they must endeavour to reduce their expenditure, where that can be done, with least injury to the paper; and they ought by increased energy and enterprise, by engaging writers of the first ability, and by discovering, and advocating the wants and necessities of the people and the country, endeavour to extend their circulation and increase their advertisements.

In conclusion, we have only to repeat what we stated at the outset, that we are the partizans of no paper, and that our only object has been to communicate some information to our readers, on a point of great interest and importance, and one which has at the present time attracted considerable attention. We have had no wish to praise one paper or disparage another, but to speak the truth of all, according to the extent of our means and information. We have no doubt that some trifling inaccuracies may be found in our estimate of the expenses attending the conducting of a morning newspaper, but in the main, they are correct, and may safely be relied on by those who wish to arrive at a safe conclusion on the question of cheap or dear newspapers.

J. P.

THE TIME VISION,

A PHANTASY;

BY JOHN STORES SMITH.

O, Father Time, I envy thee,
For the scenes which thou shalt see
When my lyre's frail cords be broken—
When my latest words be spoken:
And the circling years are flown,
The present generations gone;
For all the scenes thou *then* shalt see,
Dear Father Time, I envy thee!

* * * * * *

The music of a vision dear,
Dwells for ever in mine ear;
Like birds' wild notes in early spring,
When from the budding copse they sing;
Or like love zephyrs murmuring—
Or silver streamlets' ripple clear,
Beneath the brush-wood running near;
So fall the tones upon mine ear.
Where'er I go, where'er I flee,
That heavenly vision haunteth me!

If by the river's marge I lie,
And mark the clouds, which flitting by,
Conceal the splendour of the sky;
Or, if beneath the giant lime,
I try to chant some lusty rhyme—
A wild romance of ancient time;
Whate'er I sing, the notes but seem
To fashion forth that glorious dream.
And even in the clouds I see
The fairy nymph who sang to me.

* * * * * *

The Vision comes upon me now—
Strange fancies throng my throbbing brow;
On viewless wings from earth I rise,
And soar serenely to the skies;
High, to the realms where vapours cease,
And stormy tempests sleep in peace;
Higher! unto those regions fair,
Unruffled by a breath of air;
Higher, still higher! Past the moon—
  New worlds on every side crowd round;
Higher, still higher! Past the sun,
  And still revolving globes are found.
Higher! Past earth's remotest star,
And still fresh meteors blaze afar;
Begirt with moons new planets roll,
And glitter round my tranced soul.
Onward, still on! Through boundless space,
  Through trackless paths of azure sheen;
And still below, above, beneath,
  Great, glorious, rolling worlds are seen!

O, close the scene! O, blind my sight!
My sense is dazzled with their light;
Moons glitter here—stars twinkle there,
Comets and suns are every where,
And denser grow as mists disperse:
O God! thine awful universe!
Within a purple cloud I stand,
  Upon the apex of the world;
A rainbow 'neath my feet is placed,
At either end on planets base,
  Around are scented vapours curled—
And in th' expanse above me, floating,
  The bowery groves of Heaven appear;
With silver screen and sardine column,
And fretted aisle and arches solemn:
    The bright celestial fanes uprear!

Burning thoughts within me spring,
O, give me utterance—let me sing
The glories of this awful place,—
The marvels of th' abyss of space;
The worlds beneath, around, above
Great Heaven's o'ershadowing alcove,
Kindle a grand, unearthly strain,
Within my throbbing, raptured brain.
  Let me pour forth the inspiration,
    These scenes have in my bosom nurst;
  Proclaim my spirit's adoration—
    O, let me, or my soul will burst!

Oh! vain the thought for utterance seeking,
Such thoughts defy all power of speaking;
My mind is chaos—without order,
Like nature between night and day:
These great conceptions are too mighty
For *me* to utter. I WILL PRAY!

THE PRAYER OF THE DREAMER.

"Dear Father of the boundless sky!
On earth our narrow creedists say,
That to thy star-girt home on high
There is but one thorn-bordered way.
Mankind, from mercy's mildest book,
To ruthless force they have exhorted;
And from the grandest law of love,
The wildest code of hate extorted;
And loathsome deeds of blood and shame,
They sanction with thy glorious name!

"O! could they be where now I stand,
And view the thousand, myriad spheres
That glitter bright on every hand,
(And so shall shine—a radiant band—
Through varying months and rolling years);
Learn that in nature's giant scheme,
As lightly as a passing dream,
A thousand ages fly.
Know, what they now refuse to know,
That this mysterious ball below
Is but a portion of a whole,—
Companion of those flames which roll,
In what we call—The Sky!
Then would they form a broader creed,
And martyrs never more should bleed.
But endless as eternity,
Sublime in His Immensity;
Smiling from an open throne,
Loving all and hating none,
Would they deem the Deity!

Father! on our world so wondrous,
(Which seems a star from this high dome);
From north to south reigns foul injustice,
And misery there hath made her home.
There the good in sadness languish,
While the bad grow rich and great;
There the poor man starves, forgotten,
To increase the lordling's state.
Men inflate with lineal splendour,
Reck not of the peasant's pain;
But conspiring with the wealthy,
Firmer bind the cruel chain,
This the lot of half creation,
One dull, joyless life of gloom;
Marked with but three simple epochs:
The BIRTH—then SORROW—then the TOMB!

"Tell me, O my heavenly Parent!
Thou, whose wide omniscient span
Grasps the ceaseless course of ages,
Since their measured flight began!
Tell me—in the heated factory,
Ever shall the weaver pine?
Or the sickly, stunted children,
Perish in the poisonous mine?
Shall injustice rule *for ever!*
O'er thine own all beauteous world?
Shall the standard of brave knowledge,
To the end of time be furled?
Or shall man, from mists emerging,
Flinging slavish bonds away;
Walk with all the might of manhood,
To the cheerful blaze of day?

Lo! as I speak, from yon blue isle,
To which my sight in rapture turns,—
Where trees in bloom immortal smile,
And learning's sun unclouded burns:
Launches on the buoyant air,
A spirit most divinely fair.
An aureole round her brow is playing,
In varied tints her form arraying;
From her shoulders wide unfold
Purple plumes, all starred with gold;
Which, as in noiseless course she flies,
Take new colours from the skies.

And stretched behind her far, they meet
And mingle with her winged feet;
While a robe of stainless white,
Fairer, purer to the sight
Than snow on untrod mountain's height,
Shades her body from mine eyes.—
An angel, beautiful to see,
The Spirit of the Rainbow she!

On an emerald ray descending,
Through a maze of comets wending;
Nearer, nearer is she coming,
I can hear her lute is blending
With the strain her voice is humming.
And an unseen quire attending,
The silver cadences prolong;
Now sinking low, now swelling strong,
And join the measure of the song.
Nearer comes she—nearer, nearer,
All her notes sound fuller, clearer:
And her features I can see,
Smiling sweetly upon me.
The beating of her wings I feel,
As on a bordering star she stands,
So close that, were she not a shade,
My hands might touch the crystal braid,
Which holds her silken hair in bands.

A blush is mantling on my cheek,
My bosom heaves,—I fain would speak,
But dare not; for within her eye
There dwells a quiet purity;
So simple, and yet so sublime,
It puts my soaring heart to shame.
It tells me of the crimes that roll,
Their staining folds around my soul,
And quench its heavenly flame!
And so I can but bow the knee,
Before her spotless purity!

She takes her lute—her rosy fingers
Commune with the silver strings.
Hush! my heart! no longer beat,
Seize the melody so sweet:
Listen, for the seraph sings!

THE SONG OF THE SERAPH.

"Droop not, brother! rarely yet
Sun in looming tempest set,
That did not on the morrow rise,
Sporting in a hundred dyes,
Glorious in the eastern skies!

"True, that now the cloud doth lower:
True, delays the coming hour;
But not the tyrant's binding power,
Not all the shams by cant designed,
Not the poor victims who are blind,
Nor all the force of all thy kind,
Can restrain the march of mind!

"O'er the earth it moves along,
With a light-imparting song;
To its standard hundreds throng,
Enemies to vice and wrong!
They shall dry the widow's tears—
They shall calm the orphan's fears,
Blithe shall be the coming years!

"Then shall thoughtless splendour fail,
And the diamond's glare grow pale;
Rude clamour give a parting wail.
From frozen Russ to jewell'd Ind,
Men shall be good, and just, and kind;
Ignorance shall bow resigned,
Before the glorious march of mind!

"Then droop not, faint not! rarely yet,
Sun in looming blackness set;
That did not on the morrow rise,
Sporting in a hundred dyes,
Right glorious in the eastern skies!"

O, blessings on thee, lovely seraph! I will *not* droop, I will *not* faint;
And never more to sun nor star prefer again my sad complaint.
And though in mists and shadows dim'd the light of learning now may be,
I will have faith in all thy words, believing what I cannot see;
For this is truth—a noble truth—which fairest seems when most maligned:
Though sun and moon shall cease to shine, still onward moves the march of mind!

THE LIFE OF MOZART.

It is an old worn-out remark, that genius has generally been to its possessor a fatal gift,—that he in whose life it has been exemplified has but had too generally to carry on a sad struggle with want and woe in their direst forms; that whilst with a lavish hand he has scattered around him his rich stores of intellectual wealth, society has in return given him, not bread, but a stone; and that for the valiant toil of a life, his best temporal reward too often has been the silent grave. In all times past, this has been the common lot of the gifted and the great. In times to come, it bids fair to be much the same. Our fathers stoned the prophets, and we build their sepulchres when dead. In the greater luxuriousness of the present age, we see little to convince us that genius now is more highly reverenced or better understood; and he who would pourtray a life illustrated and adorned by its divine power, will have to repeat the old tale,—the tale, old as creation's dawn,—the tale that has been repeated in every variety of human suffering and sorrow; the tale of bright hopes and sad realities,—of brilliant purposes and bitter disappointments,—of sinking frames and broken hearts,—of neglect when living, and applause when dead. For much of this, undoubtedly, the sons of genius have themselves to blame. Few have braced themselves up for the struggle human life imperiously requires. Most of them have more or less listened to the siren voices that have drawn them away from the only path in which it is given frail and erring man to make his calling and election sure. Mournful as drear November's wind, full of sad despair, has been the wail of genius about to enter the darkness of the tomb; for Shakspeare, whose

"Soul was like a star, and dwelt apart,"

to quote the poet Laureate's not particularly happy line on Milton, is the only exception; other names, however brilliant, do but confirm our case. But this sad truth, we firmly believe, was never more fully established than in the careful and well-performed work of Mr. Holmes, where for the first time the English reader gets in one view the life, eventful,—rugged,—bright in its morning, but dark and gloomy when evening came,—of John Chrysostom Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, of whom it may be said, as Shelley beautifully says of Keats, that—

" He grew,
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden nourished,
And fed with true love tears instead of dew."

The 27th of January, 1756, was the birth-day of one of the most extraordinary musicians Germany can boast. Wolfgang's father, Leopold, was a musician, according to the custom of the times, in the establishment of the Archbishop of Salzburg; his wife was a native of Salzburg, and six other children were born to him,—of them but two, Wolfgang, and his sister Anna Maria, survived the period of infancy. The father and mother were so conspicuous for beauty of form, that it was said, at the time of their marriage, so handsome a couple had never been seen at Salzburg. Leopold Mozart, as his family increased, was obliged to devote every hour he could spare to tuition on the violin and clarion. A work he published, entitled, " An Attempt towards a Fundamental System for the Violin," gradually extended his reputation as an artist and as a methodical and sound instructor. The father discovered the wonderful musical genius of his family in the following manner. When his girl had reached seven years of age, she became his pupil on the clarion, at which her progress was very great. Her brother was a constant attendant on these lessons, and already showed a lively interest in music. At four, he could always remember the solos in the concerts which he heard. In learning to play, he learned to compose at the same time. His progress was so great, that at four years of age, or earlier, he composed little pieces, which his father wrote down for him. In 1762, the father having no doubt by this time of the musical genius of his son, resolved to take both him and his sister to the Bavarian court at Munich, where they remained three weeks. Wolfgang performed a concerto in the presence of the elector, and, with his sister, excited the most lively admiration. The boy, says Mr. Holmes, was always extremely animated and intelligent. Before he applied himself to music, he entered into the usual pastimes of childhood with such interest, that over a pleasant game he would forget every thing, even his meals; but afterwards he lost much of his relish for these recreations, or liked them only in proportion as they were mixed with music. One of the great favourites of Wolfgang, and his especial playmate, was Andreas Schachtner, the principal trumpeter in the archbishop's band, a man of cultivated mind and considerable talent in poetry, the intimate friend of the family. Whenever the play-things were removed from one chamber to another, if his companions were with him, it must be done to music; and he who carried nothing, must sing or play a march. Such was the ascendency the art had gained. His disposition was characterized by an extreme sensibility and tenderness, insomuch that he would ask those about him ten times a day whether they loved him, and if

they jestingly answered in the negative, his eyes would fill with tears. The first studies in arithmetic were pursued by little Wolfgang with such ardour, as for a time to supplant even music in his affections. The walls, the chairs, the tables, and even the floor, were now covered with figures, and his predilection for this branch of science, with the reputation of expertness in it he now acquired, was preserved by him throughout life.

That he might the better superintend the education of his children, Leopold Mozart declined all engagements as a teacher of music at Salzburg. The trip to Munich had answered so well, that another and a more formidable one was planned. On the 19th of September, 1762, the whole family set out for Vienna, at which place they arrived, after a journey of a month. There they became at once famous; Wofeil, as his father affectionately termed him, was admired and caressed by the fashion and beauty of the place. Mozart's father thus describes his son's first appearance at court:— "At present I have not time to say more, than that we were so graciously received by both their majesties, that my relation would be held for a fable. Wofeil sprang into the lap of the empress, took her round the neck, and kissed her very heartily. We were there from three to six o'clock, and the emperor himself came into the ante-chamber to fetch me to hear the child play on the violin. Yesterday, Theresa's day, the empress sent us, through her private treasurer, who drove up in state before the door of our dwelling, two robes, the one for the boy, the other for the girl. The private treasurer always fetches them to court."

The next letter of the elder Mozart is in the same hopeful strain, but the sunshine was darkened by a cloud,—happily but a passing one. "Happiness and glass," exclaims the father, "how brittle are ye! I had already been thinking that we had been for a whole fortnight but too happy, when it pleased God to send us a little cross; and we thank his infinite goodness it is now over. On the 21st, at seven in the evening, we were with the empress; on which occasion Wofeil was not himself, and soon after exhibited a sort of scarlet eruption. Pray get read three holy masses to Loretto, and three to the holy Francis de Paula."

Wolfgang soon recovered; but the nobility, who dreaded small-pox, and every other eruptive disease, were too much alarmed to come near him, and for four weeks the family remained in profitless seclusion. When this time, however, had elapsed, he was as much in request as before. He was much with the royal family, but was but an indifferent courtier. The princes of the imperial family cultivated music, and one of them, afterwards the Emperor Joseph, happening to exhibit a solo on the violin, when the Mozarts were in attendance in the ante-room, heard the little critic exclaiming, "Ah, that was out of tune," and then again, "Bravo!" The honest, undisguised truths which the prince then heard, we are told, he

never forgot, nor ever recurred to them without good-natured laughter. Mr Holmes has preserved another anecdote relating to this visit. "As the two arch-duchesses were one day leading the boy between them to the empress, being unused to the highly polished floor, his foot slipped, and he fell; one of them took no notice of the accident, but the other, Marie Antoinette, afterwards the unfortunate Queen of France, lifted him up and consoled him. He said to her,—'You are very kind;—I will marry you.' She related this to her mother, who asked Wolfgang how he came to form such a resolution. 'From gratitude!' he replied; 'she was so good, but her sister gave herself no concern about me.'"

In the beginning of the year, as a proof of the delicate organization of the young musician, we are told that he had at this time "an invincible horror at the sound of the trumpet; he could not bear the instrument when blown by itself, and was alarmed to see it even handled. His father, thinking to remove this childish fear, —though one must needs think in this instance with less than his usual prudence,—desired that it should be blown before him, notwithstanding all his entreaties to the contrary. At the first blast, he turned, and sank to the ground; and serious consequences might have ensued, had the experiment been persisted in." A beautiful trait in his character was his reverence for his father.— "Before he went to rest at night, a little solemnity took place, which could not on any occasion be omitted. He had composed a tune, which was regularly sung by himself at this time, standing in a chair, while his father, standing near him, sang the seconds. Between the singing, and after it, he would kiss his father on the tip of his nose; and having thus expressed his childish affection, go quietly and contentedly to bed. This custom was observed till he had passed his ninth year. For his father and instructor, who appeared in every point of view in a light that commanded respect, he cherished sentiments of veneration, and one of his most ordinary sayings was, "God first, and then papa." It was an odd fancy of his, that when his father became old, he would have him preserved in a glass case, the better to contemplate and admire him.

On the 9th of July, the Mozart family set out on a new expedition. Wolfgang at this time, in his eighth year, seems to have been equal to anything in the way of music. Mr. Holmes thus sums up his accomplishments. "He played the clavier, the organ, and the violin; he sang, played, and composed extempore; played and transposed at sight; accompanied from score, improvised on a given bass, and was able, in fact, to answer every challenge."

At Munich, from whence the father writes, on the 21st of June, they, by the help of Prince Zweirbruchen, are introduced to the elector and Prince Clement, from whom they received praise, and, after some delay, a yet more acceptable reward, of a pecuniary nature. The next letter is from Ludwigsburg, and describes a profitless stay

at Augsburg, where they could get neither "payment, audience, or dismissal," from the reigning duke. Heidelberg, Mayence, Frankfort, Bonn, were successively visited; and then overwhelmed with presents, such as watches, snuff-boxes, swords, but with but little money, the family started for Paris. There they were favourably introduced, through the lady of the Bavarian ambassador, daughter of Count Arco, chamberlain to the Archbishop of Salzburg. The Mozarts were treated with great distinction. There also Wolfgang published his first works,—two sets of sonatas for the clavier, with an accompaniment for the violin,—the one dedicated to Madam Victorie, the king's second daughter, the other to the Countess Tesse. Grimm was a kind and constant friend.—Leopold Mozart writes word, "The single Mr. Grimm, to whom I had a letter from a merchant's wife at Frankfort, did every thing; he mentioned us at court, and provided for our first concert; towards which he sold three hundred and twenty tickets, and consequently paid me eighty louis d'ors; he gave us also our wax lights."

London, then, as now, the promised land for curiosities, however small, was the next place visited by the musical family. On the 27th of April, 1764, the children were heard by their majesties, and again in the following month. The father thus describes their first appearance at an English court.

"On the 27th of April, four days after our arrival, we were with their majesties from six to nine o'clock. The present we received on leaving the royal apartments was twenty-four guineas only; but the condescension of the exalted persons was indescribable. Such were their friendly manners that we could not believe ourselves in the presence of the king and queen of England. What we have experienced here surpassed every thing. A week afterwards, we were walking in St. James's park, when the king and queen came driving by, and although we were all indifferently dressed, they then and there saluted us: the king, in particular, threw open the carriage window, put out his hand, and, laughing, greeted us with head and hands, particularly our Master Wolfgang."

Returning from a concert at Lord Thanet's, Wolfgang's father caught so severe a cold that his life was despaired of. The boy, as every instrument was silent, in order to employ himself, wrote a symphony, which was his first attempt of that kind. No sooner had his father recovered, than he orders "twenty-two masses, and undertakes the conversion of an apprentice, the son of a Dutch Jew, a great violincello player." Notwithstanding the scenes through which Wolfgang passed, the simplicity of his nature remained unchanged.

"While playing to me," writes the Hon. Daines Barrington, "a favourite cat came in, on which he left his harpsichord, nor

could we bring him back for a considerable time. He would also sometimes run about the room with a stick between his legs, by way of a horse," yet Mr. Barrington doubted as to the boy's being as young as he was represented till he had obtained a certificate of his birth through the Bavarian Envoy. The London visit at length drew to a close. The novelty wore off, the receipts of their concerts gradually diminished, the expenses were much greater than what the family had been accustomed to. The father writes, after the loss of a sum of money:—"But what does it signify to talk much of a matter that I resolved upon after deep consideration and many sleepless nights, especially as it is now over; and I am determined not to bring up my children in such a dangerous place as London, where people, for the most part, have no religion, and there are scarcely any but bad examples before their eyes. You would be astonished to see how children are brought up here, to say nothing of religion."

On the 17th of September, 1765, we find our travellers at the Hague, where the daughter was for some time dangerously ill. She recovered, but then Wolfgang was attacked by an inflammatory fever, which greatly reduced him from for several weeks. They met, however, all the time, with the kindest sympathy of the court. In Holland they remained for some time; the rest of their journey, though protracted to the end of the year 1776, was a mere holiday trip.

It was not without misgivings,—misgivings, however, which can be easily accounted for when we remember the serf-like position he held at the court of his prince, the archbishop,—that Leopold Mozart returned to Salzburg. Wolfgang, however, had now an interval of some months' comparative repose, in which he sedulously studied and practised the works of Emanuel Bach, Eberlin, and the scores of Hasse, Handel, and the old Italian masters. He also received some little honour in his own city. On the 11th of September we find the family off again on another journey. A royal marriage was on the tapis at Vienna, but the breaking out of the small-pox disconcerted all their plans, and the travellers were compelled to fly to Olmutz, where Wolfgang sickened, and then his sister. A good Samaritan, Count Podstatsky, received the family into his house, where they had every attention paid them. As Wolfgang became convalescent, he became skilful as a card-player, fencer, and horseman. We now come to an era in his life—he had won for himself a name. Henceforth he was to be the object of envy and dislike. The musicians of Vienna united against him as a common enemy. At the court, however, they were still well received, but it was deemed desirable to make a bold stroke to retrieve their affairs, and silence their enemies. The emperor suggested an opera, and Mozart gladly embraced the idea. He had, notwithstanding, a low opinion of the public

taste of Vienna. In one of his letters he says: "That the Viennese in general have no taste for serious and sensible things,—indeed, have no notion of them, — is well known; and their theatre, in which nothing prevails but childish trash, such as dances, devils, ghosts, witches, jack-puddings, and harlequins, proves it. One may see a gentleman, even one decorated with an order, clapping his hands, and laughing himself out of breath, at some harlequin's trick, or silly joke, who, during the most moving and beautiful situation, or the most eloquent dialogue, will talk so loud with a lady that, his more sober neighbour can hardly catch a word." Poor Wolfgang was thwarted in every possible way. Mr. Holmes says, "Hardly had the subject been broached than the work was completed. The next step seemed to be to bring it out; but no: delays, excuses, evaded promises, purposely confused rehearsals, and every other stratagem that malice could suggest, were put in operation to suppress it, till at length it was as wholly ruined as if it had been committed to the flames; for being written with a view to a particular company, it was quite unavailable for any other. The father, a man quite ignorant in the strategy of theatres, was slow to conceive the extent of secret animosity of which his son was the object. But when he saw this, and the utter shamelessness and absence of principle with which theatrical proceedings were conducted, his indignation was unbounded, and the occasion certainly justified it. "The whole hell of music," he said, "has bestirred itself to prevent the talent of a child from being known."

It was in vain Mozart begged that his son might have a fair hearing; but Wolfgang, strong in genius and youth, not dismayed, in little more than a month was ready with three works—a solemn mass, an offertorium, and a trumpet concerto for a boy. These pieces were so much applauded as to compensate, in some manner, for his previous ill fortune. On the return of the family to Salzburg, he pursued his studies in the higher departments of composition, and improved his acquaintance with the Italian language. "It appears," says Mr. Holmes, "from the court calendar of his native city, "that he was now appointed concert master in the musical establishment of the archbishop, a place of little honour and less profit, but which, nevertheless, he would not hold as a mere sinecure.

In December, 1769, Wolfgang and his father set out on a journey to Italy, where they remained till March, 1771. This step seems to have afforded unmitigated pleasure. Wolfgang's letters to his sister at this period are full of good feeling and fun. At Rome they heard the famous Miserere of Allegri. It was held in such high esteem that the musicians of the chapel were forbidden, under pain of excommunication to take any part of it away, or to copy it themselves, or through any other person. Mozart, however, committed

the unexampled theft, and carried it away. He accomplished his task in two visits to the Sistine chapel. On the first hearing he drew out a sketch, and on the second, with his manuscript in his hand, he corrected and completed it. It soon became known in Rome, and the generous Italians, delighted with the skill he displayed, willingly forgave the theft. At Naples they met the notorious Lady Hamilton. The father describes her as a very agreeable person, "who performs on the clavier with unusual expression. She was much alarmed at having to play before Wolfgang. The Queen of Naples was very liberal, in words, but nothing more. The imbecile king, with his dancing, and sporting, and boat-racing, and maccaroni eating, had little time or inclination to patronise genius. At Rome, the Pope presented Wolfgang with a beautiful gold cross, and dubbed him knight. At Bologna he was made member of the Philharmonic Society. At Milan he brought out an opera (Mithridates) which was performed consecutively twenty nights. Milan was left in February, and in another month the travellers again reached home. In the autumn of the same year he returned to Milan to compose a grand dramatic serenata in honour of the nuptials of the archduke Ferdinand. Hasse, the Nestor of musicians, was also to write an opera for the occasion. The latter at the time is said publicly to have predicted Mozart's future fame. "This boy," said he, "will throw us all into the shade."

In the spring of the year 1772, an event took place which materially influenced the future fortunes of the great composer. This was the election of the new archbishop, Hieronymus, of the princely family of Cleredo, to the government of Salzburg. The man had no taste for music, and it was long before he could perceive that there was any thing extraordinary in his young concert master. Wolfgang took pains to ingratiate himself with him, and at first with some appearance of success. In October, accompanied by his father, he went to Milan to fulfil his engagement for the carnival opera of the new year, Lucio Silva. After much mismanagement the opera was performed. The scene in the theatre is thus described: "The archduke having five letters of compliment and good wishes on the new year to write, after dinner, to the Emperor, Empress, etc., came late, for you are to know that he writes very slowly. Picture to yourself the whole theatre crammed full at half-past five o'clock, and the singers, both men and women, on this the first evening, full of alarm at having to exhibit before so exalted an audience; and then think of these frightened singers remaining, in their turn, and the orchestra and the whole audience, many of whom were compelled to stand, waiting in the hot theatre for three mortal hours, before the piece began. Secondly, you are to be informed that the tenor, who is a cathedral singer at Lodi, who was engaged only one week before

the performance, for want of a better, had never played in so large a theatre, and had even only twice in his life been a *primo tenore* at Lodi. This person being required, during the first air of the *prima donna* to make some demonstration of anger towards her, so exaggerated the demands of the situation, that it seemed as if he were about to give her a box on the ears, or to wrench her fist. Signora de Amicis, in the heat of her singing, not knowing why the public laughed, was surprised, and being unaware of the ridiculous cause, did not sing well the first evening, and an additional reason for this may be found in a feeling of jealousy that the *primo nomo*, immediately on his appearance on the scene, should be applauded by the archduchess. This, however, was only a trick of a *musico*, for he had contrived to have it represented to the archduchess that he would be unable to sing from fear, in order to ensure immediate applause and encouragement from the court. But to console De Amicis she was sent for the next day to court, and had an audience of both their royal highnesses for an hour."

In July, 1773, we find the Mozarts at Vienna, where they remained two months. In December, 1774, they went to Munich, that Wolfgang might write the *opera buffa* for the carnival. In March, 1775, the father and son returned to Salzburg. There Wolfgang spent three years,—three years of unrewarded toil, of slight, and disappointment. The handsome salary he received from the archbishop was about £1 1s. *per annum*. So much for patronage of art on the part of the titled and the great,—a patronage men have come by this time to appreciate at its true value. In September, 1777, Mozart, accompanied by his mother, commenced a tour in search of some prince who would discern and encourage his musical genius. At Munich, which is his first halt, he hopes to be engaged by the elector. We next find him at Augsburg on his way to Mannheim, the residence of another German elector, and the seat of no small pretension in musical matters. Here, after hoping to have a place in the elector's service, he is again doomed to disappointment. Here, however, for the first time, he fell seriously in love. "The lady was a Mademoiselle Weber, fifteen years of age, and a great singer." At Mannheim his father directs his attention to Paris, at which place he and his mother arrived on the 23rd of March, 1778. His great friend is Baron Grimm, through whose influence he has the honour of an interview with the Duchesse de Bourbon, a visit that introduced him, for the first time, to the elegant indifference of the fashionable *salon*.

"On my arrival," writes Mozart, "I was ushered into a great room, without any fire, and as cold as ice; and then I had to wait for half an hour, until the duchess came. At length she appeared, and very politely requested me to excuse the clavier, as not one in the house was in order, and said she would be very glad to hear

me. I replied I should be most happy to play any thing, but that at present it was impossible, as I could not feel my fingers from cold; and I requested she would have the goodness to let me go into a room in which there was a fire. '*O, oui, monsieur, vous avez raison,*' was the answer. She then sat down and began to draw, in company with several gentlemen, who all made a circle round a large table. This lasted for an hour, during which time I had the honour to be in attendance. The windows and doors were open, and my hands were not merely as cold as ice, but my feet and body too, and my head began to ache. There was *altum silentium*, and I really could not tell what would become of all this cold, headache, and tediousness. I frequently thought, were it not for Mr. Grimm, I would this instant go away. However, to shorten my story, I at last played on the wretched, miserable piano. What most annoyed me was, that Madame and the gentlemen pursued their drawing without a moment's cessation, and consequently I was obliged to play to the walls, chairs, and tables. Such a combination of vexatious circumstances quite overcame my patience, and after going through one half of the Fisher variations, I rose up. There were a great many *éloges*. I, however, said, and it was perfectly true, that I could do myself no credit with this clavier, and that I should prefer selecting another day when there should be a better one. But the duchess would not let me off, and I was obliged to wait another half hour for the duke. Meantime she came and took her place beside me, and listened to me very attentively, and I soon forgot the cold and the headache, and in spite of the wretched clavier, played as I am accustomed to play when in good humour. Put me down to the best clavier in Europe, but with people for hearers who either will not or cannot understand, and I should lose all pleasure in playing. I gave Mr. Grimm a full relation of every thing."

In Paris, as elsewhere, Mozart found some crooked destiny was at work. Fair words were plentiful, but cash was scarce. To his father, who recommended him to go out and cultivate the acquaintance of influential people, he wrote, "you advise me to visit a great deal, in order to make new acquaintances, or to revive the old ones. That is, however, impossible, the distance is too great, and the ways too miry to go on foot, the muddy state of Paris being indescribable; and to take a coach, one may soon drive away four or five livres, and all in vain, for the people merely pay you compliments, and then it is over.

They ask me to come on this or that day; I play, and then they say, "*O c'est un prodige, c'est inconcevable, c'est étonnant,*' and then, "*a'dieu.*"

Eager as was Mozart to escape from the artificial and artless Parisians,—for so they appeared to him,—he settled down for the winter, and commenced lesson-giving, in consequence of the urgent

request of his father, who had long ere this learnt that genius did not invariably, like the goose in the nursery tale, lay golden eggs. For the sake of his father, Wolfgang submitted to the drudgery as best he could. The place of organist at the palace of Versailles was offered him, but declined. Another offer is made to him, which at length he accepts.

The archbishop of Salzburg, more from the representations of others, than from his own judgment, began to be sensible that he made a great mistake in suffering Mozart to leave him. Accordingly a negotiation was began for the purpose of recalling him, which was precipitated by the most grievous blow Mozart had yet been called to endure,—we mean the death of his mother. This made his father more than ever desirous that he should be removed from the thousand snares, to which, alone and young, he by his residence in Paris was exposed, and accordingly, an arrangement was effected with the archbishop, by which Wolfgang was to receive a salary of five hundred florins, with the office of concert master.

Mozart quitted Paris on the 26th of September, 1778, and started for Salzburg, by way of Munich, where Mademoiselle Weber and her family had settled. Here he had another disappointment to endure. They had parted as lovers part, with tears and vows; but their meeting was of a different kind to that expected by Wolfgang. Mr. Holmes, not very gallantly, yet somewhat truly we confess, says there was for this, "an old and sufficient reason, the inconstancy of womankind." The unfortunate lover, however, bore up like a man, and turned his attention to Constance, the sister of his first and faithless love, who ultimately became his wife. At Salzburg, the first work he produced of any importance was a mass. In 1780, he received from the Elector at Bavaria, an engagement to compose the *opera seria*, for the ensuing carnival, and he joyfully repaired to Munich for that purpose. On the 29th of January, 1781, "Idomeneo," written in the bloom of life, and full, says his biographer, of the glowing animation and spirituality of his nature, was performed with immense applause.

The accustomed audience of the Munich opera, was increased by the concourse of people from Salzburg desirous of hearing the wonderful composition of their townsman. In the middle of March, he was commanded to follow the Salzburg court to Vienna, and is quartered by his exalted patron with the valets and cooks belonging to the establishment.

Repeated indignities at length roused Mozart's temper, and he burst the chain by which he was enslaved. After describing the whole history of the transaction, he thus writes to his father. "I will now inform you what was the principal ground of offence, I knew not I was a valet in attendance, and that ruined me. I ought to have lounged away a couple of hours every morning in

the ante-chamber: indeed, I had been often told that I ought to show myself, but could never recollect that this was part of my duty, and therefore contented myself with coming when the archbishop sent for me.

"As far as this I have spoken as if I were in the presence of the archbishop. I now speak to you alone, my dearest father, of all the injustice that I have endured from the archbishop, from the beginning of his reign till now,—of his incessant insults and of all the impertinent and affronting speeches that he has uttered to my face, as well of the incontrovertible right that I have to leave him. Nothing need be said here, for nothing can be said, that can bring their truth into question." He then proceeds to show that his prospects are encouraging; "he was young, hopeful, energetic, with a pen that never halted for ideas, and an activity in writing that defied fatigue. Full of his newly acquired freedom, he for a while saw nothing of the stern realities, and hard struggles by which he was soon to be surrounded. The future, with its fame, cast them into the shade.

Mozart had to learn that royal promises were one thing, and royal performances another. The Emperor Joseph quite won upon him, by his affability, and has the reputation of having thoroughly understood and appreciated Mozart. "But what sort of patronage," asks Mr. Holmes, with righteous indignation, "to an artist struggling with difficulties, must that be which ends in a joke, a laugh, or a miserable pension? Such will be found to have been the history of their connexion." Mozart's success as a pianoforte player in the fashionable world of Vienna, was now at its height, but he could not remain long without dramatic writing. On the 31st of September, of the same year, in which he quitted the archbishop, he received the libretto of the opera "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," and with such delight, that during the first two days he wrote two airs for it, and the tersetto which closes the first act.

At the same time he had a more serious work in view. The Webers had settled at Vienna, and on the 4th of August, 1782, Mozart was rendered happy by the possession of Constance as his bride; thus at the time he was writing "Die Entführung," (the Abduction,) he was engaged in carrying off Mademoiselle Weber by stratagem. It was a love match, and therefore undoubtedly a happy one. It had its cares but it had also its joys; "for a while indeed," says Mr. Holmes "everything prospered; but the scene soon altered, and the married lovers were soon obliged to descend from their poetical world of love and imagination, into a more prosaic one—to listen to the clamours of creditors whose demands they could not satisfy, and to be sometimes cast upon extremities for the supply of current wants." In spite of all, however, Mozart could remain brave and true.

"Why did you not marry a rich wife?" said the Emperor Joseph to him one day.

"Sire," was the answer, "I trust that my genius will always enable me to support the woman I love."

At Vienna, Mozart had to contend with the professors of the Italian school of art; nevertheless, in spite of their jealousy and intrigue, "Die Eutführung," became at once "wonderfully popular."

In the spring of the year 1784, Vienna was visited by several musical stars, among the rest an English party arrived there, consisting of Stephen Storcace, his sister, a celebrated singer, fresh from Italy, and Michael Kelly. The latter has given the best personal description of Mozart now extant. "I went one evening," he says, "to a concert of the celebrated Korebuch's, a great composer for the piano-forte, as well as a fine performer on that instrument; I saw there the composers Vanhall, and Baron Dittersdorf; and what was to me the greatest gratification of my musical life, I was there introduced to that prodigy of genius, Mozart. He favoured the company by performing fantasias and capriccios on the piano-forte. His feeling, the rapidity of his fingers, the great execution and strength of his left hand, particularly, and the apparent inspiration of his modulations, astounded me; after this splendid performance we sat down to supper, and I had the pleasure to be placed at table between him and his wife, Madame Constance Weber, a German lady of whom he was passionately fond. He conversed a good deal with me about Thomas Lindley, the first Mrs. Sheridan's brother, with whom he was intimate at Florence, and spoke of him with great affection. He said that Lindley was a true genius; and he felt that had he lived he would have been one of the greatest ornaments of the musical world. After supper the younger branches of our host had a dance, and Mozart joined them. Madame Mozart told me that great as his genius was, he was an enthusiast in dancing, and often said that his taste lay rather in that than music.

"He was a remarkably small man, very thin and pale, with a profusion of fine fair hair, of which he was very vain. He gave me a cordial invitation to his house, of which I availed myself, and passed a great part of my time there. He always received me with kindness and hospitality. ' He was remarkably fond of punch, of which beverage I have seen him take copious draughts. He was also fond of billiards, and had an excellent billiard table in his house. Many and many a game have I played with him, but always came off second best. He gave sundry concerts, at which I was never missing.

"He was kind-hearted and always ready to oblige, but so very particular when he played, that if the slightest noise were made, he instantly left off." At this time he wished much to have

settled in England. Subsequently his friend Haydn did so. Had Mozart's life been spared to realise this wish, probably he might have obtained money as well as fame, but it was otherwise decreed; he was to be no exception to the general companionship of genius and want. The following anecdotes throw some little light on the every day life of the artist. "At a late hour Mozart and his wife return home from a party. On entering their apartments, the boy Hummel, his pupil, is discovered, stretched on chairs, fast asleep. Some new pianoforte music has just arrived, which they are now both anxious to play; Mozart, however, will not play it himself, but tells his wife to wake up Hans, give him a glass of wine and let him play; this is no sooner said than done, and now should anything go wrong, there is an opportunity for suggestions. It is in fact a lesson, though given at the rather unusual hour of midnight. Attwood, who at a somewhat later period, was placed under the superintendence of Mozart, always spoke of his master with regard; but said of him, that he would at any time rather play a game of billiards with him, than give him a lesson. This may be easily believed.

The first production of the year 1786, was "Der Schauspiel Director," composed by desire of the Emperor Joseph; but the all engrossing subject of Mozart's thoughts during the spring of this year, was "La Nozzi de Figaro," which, when it came out, owing to the state of party feeling in Vienna, had not the popularity it deserved: what was worse, the profits were so small as not in the least to ameliorate his circumstances; and so discouraged was he with the reception of "Figaro," that he resolved never more to produce an opera at Vienna. He still cherished the idea of a trip to England, but the emperor who had hitherto rewarded him merely with a bow, and what Parson Evans called "good words," gave him the situation of chamber composer, and the pension of eight hundred florins attached to it, and the English trip was for ever renounced.

In 1787, Mozart set out on a journey to Prague, where he had been cordially invited by a distinguished nobleman and connoisseur, Count John Joseph Hun, by whom he was enthusiastically received. The "Figaro" was given night after night, with unparalleled success. The melodies of "Figaro" re-echoed in every street and every garden, nay even the blind harper himself, at the door of the beer house, was obliged to strike up "Non piu Andrai," if he wished to gain an audience, or earn a kreutzer." Mozart's emotion at the success of his opera was so great that he could not help saying to the manager, Boudini, himself, "as the Bohemians understand me so well, I must write an opera on purpose for them." Boudini took him at his word, and entered with him on the spot into a contract, to furnish his theatre with an opera for the ensuing winter. "Il Don Giovanni," was the result.

From the balls, and mirth, and popularity of Prague, Mozart returned to Vienna, to hear of his father's illness and death. In educating the genius of his son, the old man had deemed that in Wolfgang's fortune and fame, his labour and assiduity would be abundantly repaid. Alas! he was doomed to disappointment; the precious plant he had reared was already bruised and beaten by the world's rude wind. He lived long enough to see his vision of brightness fade away, and to die worn out and disappointed, in loneliness and almost absolute want. His much loved son already exhibited symptoms of decay. The wear and tear of life had weakened a frame fragile at its best.

In April, 1789, Mozart left Vienna on a tour, in company with his pupil; the Prince Von Lichnowsky accommodated him with a seat in his carriage as far as Berlin. His reception by Frederick William II, of Prussia, was highly favourable. Pecuniarily, however, he was not much benefitted by his journey. He went from Berlin to Dresden; on his return "it was evening, as he reached the door of his hotel. He had scarcely alighted before he inquired, 'Is there any music going forward here to night?'

"'Oh yes,' said the master, 'the German opera has just begun.'

"'Indeed! and what do they give to-day?'

"'Die Eutführung aus dem Serail.'

"'Charming!' cried Mozart, laughing with delight.

"'Yes,' said the man, 'it is a very pretty piece indeed; let me see, who composed it?'"

In the meantime, Mozart was gone. Entering the theatre in his travelling dress, he first established himself at the entrance of the pit, that he might listen unobserved; now pleased with the execution of certain passages, now dissatisfied with the tune of the pieces, or with the *fioriture* of the singers; advancing insensibly as the interest gained upon him, towards the bar of the orchestra, humming this or that phrase, sometimes in a subdued, sometimes in a louder tone, and unconsciously exciting the general wonder at the eccentric behaviour of the little man in the old great coat, he was close behind the musicians, when they came to Pedrillo's air, "*Frisch zum Kampfe, frisch zum streit.*" The manager had either employed an incorrect score, or some one had been making attempts to improve the harmony, for at the frequently repeated passage "*Nun ein feiger Tropf verzagt,*" the second violins always played a D sharp, instead of a D natural. This was too much for the patience of Mozart, who now called out aloud, "Confound it, play D natural." Everybody stared, and particularly the musicians in the orchestra, some of whom recognized him, and now "*Mozart is in the house,*" ran like wildfire from the orchestra to the stage. The singers were in great agitation at the intelligence, and one of them who played the part of Blondine, could not be prevailed on to re-appear. The music director, aware of the embarrassment,

informed Mozart of it, who was in an instant behind the scenes. "What are you alarmed at, madame," said he to the singer, "you have sung capitally—capitally: and if you wish to give the part still more effect, I will study it with you myself."

The King of Prussia would have detained Mozart, and given him a pension of three thousand dollars a year; but a kind word from the Emperor Joseph, brought him back to Vienna and starvation. But it mattered little. Already the clouds were lowering round his early grave. Two worthless boon companions —Shicander, the director of a theatre, for whom Mozart wrote the Zauberflöte, and Stadler, a clarionet player,—abused his confidence in every possible way, and led him into yet deeper embarrassments.

His last year was one of untiring, heroic, activity. Day and night he would keep at the composition of the Zauberflöte, till from weariness and excitement he would fall into a swoon. In the August of the year in which he died, a stranger brought him a letter without any signature, the purport of which was to inquire whether he would undertake the composition of a requiem, by what time he would be ready with it, and his price. His wife advised him to undertake it. In a few days the mysterious stranger returned and paid in advance twenty-five ducats,—half the required price. He immediately commenced the requiem, which would have been finished at the required time, had he not been called to Prague, to compose an opera for the coronation of the Emperor Leopold. The subject proposed by the council of the Bohemian nobility, was "La Clemenza."

Upon his return he again worked at the requiem, though with the strange presentiment that it was for himself. He believed that he was poisoned, and that the hour of his death drew nigh. Gradually his health became so much worse that his physicians ordered him to relinquish his work. He did so for a time, but when he became convalescent he again returned to it, and with the requiem his illness returned. Day by day he grew worse. At length it became apparent that he was hastening from a world he had found rugged, toilsome, and false: that the splendid mockery of his life was about to be dissolved by the cold hand of death.

"It was late in the evening of December, 1791, that his sister-in-law returned, but only to witness his dissolution. She had left him so much better that she did not hasten to him. Her own account may now be given.

"How shocked was I when my sister, usually so calm and self-possessed, met me at my door, and in a half-distracted manner said, 'God be thanked that you are here. Since you left he has been so ill that I never expected him to outlive this day. Should he be so again, he will die to-night. Go to him and see how he is.' As I approached his bed, he called to me, 'It is well that you are

here. You must stay to-night and see me die.' I tried as far as I was able, to banish this impression, but he replied, 'The taste of death is already on my tongue; *I taste death*, and who will be near to support my Constance if you go away?" I returned to my mother for a few minutes, to give her intelligence, for she was anxiously waiting, as she might have supposed the fatal scene already over, and then hurried back to my disconsolate sister. Süssmayer was standing by the bedside, and on the counterpane lay the requiem, concerning which Mozart was still speaking and giving directions. He now called his wife, and made her promise to keep his death secret for a time from every one but Albrechtsleger, that he might thus have an advantage over the other candidates for the vacant office of Rapell Meister to St. Stephen's. His desire in this respect was gratified, for Albrechtsleger received the appointment. As he looked over the pages of the requiem for the last time, he said, with tears in his eyes, 'Did I not tell you I was writing this for myself?'

"At the arrival of the physician, Dr. Closser, cold applications were ordered to his burning head,—a process which was endured by the patient with extreme shuddering, and which brought on the delirium from which he never recovered. He remained in this state for two hours, and at midnight expired."

Thus died Mozart, at the age of thirty-five years and ten months. Had he lived more like a hero,—had he been truer to his mission and his genius,—had he had the manhood to trample on the silken cords by which he was chained to earth,—had he turned away from the voluptuous snares by which men are degraded and undone,—he would have avoided the clouds by which his short life was clouded in untimely gloom. As it was, we know no life more melancholy than his: none with a moral truer or more sad. From his brilliant genius he reaped in the main little more than disappointment and premature decay. It is true, fame taught the world his name; it is true that high-born beauty smiled on him in the brilliant ball-room or the fashionable *salon*; it is true that men of imperial descent, with coronets and crowns, condescended to admire the magic powers that had filled Europe with delight; it is true that diamond snuff-boxes were showered upon the man: but he might have learnt—and it is time that all men learn the lesson—that when God gives man life and genius, it is that the man thus richly dowered may work out much more glorious results than those Mozart achieved in the pomps and pageants of a court. Not in such places can heroism be done, or the heroic inspiration caught. Far from us be the language of censure: we write this more in sorrow than in anger. We mourn the failings of the gifted of our race, and we point them out, that the rocks on which they shipwrecked may be shewn. There is no necessity that the life of genius should be the heart saddening tale it has ever been. To no

class of men has a good God denied the happiness resulting from the discharge of duty. Unhappily for Mozart, he had been nursed from his cradle for the life he led. Self-denial he never had the opportunity to acquire. Had he lived longer, he might possibly have grown in wisdom and in strength. As it was, just as the prospects of life were brightening, he went down worn and weary to his grave. Notwithstanding his faults, he was a generous, loving man, and worthy of a path less rugged that that he trod. His works remain, the starry-pointing pyramid of one who excelled in every species of composition, from the impassioned elevation of the tragic opera to the familiar melody of the birthday song; nor will they cease to command universal admiration while music retains its power as the exponent of sentiment and passion.

J. E. R.

RHYMES FOR THE FREE.

BY J. EWING RITCHIE.

A Voice has gone across the sea,
A shout from off the land:
England's freeborn peasantry
In manliness they stand.
The wretchedness, the scorn, the poverty, the pain,
Of age succeeding age hath not been felt in vain,

In arms the barons met, and sought
A charter from their king:
Before them, in their might and right,
Did quail that coward thing.
The pride and pomp of courts gave way;
The crowned head owned a mightier sway.

Thus shall it always be: in truth
There dwells a might and power,
A changeless undecaying growth,
That knows no drooping hour.
Men fade from off the land—e'en patriots die,
But freedom, truth — these live eternally.

WALKS ABOUT VIENNA, AND SKETCHES BY THE WAY.

WHAT! never yet been to Vienna, gentle reader! Then have you indeed omitted to peruse one of the most interesting and important chapters in the whole book of German life. It is, however, one wherein abound the greatest and most striking contradictions that ever were found jumbled together in the same volume: contradictions which, albeit they roll along in apparently happy companionship, nevertheless are not without producing manifold and seriously antagonistic effects upon every honest human heart; and although an attentive observer may find therein many features which cannot but deeply interest and please him, there are many, many more, which, to every mind that is rightly thinking and free, cannot fai to be as deeply painful.

Life in Vienna! three small words, but of significant import! How unlike life in Paris, London, or Rome, or indeed any other description of life in the whole world! How unlike what we have been taught to expect or believe in a country where education boasts of being fifty years in advance of all others! Yes, life in Vienna stands alone—*per se*—and you will say so too, if ever you find time enough to visit and explore it.

True it is that the surface appears clear and calm, but it is equally true that the under current is ever turbid and restless. It is made up of contrarieties, and we will venture to say that so much light combined with so thick a darkness: so much education and outward morality, and so much known and tolerated secret vice: so much to attract, and so much to repel: so much politeness, and so much that is rude: so much openness and seeming sincerity, and so much that is calculated to deceive: so much refinement, and so much coarseness: so much apparent freedom and enjoyment, and so much wretched thraldom both of body and soul:—*do* not, and we think *could* not, exist under any other government, or in any other country, on the face of this beautiful, but much abused creation.

The mere traveller, who visits Vienna for the acknowledged every-day purpose of "seeing all that is to be seen," must, however voracious his appetite, inevitably come away again without having seen any thing of this, for to him life in Vienna is a sealed book.

He beholds nought beyond its outside glare and tinsel,—its glittering edges and gaudy binding, *and he mostly bepraises, and admires above all beside, the gilded clasps that secure every thing from his view.* In its condition, national, political, and social, it must ever be to him a something unknown. Indeed, we have even met with persons who have resided there nearly all their lives, and those not very short ones, to whom, from some cause or other not easily to be explained, it presents itself as a secret difficult to unfold, if not impenetrable.

To understand it, you must dwell amidst its scenes, you must speak its language, you must not suffer yourself to be led astray by the external glitter it so continually presents to misguide you, but go deep, deep below the surface of the broad stream of existence; you must visit, and view, and study, society, in all its Proteus-like varieties, forms, and phases, if you wish to comprehend the thousand matters and movements of this burlesque tragedy of human life. It is a jewelled crown upon a funeral pall.

If you will accompany us, we will endeavour to illustrate our meaning, by taking you where some of its most interesting scenes and features are displayed,—scenes, whose strongly-marked and distinctive characteristics have probably caused it to be so renowned, not only in Germany, but throughout all Europe.

We are not aware that any thing of the kind we intend has yet been attempted in England. Except a few general statistics, gathered from the government organs, whose wretchedly enslaved press discloses just what their rulers please, and no more; information as to hotels, operas, wines, and cookery; quiet anecdotes, hours for going to the Prater, coachman's jokes, and local buffoonery,—the usual chat of passing travellers; and a few good-natured pictures to assist a casual visitor:—nothing that we remember has yet appeared that might afford aught like a true and faithful idea of life amongst "the gay and happy Viennese."

Under this impression we venture to lay before our readers the present sketches from nature in the great German metropolis. They have been drawn on the spot; not, however by a mourning moralist, neither in any unkindly spirit, but merely as an observer, and simply with the view to convey a true and living picture of a people who, although in a state of the extremest political degradation, are not quite so indifferent to public acts as their *princely* arch-ruler would fain believe,—who, though not permitted either to lift up the voice or to employ the pen on the subject of politics, oftentimes *can* and *do* dare to think as free and independent beings, albeit they feel bitterly enough that they have no liberty of their own, nor any dignity, beyond the sound of a title or the glitter of a star.

If the features of society which these wayside sketches may

chance to disclose should not be always *pleasing*, they are nevertheless *faithful*, and are such as may be easily identified by any one who for the necessary period of observation chooses to constitute himself

A LOUNGER ABOUT VIENNA.

If you approach Vienna as we did, it will be along a tolerably good road, in a black and yellow, new and neat-looking, well varnished, well padded, and well horsed *eilwagen*. And if your thoughts should run in the same channel as our own, you will reflect, while rolling pleasantly along, that not so very many years ago, Tartar, Spahi, and Turcoman, lay encamped against it on the surrounding plains, that the ottoman cavalry was prancing and skirmishing on the beautiful banks of the Danube, and the camel of the desert was planting his broad, spongy foot on the very track you are now so peaceably traversing.

To look at the suburbs of Vienna, one would think the Turk had no more business there than in St. James's Park: yet so it was, and in sight of its terrified inhabitants the crescent more than once fluttered before the walls of Vienna. *That* sight will in all probability never again recur; but were it so, perhaps neither Greek nor Turk, neither Hungarian, Bohemian, Pole, or Italian, would pity or help them. That they are safe, however, from any such apprehension, they owe not to their standing army of eighty thousand soldier-ploughmen, on the military frontier, nor to any other contrivance or wisdom of their own, but to that higher government which sets at nought the short-sighted and crooked devices of all human policy. The power of the Turk is exhausted and broken, and, in spite of Christian aid, appears as though it tottered to its fall.

But it is too soon to begin moralising, so to our walk.

We greet the rising sun on the summit of the Kahlanberg, from whence, in 1683, John Sobiesky, the brave king of Poland, sent up the rockets which announced his own arrival, and the salvation of Austria. Were we a Persian, we should invoke yon broad luminary to attend us on our way, and to reveal to us, not only whatever from the element of light reflects wisdom and virtue, but also even that which is unworthy, and deserves not that his beams should shine. We should implore him to assist us in piercing through the encircling mists, whether they arise from offerings of hypocrisy or the incense of lies: to illuminate with the light of truth the huts, and palaces, and the hearts of men.

But we are no Persian; no circumcised or *uncircumcised wor-*

shipper of light are we: therefore our orisons must be of a different character. Our object, moreover, in coming hither just now, is different. It is neither to worship nor to condemn: neither to offer incense nor insult: neither to flatter nor to betray: but merely to observe and to describe whatever, during our peregrinations, appears to us to be most worthy of observation and description.

Here, before our eyes, though somewhat enveloped in fog, lies the Kaiser Stadt, which has outlived so many dangers, Turkish, Swedish, and French. Indeed, it has been as much persecuted by the civilisation of the West as by the barbarity of the East, and it now lives in an ambiguous, and perhaps somewhat dangerous, peace with *both*. To the left extends the well remembered Marchfeld, monotonous, and destitute of picturesque beauty, but historically of high interest to the Austrian; for here it was that Rudolph of Habsburg gained his victory over Ottakar, which laid the foundation of the empire: and here, too, were fought, in recent times, the battles of Asperne, Essling, and Wagram, against Napoleon's iron men, who had again endangered it. In the blue distance rises the Hungarian frontier,—no imaginary line; nature has there set up, as a token, her mountain boundary. Kingdoms may be blotted out of the mass, or oppressive decrees, at the sword's point, may write them into provinces: but such records as these nothing can obliterate, and their testimony will still be clear and legible when the day of reckoning shall arrive. The German language here begins to become silent; the German's hopes are here fenced in, though others are not yet opened. But to descend from the height of these mountains and political reflections, and wander through the vineyards, where Vienna's last "humor" grows in the far-famed Dublinger road, where the strength and mechanism of new carriages are sorely tried, along the dirty Lichtenthal. Here you may see, steaming away, one of those remarkable establishments where the Vienna brewers, by virtue of their holy right of "corporation," have the privilege of decocting from soap, wort, and quassia, that costly beverage dignified by the name of beer, whose only merit is, that it serves to make about a dozen confederate brewers rich. This mortal enemy of "free-trade," but inspired friend of all bureaucracy favourites,—this powerful supporter of the unlimited *conservatismus*,—how much is their native country, how much is human nature, indebted to them!

If the culture of the vine still exists in Austria, who has to be thanked for it but those who encouraged—not the taste of the people for beer, neither compelled them to drink more than is unavoidably necessary to make the privileged brewers wealthy?

We must here relate a story, told us last spring, showing how a good and pious gentleman (the ruler, as it is said) of a certain

country, was humourously deceived by a corporate body of brewers.

It had long been the regulation of the land, that beer should pay a certain tax; but one day *one of her most patriotic subjects*, a man who had every year two birth days, two christening days; and who always made two new-year poems for the court, appeared before the monarch (for he is kind-hearted, and grants to all a ready audience), and said,—

"May it please your Majesty, the welfare of your subjects requires that the beer tax should be abolished."

"How so? the tax is levied in order to prevent too high a price, and is regulated accordingly."

"But, an' it please your Majesty, that object is missed," said the patriot; "for the beer is no longer drinkable. If, however, the tax be abolished, it will awaken the spirit of competition amongst the brewers, who will each strive to brew better and cheaper beer than the others."

"Potz Tausend!" exclaimed the former. "I never thought of that. You are a clever man. I will consider it, and perhaps follow your counsel; meanwhile, you may, as a reward, beg a favour for yourself."

"Your Majesty's condescension overwhelms me," answered the patriotic adviser; but *I am already made happy in the consciousness of being useful to my monarch and country*. Beyond this I want nothing."

"Honest man!" said the prince, touched with his generous and noble disinterestedness; "would that I had more such subjects! But we part not so. You must be rewarded,—I will take care of that."

The patriot bowed himself down to the earth, kissed the hand of his sovereign, and unable to speak, by reason of his tears, departed!

The beer-tax was speedily abolished. On the following day, the company of brewers presented the patriot with a purse, containing 6,000 florins (about £500); and also placed a costly equipage before his door. But immediately after this, the beer cost nearly half as much again as formerly, and was, moreover, twice as bad. Within a month, the price rose still higher, and the beer became still worse. The monarch, however, rejoiced in the idea that his subjects had it both cheaper and better than heretofore; for nobody told him the result of this piece of legislation; otherwise, in abolishing the beer tax, his Majesty would not, perhaps, have forgotten at the same time also to abolish the beer corporation.

It is eight o'clock, and we are now upon the glacis. It is still almost empty, except where the way leads into the suburbs. Here and there people are walking together in twos or threes. Among them one beholds, in grey antiquity, the Baron * * * accom-

panied by the great, tall Greek, * * * two downright honest fellows are they, and able financiers, who sit together elsewhere in Council, for the benefit of the country; and whose upright endeavours and intentions heaven has so largely blessed, that, somehow or other, they have both become mightily rich. In every other country *the people whom they had so benefitted would have taken good care of such patriots*, but here they are left *to take care of themselves!* It is very difficult to decide if this be either prudent or praiseworthy. Philosophers have disputed much upon this subject, but it is a long time ago; such reasonings and writings being no longer permitted here. Some, indeed, hold this custom to have belonged only to the time of the *Romans* emperors; therefore it concerns not our purpose to dwell upon it.

We are going more into the heart of the town, but it is still very quiet. As we proceed, however, we discover signs of awakening life; and when we intend crossing the road, some caution will be requisite; for butchers' carts, driven by those who, on Sundays, give themselves out for great men or nobles, rattle galloping along the streets, threatening death and destruction to every heedless passenger. The police, whose duty it is to watch for these things, do not rise very early, or this desperate driving would not be permitted. But then, to get up so soon would no doubt greatly inconvenience these functionaries. In such a city as this, few of them, even amongst the unmarried, live alone; to expect them, therefore, to rise at this early hour is inconsiderate; and the sooner you can persuade yourself to abandon such a foolish hope, the better. The number of these guardians of the peace amount only to about *seven hundred;* ostensibly, at least; but if you take into account those of the *secret* and *un-uniformed* force, it may probably be multiplied by ten. The conversation of the drawing-room and dinner-table is often made known to the head of the police. "Heaven knows how," say the gay and happy Viennese, "but so it is." Yes, and the number of the secretly-paid officers of this modern inquisition, is quite sufficient to account for it, without summoning any ethereal omniscience to aid us in the discovery. Of course, an Englishman has nothing to do with all this, beyond thanking his stars that he is not an Austrian, and pitying the moral condition of those who are fettered and blinded; and yet they know it not. The following monthly statement, put into our hands a few weeks ago, will impress you with a due sense of the diligence and adroitness of the servants of the police, and of the importance of the circumstances under which they were exercised:

Coming from home without a wanderbuch	126
Damaging trees	57
Nuisances in public places	42
Killing cats	19

Transgressing brunnen regulations	43
Dangerous driving	8
Light weights	11
Drunkenness	1
Neglect of police orders, as to dogs	67
Omitting to set a lamp, where the house was being repaired	11
Personal outrages	4
Blaumontaghaltens, or keeping *blue Monday* (riotous)	160
Cruelty to animals	8
Late hours	96
Resisting the police	37
Disturbing public places	193
Too long without work, and unpermitted stay	86
Cheating bakers	32
Deceiving the police	16
Beggars	306
Thieves	11

etc., etc. ! !

We have extracted enough from the paper before us to show the high moral state of this imperial city, wherein, during four weeks, as far as regards the principal portion of it, the police could only find eleven thieves.

The street sweepers now are busily at work with their enormous brooms; wilful instruments are they, which apparently take a most malicious pleasure in bespattering every pair of trousers that approach the sphere of their operation. We have noticed also an especial spite against "drills," and white muslin dresses. Radical opinions have made some progress even in this town, for we heard one of the female artists of the besom observe to a *fellow* labourer, who rebuked her want of skill, (as he thought) in this particular, "Let it alone; I did it on purpose. Why should she be dressed better than I?" at which they both laughed aloud, and the man immediately afterwards set himself diligently to apply the same marks of distinction to some light kerseymeres that had incautiously wandered into the neighbourhood. Observe the saucy, insolent looks of those two who are taking a pinch of snuff together while resting themselves; the one leaning on his broom, and staring doggedly at us, seems as if he said, "Well! once upon a time I had on as good clothes as you, and passed by the street sweepers as gingerly, thinking him—if even a human being—at all events very little better than the animal under that gen d'arme. I thought he was born only to endure hunger, and cold, and ignorance, and mud. In those days I was a gentleman, the son of an aulic counsellor, and had both money and a tutor; but now, behold what has become of me, and reflect what may happen to

yourself, if you, as I, should by and bye discover that the kind of learning you possess is not sufficient to entice a dog from the fireside." Yes; there are even amongst these, some, aye many, who can read Homer, and Horace, and Cicero: for as the schools are regulated, it can easily happen that a man is *so educated* as to be *fit for nothing all his life long*.

Here comes a milk-cart, drawn by an old cavalry horse upon three legs, the other having been wofully lamed at the battle of Aspern. The driver is one of those rural fairies called in Vienna "Milchpritchlerinnen," blooming in youth, health, and innocence, and with the national "gugl" bound over her head. On arriving opposite the door of a large house, the limping old charger halts of his own accord; the cream is unpacked, the clean milk vessels produced, together with many other mysterious looking utensils,—and a small cauldron, which forcibly reminds us of another kind of bewitched cookery. We will draw near, and watch the harmless doings of this tender maiden.—A small pan of glowing charcoal is next prepared; this done, she sets over it a portion of milk, mixed with some unknown fluids, and adds to the concoction a small dose of a brownish-looking powder. A policeman—one of the early risers—stands hard by this improvisatorial kitchen, and good-humouredly regarding the mystical arrangements of the pretty sorceress. He observes, with manifest admiration, every step of this chemical process. First the milk looked white, then blue, then brown; presently it changed to lilac, afterwards to a reddish hue, and last of all it has become, as you see, of a good honest colour, and thick consistency, "sweets to the sweet,"—*crême pour la crême*. And thus is the breakfast prepared for the people of quality.

Let us for a moment allow the cultivated understanding of the policeman to investigate the matter for us a little, and you will find that, at all events, this portion of the breakfast of the élite of Vienna is not much to be envied.

"Ei der Tausend," says he to the maiden, "but you are very clever."

"Yes, one must learn to be so, or one sells nothing: our customers are so fastidious."

"So. And what do you get for the skimming (the cream) which has already passed through so many changes?" asks the policeman.

"How much do I get?—a guilder the measure" (1s. 8d. for about an English pint).

"A guilder the measure! Ich kauf's nit."

"No, you cannot; because it is for her excellency, the Countess G * * * in the Kârntnerstrasse. She never drinks any of the cheaper."

"And I would never drink *that*, for fear of the gripes" (Leibschneiden).

"Ha! ha! ha! Leibschneiden! 'st wahr! It might, perhaps, serve *you* so, but her excellency! O, no! *she* is already *too much accustomed to it!*"

A few hundred steps further, and we come to a butcher's shop. One of the market inspectors is passing by, and he requests a servant-girl to allow him to weigh the meat she has just bought. The weight is too light, the inspector therefore impounds all the weights used by the butcher's wife, who levels at him vollies of abuse; yet ever and anon shedding tears, while she closes the shop—all business being, as she thinks, at an end for *that* day. A crowd is soon collected, amongst whom the butcher himself suddenly makes his appearance. He exchanges a few words and masonic signs with the "Herr Inspektor," who thereupon again enters the shop, restores the weights, and politely excusing himself, declares it was a *misunderstanding!* The better to atone for this, he seizes in a friendly grasp the hand of the butcher. *It was an important pressure,* and they separated amidst smiles and compliments of the most encouraging kind. He is scarcely gone, ere a brawl commences between the man and his wife; blows and boxes on the ears rain heavily upon the head and shoulders of the latter, who strives in vain to appease her husband. Listen to his honest and indignant reproaches:

"What, you miserly animal! I'll serve you out for your niggardliness. Why didn't you send the inspector his usual present? You might have known it would come to this!"

It is enough. The good people all deserve our pity; so with a tear of sympathy in our eye for the poor oppressed butcher-tribe, who are thus heavily taxed for the privilege of using light weights, we will pass on to yonder breakfast-house, where a splendid and new edition of roast fowls, beautiful pasties, delicious jellies, various confectionery, and splendid coffee, await us. Here we shall obtain the best cookery at the least proportionate price. The historical origin of this excellent and universally-popular establishment, where one can eat at much less than the usual cost, is as follows:

Maria Theresa kept a very large household, particularly a well-spread court table, which cost yearly an enormous sum of money. There was a long account, every day, for poultry, meat, and game of all kinds; besides a variety of pasties and confectionery. But in balancing such matters, by far the greater proportion was in favour of the *Court Kitchen!* With the wisest precaution, there was always three times as much *cooked* as could possibly be *eaten!* for nobody ever troubled himself to inquire about what remained over. Yet this was generally more than enough to have supplied any other two courts of Europe; and in order, therefore, to get rid of it, the "Kitchen administration" established a "victualling-shop;" and a pretty good thing they made of it; for

in consequence of the low prices at which provisions, *thus obtained*, could be disposed of, many of the inhabitants honoured it with their patronage. The Emperor Joseph, however, put an end to this disorderly state of things, by abolishing the public table altogether. It has not been possible to us, to obtain trustworthy information as to the multitudes of poultry actually roasted, eaten, and misreckoned, under the Emperors Francis and Ferdinand; this can only be taken from statistic data; but these, alas, are not to be had, since, although the Government here declares that every thing is published, in the most open-hearted and confidential manner, these, and a few other little affairs, equally indifferent, are not worth the trouble of an authentic notice. Whether any part of the modern system is akin with the old, we cannot say. It is a question for learned genealogists. We content ourselves by merely expressing our own innocent wishes upon the subject.

We cannot help thinking how well it might be, if some of the old, wound-bedecked privates, who have fought in many a field, could at length be transformed into kitchen clerks or cooks! nor would it be undesirable if some of the meritorious and talented poets of Austria, who lead a starveling life, at home and elsewhere, could be promoted to a seat at the Board of the Kitchen Commission! As it is, many of these unfortunates have already applied for subordinate situations about the court,—but as they have not been lucky enough to prove their direct descent from one of the court subordinates of Maximilian the First, they have been totally unable to combat the weighty and peculiar influence of the kitchen Camarilla.

Now let us enter, and take an imperial breakfast. A lady clad in silk, with smartly dressed hair, her fingers full of rings, and covered with finery, greets us with a negligent bow. You do not speak German? I am sorry for you, as it would undoubtedly add much to your comfort in this country;—but as it happens, it is of no consequence,—she speaks French also. She is scarcely more than eighteen years of age,—and as the Germans say, "*sehr appetitlich!*"—but no queen could sway her sceptre with a more lofty air of command, than she her large kitchen, trident-shaped, fork, when delivering the orders to her assistant;—notwithstanding this, she condescends, at times, to laugh a *very little* with her customer, if he be a well-dressed *man*,—and many such visit her. These, however, may esteem themselves particularly honoured, if she dissects the pheasant herself, and puts it on the plate with her own little delicate fingers.—It is an especial distinction,—native or foreigner, she has no idea that such a mark of attention could be taken amiss. On the contrary she looks you every now and then in the face, as much as to say, "there now, you will I am sure like this all the better, because I have handled it. She recognizes no difference of station,—she treats the general just as

cavalierly as she does the student,—and this, not without so much grace as to discover that she has had some education. But it embitters the lives of some of the more *distingué*, who seem to dislike equalization in such matters,—forgetting that in the eyes of a pretty girl, all men are equally subject, from the prince down to the gymnasium scholar. "Where does she come from?" and "How does she get here?" Aye, easy questions, but perhaps not so easy to answer. Positively, we know not,—you must inquire of the police.

If you wish to "kiss the hand," you may do so,—she will neither be angry nor surprised,—so adieu "Fräulein,"—mind, you must say "Fräulein," and neither *Kellnerin*, nor *Ma'mselle*,—and if you happen to have been living in North Germany, for goodness' sake do not call her *Jungfer*, unless you mean to affront her,—in which case, her fiery eyes admonish you to beware of the "trident!"

Now we are in the innermost part of the city. And you must reverently notice the granite paving. It is said to be the finest in the world,—but then you know, to many of the Austrians, the world is Vienna, and Vienna is the world. Would you believe it, they have already broken up some of this, in order to substitute for it a miserable pitch plastering, for no other earthly purpose than to enrich a company of speculators. We should like to see their names, and to know *how they obtained the privilege*. There was a time too,—and that not a hundred years ago, when every newspaper here *demonstrated* that stone-paving was unhealthy!! that the dust therefrom — injured the lungs!! It was clearly shown to be a step in the progress of improvement, when a man had the opportunity of leaving his shoe sticking in the pitch as he walked along!!! We laughed till it was nearly the death of us,—you laugh at it too;—but, however ridiculous, it is true,—positively true,—and now on one part of the glacis, they have made a trial, which fully proves that a man can in no wise dig his own grave more easily than through the thick coating of pitch, *there* called *the pavement!*

Palaces are here sought for in vain. Any extravagance of architectural fancy, even if she did show herself, makes no progress in Vienna. For this reason one only sees the Kaiserburg, something between a barrack and a cathedral,—built in the ancient times, but yet the only edifice which exhibits any thing like an elevated style. Under this, there are catacombs of the most remarkable kind, which, having been found *too interesting*, are now no longer exhibited. Some of the Viennese are very angry about it. They lay the blame on poor Mrs. Trollope, and Miss Pardoe. One of their latest authors bestows his compliments upon them in the following terms:—

"This was all brought about by Mrs. Trollope, and Miss

Pardoe; the first, a lifeless, dull, travelling dromedary who was introduced into the first circles, *as usual, with foreigners.* She was here, as everywhere, *so well fed,* that she saw all *couleur de rose;* Miss Pardoe on the other hand found it more convenient to be feasted by the liberal members of the Hungarian Diet, who inspired her with their Tokay !"

The writer does not condescend to inform us what the censured fair ones had said or published, to draw attention to these catacombs. But perhaps you already know ! so do we,—and we think *the ladies were right.*

* * * * *

Shall we write any further at present ?—No,—we will first see what the "Metropolitan" says to this,—after which we will continue our perambulations.

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LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Philosophy of Geology. By A. C. G. Jobert, Late Editor of the "Journal de Geologie," one of the Authors of "Recherches sur les Ossemeus Fossiles, du Puy de Dôme." London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

"The main proposition, I have endeavoured to demonstrate in this work, is," we quote the words of our author, "that the phenomena which have succeeded each other, on the terrestrial globe, and in all the sidereal systems, our inquiries can reach, must be considered, not as the consequence of an eternal law of invariable revolutions, enclosed in the circle of the uniform movements, which governs the actual order of things; but as the result of the repeated intervention of a supreme providence, whose thought has successively brought out the actual order; after having directed matter in all its transformations, and left, from period to period, *traces visible*, of its power, its solicitude, and its munificence." The work is more scientific than popular. Mr. Jobert is evidently a man of great geological information, and consequently has a right to be heard.

Naomi, or the Last Days of Jerusalem. By Mrs. J. B. Webb, Author of the "Child's Commentary on St. Luke;" the "Travels of Durand." Third Edition. London: R. Yorke, Clarke, and Co.

One of the most interesting works we have read for some time. The sentiments are appropriate,—the style is graceful,—the tale is well contrived. Jerusalem will ever be surrounded with mysterious associations;—there our religion took its rise,—there the Saviour of men agonised, and died,—there prophecy was fulfilled in the woes and ruin that destroyed its sons. We are not then surprised at the popularity Mrs. Webb's work has already attained,—it deserves it,—we cordially wish it success.

SANTA MARIA DE LOS DOLORES.

"Daughter of the hand of snow, I was not so mournful or blind when Everallan loved me."—OSSIAN.

"I have no song of youth or hope, that does not close in care,
I have no tale of woman's love, that ends not in despair,
I only breathe the name of joy, to tell how soon it dies;
I only sing the songs that suit thy notes, my harp of sighs."

"He founded a chapel which was at once to serve for a sepulchre and his chantry, where an altar dedicated to the Virgin, with her image before it, had stood in his youth; and where a mass used to be celebrated every morning, with so much unction that it drew crowds, and was distinguished among the people by the name of Pekismasse, from the name of the officiating monk. The torrent of the Reformation swept away both the altar and image, and put an end for ever to the masses."

My lot was cast in pleasant places, for a season; and amidst the chronicles and legendary lore of by-gone times I became so identified with my subject, and the interest I felt in the loves and fortunes of these mouldered generations, that I came to think there might be a few others who, like me, desire to explore the truthful passages of human hearts and lives: remembering ever that human hearts, feelings, and motives, have in all ages been the same,—only influenced by different outward aspects, but inwardly throbbing with the same hopes, sorrows, and passions.

Sir Alan of Walsingham once ruled over the whole of these extensive possessions; this beautiful valley, these fair rejoicing waters, and these solemn waving woods: but the old grey ruins, covering at the present day so large a portion of the verdant earth, those crumbling masses of ivy-covered wall, rising here and there amid cultivated fields, *then* arose in stately grandeur, and the castellated dwelling seemed to frown proud defiance on the attacks of time or the devastations of the foeman. An arch still points out the spot where tradition sayeth the far-famed chapel stood: the chapel of Saracenic architectural beauty, where the pious masses performed for the repose of the souls of the departed, as stated in the foregoing extract, brought daily crowds to prostrate themselves before the glorious shrine dedicated to the Virgin, and to join in the

orisons so exquisitely breathed forth, and ascending with the rich perfumes of the incense, where the fancy was lost, and imagination became dazzled.

Oh! but Sir Alan of Walsingham was a devout worshipper, a very saint it would seem. Truly, in those days, as in these, the world was shallow judging, and easily misled by appearances, but from the little history which I shall presently unravel, it will be seen, that in the consolations of religion Sir Alan of Walsingham may have found the surest balm for a disappointed or wounded spirit.

The monk Pekis left these records of this ancient house; the manuscripts had been long hidden, and singularly preserved, and the spiritual counsellor, and long-tried friend, had doubtless good and holy ends in view when he transcribed in secresy, a few years before his death, somewhat of the following narrative: the early English idiom, and the antique lettering, require translation, therefore, indeed, much is lost, but still that which is indited will tell the tale of the heart's folly and deceitfulness: the frail human heart! still the same "yesterday and to-day."

Well, as I said, Sir Alan of Walsingham was the owner of these extensive possessions, the hereditary dweller in his ancestral halls of sculptured and tapestried magnificence. He was young, and gifted, and with many endearing and noble qualities, to win respect and love; but there was one sad alloy in his nature which poisoned the springs of life's happiness: he was suspicious, suspicious of the motives and feelings of others. I think this morbid hallucination had been fostered by his only sister, who dwelt with him, and was many years his senior. They two were alone in the world, so far as near relationship was concerned, and the Lady Agatha, by fair, or it might be unfair, means, left no method untried from his earliest boyhood to gain and keep an ascendancy over her brother's mind. Yet she was not what the world terms a superior or talented woman, but what often passes for the next thing to it, with common minded people, she possessed a rare stock of *tact*, as the educated term it, *cunning* being the vulgar denomination; and I am strongly inclined to think the latter is often more than twin sister to the former, if the former be not exerted in combination with perfect candour and generosity. Two virtues, for virtues they surely are, if rightly directed and ingenuously felt, were visible in every action of the Lady Agatha: extreme love for her young brother, and bigoted veneration for all the outward signs and symbols of her faith.

The monk Petris, her brother's tutor, to whose care he had been consigned by their father's dying bequest, was the object of her foolish jealousy, for jealousy was inherent in her nature, as suspicion was in her brother's: two baleful and hateful ingredients, surely: but were all human hearts thus laid open, would they be

found less impure? The pure and beautiful affection of an elder sister for a young and only brother, thus tinctured with this unhappy accompaniment, might have broken out into open dislike for the holy man, but there were good feelings on both sides to allay and keep in check such pre-dispositions.

Father Pekis was a single-hearted man, profoundly erudite, and versed in all the lore of the age, and ages gone by; and as confessor and spiritual director, an ascetic, and intolerant also in religious matters, he much approved and revered the Lady Agatha's strict conformance to all the prescribed rules of her ritual; for with him, good unworldly being, outward observance implied inward holiness and faith; therefore, whilst he condemned the jealous surveillance, which he could not but see was exerted by the Lady Agatha in secret over her generous, ardent-souled brother, he would prayerfully desire her to use it in winning Sir Alan to a more devout frame of mind; and she, worthy lady, found an antidote for her jealousy of the holy father in the praise and good will he evinced towards her spiritually directed efforts. Yet Father Pekis sometimes mused and marvelled as to what the result would be when Sir Alan might think fit to marry: how would two ladies tarry thus in the same domain together? But Lady Agatha one day set his mind at rest on that point, by unfolding to him her intention, when that time arrived, of retiring to a convent, richly endowing it, and devoting herself to the service of the church.

And what said Sir Alan of Walsingham to all this, for it would seem as if he were weak and easily led? Habit, indeed, had accustomed him to look up to his sister and Father Pekis on all ordinary occasions, to consult them, and seek their advice and sympathy. Lady Agatha had sense enough never to thwart him in any minor details; thereby she secured her power and influence, for he ever found in her a ready listener and willing counsellor, when emergencies occurred. But the emergencies of his tranquil life had been but sport as yet, and she little suspected,—demure damsel of the olden time,—that all the marvellous tact she wielded, and prided herself on wielding, would never bend his will to hers, when that will should be directed by all the now slumbering passion and obstinate defiance of the chivalrous race they sprung from; nevertheless there was a lurking *something* in those large dark eyes, plainly saying, the resolute will was only slumbering, because never yet aroused to contradiction. Truly, it did not seem as if the Lady Agatha were in any hurry to retire to her pious sanctuary, for by some means or other, all were excluded from Walsingham in the least likely to further that holy object. It might certainly be that it gave her pain to contemplate the idea of a stranger coming between them: the acquaintance, perhaps, of a few weeks taking part in the watchful tending love of years; therefore she was anxious to put off the evil days, and the nobly born

daughters of loveliness and grace were not her chosen companions. None others did she fear, for her brother was too refined, proud, and sensitive, except in idle dalliance, to look upon inferiors.

All manly sports he excelled in, and in his own princely domain he found pastime and occupation enough to fill up all spare time, for he was singularly studious: and the illuminated folios of those learned days, lost for ever since the desecration and destruction which took place during the Reformation, were to him the light and soul of life. But other days were approaching. Ah, Sir Alan of Walsingham! some Greek poet once said, "What does he know who has not *suffered?*" he might as well have asked, "What does he know who has not *loved?*" Alas! both questions are synonymous. God help the heart that breaks with its after knowledge.

In those days, journeys were journeys indeed, very terrific things; not performed as they now are, almost without a thought, sitting down in an arm-chair, with a book in one's hand, and finding oneself at a hundred miles destination, after turning over a few chapters: unless, indeed, flung by the way into some clearing or pretty homestead, and deposited there with a few fellow-sufferers: bruises, broken bones, or even loss of life, not being much accounted of in this expeditious mode of transit.

In those olden days, a day's journey did not mean *distance*, but *difficulty;* and so, at perhaps twelve hours' journey from Walsingham, lived their most intimate and esteemed friends, the Deloraines of Deloraine. The family comprised, as its head, the old lord,—a jovial and fine specimen of the ancient true-hearted English aristocracy: his worthy lady, usually recognised as the Dame of Deloraine; and two antiquated maiden daughters, rather amiable specimens of their class, a little addicted, it may be, to gossiping, prying, and physicking and lecturing all who would submit to be physicked and lectured, but worthy in good intentions, and indefatigable with their exquisitely wrought embroidery work, always intended for ecclesiastical adornment; for the maiden sisters of Deloraine rivalled the Lady Agatha of Walsingham, as devotees of rigid purity and devout observance. Oh! but the rebuke of these excellent ladies was feared by the frivolous and vain, and woe for the erring sister who came under the ban of their chaste indignation.

It was the happy custom in those "good old times," for friends and neighbours to pass a few days at each other's dwellings, instead of paying formal morning or evening visits. Time-wasting, idle, gossiping ceremonials are those heartless, frivolous, morning visitations, so often mercilessly inflicted in these enlightened times. During the church festivals, at Christmas, at Easter, at Whitsuntide, these reunions usually took place; and ecclesiastical pomp, with all its imposing display, mingled with the bounteous hospitalities of secular festivity.

So thus it was: the Christmas festival was to be celebrated at Deloraine, and there, with many families of distinction, the Walsinghams were to re-assemble. Nor were there wanting distinguished churchmen, with their inferior assistants, mingling picturesquely with brocaded silks and satins; and more especially they were hailed at Deloraine during the present visitation, for it was notified that a foreign prelate, of one of the grandest and most renowned orders of chivalrous sanctity, of profound learning and powerful patronage, was at present honouring their "poor abode" with his august presence. Thus ran the missive dispatched to bid the guests to Deloraine.

The said dignitary had come over on a secret mission of importance, it was thus surmised, but with the ostensible purpose of escorting a lady, who came to visit this country, for the first time, and to sojourn with her distant relatives for a season, the Deloraines of Deloraine. A few lines must be devoted to slightly sketching this lady's history, or somewhat of unruly scandal or indecorum may even cling to the consecrated actions of the venerable prelate.

The mother of the Donna Dōlōrēs, (so the stranger was named) a Spanish lady of high descent, married an English protestant gentleman, a relative and early friend of the good Lord Deloraine. Her own family utterly discarded her, for it was considered she manifestly risked her soul's perdition by this alliance with a heretic; however, this lasted not long, for to the exultation and unbounded enthusiasm of her powerfully connected family in church and state, she speedily converted her husband to her own faith, and they were both again received into the bosom of all coveted societies, sacred and secular. But years and years elapsed, and they had no children to inherit their vast wealth, or to perpetuate their ancient name. Prayers, votive offerings, all availed not; until at length the noble Spanish lady thought she would take Scripture example for her model, and vow the prayed for child to the service of the church, whether it proved male or female, if heaven would at length hear and grant her petition. There were not a few in her pious family who scrupled not to say, that the petition was unheeded on account of her early dereliction in marrying a heretic, and that this offered expiation came too late. However, the Virgin de los Dōlōrēs, to whom the vow was made, and at whose glorious shrine inestimable treasures were showered by the suppliant, graciously accepted the expiation, and when hope was nearly extinct, she became a mother.

The child grew up. The mother's heart was enwrapt, but the solemn vow was registered in heaven.

The young girl was indeed sacredly brought up, fully acquainted with her destination, and living ever amid the pomp and imposing ceremonials of the church to which she was dedicated as a

vestal virgin, enshrined frem the world's contamination, but enshrined amid all the beautiful and fair things of earth.

At this time, a religious order existed in Spain, comprised only of nobly born ladies of affluence and power. Youth, loveliness, and health, were all the greater recommendations, though very few possessed all these qualifications: the order being principally composed of patrician elderly maiden ladies, ill-favoured young ones, or, if youth and loveliness were immolated, broken hearts and disappointed hopes generally accounted for the sacrifice (though of course there were exceptions), and formed a fitting offering for the shrine of Santa Māriā de los Dōlōrēs.

This order entailed no confinement, no conventual restrictions, in as far as seclusion from the world was involved; like sisters of charity their mission extended, and at all church services or festivals they were bound to assist. Their vows of celibacy and chastity were far more binding and solemn than those which the conventual nun is required to take, for in this wise it was argued, that being exposed to far more temptation, they required to be far more strongly fortified; therefore it was, their noviciate was the anxious theme and constant thought, or *seeming* thought, of the highest powers. Yet profound secresy and inviolable mystery, during the initiation, with a dread profundity of impenetrable sublimity, exercised under the awful auspices of the most sacred and holy inquisition, when the last vows were pledged, rendered "La Ordere de Sāntā Māriā de los Dōlōrēs" to be of as great repute as Free-masonry in our own land, when flourishing in all its pristine glory. There was a mystery and a secret attached, doubtless, but whether for church or state purposes was carefully concealed, as the Eleusian mysteries ever were.

To this order the fair young girl was attached; the nuns were not required to betray their enrolment, unless they desired to do so, or had orders from the superiors to that effect; and on the contrary, they were bound to conceal their profession for a greater or shorter length of time, when the fiat was passed for so doing; suspicion only could attach to many noble ladies, who by no outward sign or symbol, save indeed the most strict devotional attendance on all the duties and solemn rites of their worship, were known to belong to this powerful order.

There were habitations sumptuously regulated and magnificently endowed, for such of the sisters as had no home consonant to their feelings, and were permitted to retire after making open profession, and when services or failing health, or sometimes interest duly urged, gained this boon: but it formed no part of necessity, for home duties were enjoined,—society,—gaiety permitted; nought restrained, save the natural affections—nought enjoined, save faith, charity, purity, and perfect obedience to the secret conclave, and mysterious fiats issuing therefrom. Oh!

pleasant easy order, some will say; oh! difficult and fearful, others may exclaim, far, far worse than conventual burial, or tomb-like monotony, far, far more torturing and unnatural.

Had the mother of the young Dōlōrēs no misgivings,—no inward anxieties,—unseen, unknown to mortal ken,—for the doom thus carved out for the warm-hearted, gay, and most lovely girl? it might indeed be that she had,—but alas! there was no alternative,—*none;* the fearful vow was registered in the immortal courts, and one drop of inexpressible balm and comfort remained;—the parents' tender love was over her, they could shield their cherished nursling from the storms of life beneath their own roof-tree;—and so for many years they did, long after the mysterious installation took place, when rumour dared not even raise its brazen whisper.

Poor mother! *she* had loved, and sacrificed her all for that love; she had tasted earth's sweetest affections; and could she help secretly mourning for her only daughter,—her idolized one—thus unnaturally deprived of the like blessings? Was she to have nothing to love,—nothing whereon to rest her weary void heart, when father and mother were taken—no husband, children, brother or sisters?—alas! alas! poor Lola.

A heavenly husband must be cherished,—all the suffering, whether in mind or body, must be her children; the church and state must be to her as brother and sister; and surely the education she received, fitted her for this; in addition to all the unusual accomplishments which she so aptly learnt, many of which in that age, were only known to churchmen, far more than woman's lore, and profound erudition, formed part of her noviciate; but there was an aerial lightness, almost supernatural, combined with the quick perception of the animated girl, rendering easy and charming to her, all that would have been a toil and daily labour to others. In the happy home of her infancy, thus she was watched over and tended; and thither came the gracious Inquisitor, the powerful prelates,—the all-wise scholars and students,—to aid in fostering and developing the marvellous talents of the promising novice.

By and bye, we may be admitted to witness a sign bestowed on each member of that singular society.

At length the beloved natural guardians waxed old and feeble, and the time of their departure came.

After their death, Donna Dōlōrēs removed to Madrid, and took up her abode with her deceased mother's nearest living relative, a lady holding a high appointment at that gay and splendid court. Scandal blazoned forth in wild and broken snatches, strange tales of the appearance of that beautiful recluse, in the precincts of such fascination; and the idolaters who worshipped at her shrine, were said to include even royalty itself. But scandal never

breathed aught to desecrate her pure unsullied name; and heaven seemed to work a miracle in her favour, shielding and keeping her, as passionless, and devout, as if she only breathed the air of cathedral pomp, or conventual austerity.

She indeed frequented festal scenes, and they seemed not uncongenial to her mood; rumour whispered *too* congenial,—and also, that cold and unbending as she ever appeared, yet she had no objection to the homage of the chivalrous cavaliers of that gallant court: though so perfectly unmoved and unimpassioned herself, yet in her singular position, vanity was soothed by thus feeling her own power: but this perhaps only transpired in the foolish gossiping of a court circle,—surmise only could be the foundation; nevertheless, it was authenticated, that the extremely lovely, and marvellously gifted lady, now sojourning at Deloraine, had refused great offers of marriage, made to her by innumerable suitors; and all for the sake of devoting herself to the service of her church more implicitly.

"La Ordēre de Sāntā Māriā de los Dōlōrēs," preserved its secrets well; and though broken hearts and ruined fortunes were darkly hinted at, all for the sake of this romantic love for the unyielding mysterious lady, it was not deemed expedient as yet, to suffer her true vocation to be publicly known.

Be all this as it might, the fame of Donna Dōlōrēs had preceded her; and when she accompanied the venerable prelate to the English shores, it was with the avowed purpose of visiting her English relatives, and piously assisting at the festivals of the church; but the real purport was far otherwise; darkly hinted at even by the Holy Conclave themselves, and cautiously conveyed to those who had any interest in their proceedings. The formation of a similar order to Sāntā Māriā de los Dōlōrēs, in Great Britain, of which a king's sister was to be a member, was but a subservient end to the one great purpose, and which the history of that period partially unfolds, for it has always been most carefully shrouded, and veiled in comparative mystery. Yet it is a well-known fact, that there was an attempt made to establish the Inquisition in our own free fair land; all means were tolerated for the furtherance of the object; and agents, little liable to suspicion, were employed, conceiving it to be a work of the highest piety and honour. Such was the Spanish nun: and the Jesuit fathers trusted much in her fascinations, and talents, and devotion, to accomplish great ends, in conducting their diplomatic and even dangerous embassage. She was to be the head, or directress of her order, and a magnificent hospice was to be organised, where the noble English ladies might seek conventual solitude, if desirable, and openly profess their vows; but the Donna Dōlōrēs being still under the ban of concealment, who might sound her heart or wishes on the momentous discussion?

The Christmas hallelujahs had scarcely died away in echoing murmurs, amid the vaulted roofs of Deloraine, when the festive chorus of dance and song arose on the clear evening air, a thousand perfumed lights illumined the ancient bannered halls,—and on the raised dais, behold a scene for an artist's pencil; the graphic pen is indeed required to pourtray it, mine must fail in the attempt.

The guests of Deloraine were sauntering in pairs during the intervals of the dance, around the spacious hall, or in knots were gathered here and there, when the gay badinage and merry laugh were heard; rich brocades of brilliant varied hues, mingling quaintly, indeed, with the black flowing robes of the clergy; but hushed became every sound, as the prelude struck on an ancient harp, lone and clear, mingled at length with a voice of peculiar richness and pathos; filling the solemn old hall with its extraordinary volume of sound, and thrilling the heart of each listener, as the low, sad, soft cadence died away, then rose again.

Beneath a blaze of light, with the chosen few around her, carelessly holding her classic instrument, in the repose of perfect calmness, and somewhat of haughty indifference, reclined a form of the most startling loveliness; loveliness of that intellectual shadowy cast, which the most eloquent words must ever fail in describing; her complexion was olive, the entrancing Spanish olive, of the palest, purest transparency: there was not a shade or faint tint of a shade of colouring on her cheek; bloom would have been a profanation, could even the young rose-blush have rested there; perfectly chiselled, faultless Grecian features; the straight nose, the slightly curled lip, the short upper lip, betokening hauteur; eyes cast down, whose very long black lashes rested on the rounded cheek; perhaps want of animation or sentiment, or a sameness might be felt, in long gazing thus on the repose of such a face; but raise those drooping lids, sweet Donna Dōlōrēs,—and, ah! there is no lack of animation or sentiment *then*. Sir Alan of Walsingham! met ye ever such eyes before,—such pure, dark large eyes,—yet so tender and beaming with soul-searching glorious intellect? and came the same thought to ye, as it had done before to many a fascinated gazer, that if once those orbs were lit up by the first and fervent love, which their cold communing so evidently disclaimed, how utterly impossible for mortal man to withstand their witchery? Her dress of ample black folds fell around her tall fragile form, whose grace and symmetry, the massive drapery could not conceal; her glossy silken hair of ebon hue, plainly parted over her exquisite brow, fell in two long clustering curls, beneath her black transparent veil, flowing to the ground; a thick black silken cord, much resembling rope, confined the robe around her slender waist, and at her bosom, snowy cambric of rare texture was visible. She wore no ornament

save a rosary with a cross of priceless brilliants attached, depending from her girdle; the drapery of the loose hanging sleeve being so fashioned, as often to conceal the hands altogether; and then hand and arm flashed forth with a magical effect, or as sculptured alabaster, half hidden amid the folds of the dark velvet, reposed in passive listlessness.

Father Pekis looked again and again, crossed himself, and half forgot his private meditations, worthy man! He tells of Sir Alan's bewilderment and contemplation, which he at first mistook for added devotional fervour; he tells of the restless watchfulness of the Lady Agatha,—of the sleepless nights and anxious days she passed at Deloraine; for she was quick sighted, and at a glance beheld that her brother was changed; that her entire dominion had for the present passed away, under the overwhelming dominion of first and passionate love; what could she do? powerful spells were thrown about her every movement, she felt as if bewitched; for there were watchful pious guardians all around, and quiescent approval might tacitly be inferred; but there were other lookers on, who were not a little mystified and amazed at the turn proceedings took,—and at the extraordinary alteration in the Lady Agatha's demeanour, when, after a long and secret interview with the foreign prelate, and the other high dignitaries of the church, in which father Pekis joined, she, with the utmost deference and observance, gave an invitation to the Donna Dolōrēs, to honour their abode of Walsingham with her presence, at a convenient season.

The maiden sisters of Deloraine, well aware of their dear friend's infirmity, and jealous care of her brother's heart, and seeing the extreme danger that heart was now placed in,—for strange to say, maiden ladies are much gifted in these interesting matters, began to imagine the witcheries of the gracious foreigner had also bewitched the careful, demure lady of Walsingham; and with friendly bantering, and not a little curiosity, they sought the withdrawing-room of the Lady Agatha, to offer congratulations, or to sympathise in her anxiety: but congratulations and sympathies were all thrown away; and with solemn state, and much unwonted reserve in her affairs, the Lady Agatha in an almost awful whisper, warned them to be careful of jesting concerning the Donna Dōlōrēs or her destinies; expressed her own deep reverence for the pious lady, and would not hear her name breathed in conjunction with earthly themes; merely affirming that she was devoted to heaven's service, and as a saint, must and ought to be held ever sacred.

She did, indeed, throw out dark hints, but *so* dark, and with warnings *so* dread, that the sisters of Deloraine withdrew in fear of some unknown, all-pervading influence, being secretly at work, even beneath their own hospitable domestic roof-tree.

Father Pekis dwells not much on this time; he speaks not of the constant intercourse, religious and secular, which fate inexorably ordained to bring Sir Alan of Walsingham and the Donna Dōlōrēs together; he had become so deeply interested in the success of the secret embassage, of which he had been admitted a member; and as Sir Alan possessed wealth and influence, the desire of gaining him as a proselyte, might conspire to make him blind to all minor details; or if not blind, to render all subservient to the master-stroke of policy to be effected. Father Pekis sometimes, however, fairly forgot himself,—and was hurried into remembrances and dissertations, certainly irrelevant to the tale he wished to note down; and then the most particular and minute events bearing on it, he does not even approach: but so it ever is with these musty antiquarians! Father Pekis could not help sometimes thinking,—an involuntary and unencouraged thought, however,—that the vows, condemning this peerless creature to a life of dreary isolation, were somewhat terrific, and needed all heaven's benisons to lighten; and then he would fervently beseech the saints to guard and keep her, as a spotless and fitting instrument in the blessed hands of the Holy Church.

Spring passed away, and with the summer days came the Donna Dōlōrēs to sojourn for a brief season at Walsingham: Lady Agatha was enrolled a member of the new order; and the time was approaching, when the noble ladies recently admitted were to meet and arrange the details of their future mansion, rich in conventual magnificence and sumptuous domestic economy. It must, indeed, be confessed, that Lady Agatha yearned to tell her beloved brother of this destination for her religious energies; yearned to tell him that the beautiful Dōlōrēs was already heaven's sacred bride; for she was a woman still, and misgivings, all unowned by herself, nevertheless, *would* creep in, and whisper that a peculiar dangerous tenderness hung around the sweet nun's manner, when Sir Alan, with entranced and wrapt attention, listened to her words, saw only her in the wide world, or rather acted as if he did.

Sir Alan knew not what prevented him speaking to his sister, and owning his love for Donna Dōlōrēs, avowing his intention of confessing that love to herself, when she came to sojourn at Walsingham. He knew not that it was the mysterious halo, the unutterable something which evidently encompassed her, which prevented him from casting himself at her feet, and pouring forth his fervent boundless love, in the simple eloquence of spotless truth. Her dark eyes had spoken to him, and in that language which is *never* to be mistaken; involuntary, pure, and full of tenderness, is the soul's language thus spoken.

But the time was coming, and as Father Pekis said, there was a "great calm" over all things.

There was an evident waywardness and reluctance on the part of the Donna Dōlōrēs, to become the guest of the Walsinghams; but she reverently bowed to the fiat of her superiors; though from many a missive expedited between the holy fathers and herself, and a certain discontent and sadness on her part, showing unsatisfactory answers, it was clear she was urging a request, which they as yet refused compliance with.

Attached to the domain of Walsingham, was an architectural terrace, ornamented with statues; hanging over a deep clear lake, fringed with fine old shadowy trees along the banks; in perfect solitude, reposed this unique terrace,—and the view far away over the blue waters, lost and winding amongst the green hills, was surpassingly full of calm beauty, well calculated to inspire the troubled spirit with holy aspirations; speaking of that peace "which the world cannot give."

On this terrace would the Donna Dōlōrēs recline for hours, usually accompanied by Lady Agatha and Sir Alan; and there she would instruct her docile pupils in the mystic legends of her national church, and from brilliantly illuminated missals, pour forth the wildest and most illusive memorials, mingled with much of sacred lore, pure, and devotional. But the pupils were credulous to an extent, in these enlightened days, scarcely to be accredited; and as the Donna Dōlōrēs expounded the chronicles of the various saints, and dwelt with fervour and reverence on the wondrous miracles worked in past ages by the faithful, Father Pekis, who often joined the party on the terrace, felt sublimated and awe-stricken, at witnessing the learning and piety of the beautiful lady; forgetting utterly, worthy anchorite! that his beloved pupil was wrapt in admiration of *the woman*, and in profound ignorance of her sacred destination; or rather *immolation*,—would be the wiser word of the two.

How often on the long sweet evenings of summer, the cool breezes wafted o'er the rippling waters, and the scent of flowers arising in rich fragrance with the gentle dews of evening, did Father Pekis find Sir Alan of Walsingham, reclining at the feet of the Donna Dōlōrēs, gazing into her eyes as she read and expounded; the Lady Agatha with her 'broidery frame, counting stitches, crossing herself by turns,—edified, comfortable, and happy! Ah! could the Lady Agatha have even faintly surmised what was going forward in the two human hearts beside her, with what indescribable terror would she have aroused herself; but Father Pekis looked on Lady Agatha,—saw her satisfied, and quiescent, and argued that he also ought to feel at rest; so true it ever is, that as our own knowledge is, so we are ever apt to judge of the feelings and actions of others.

Oh! this was a "great calm,"—to be succeeded soon, by the howling storm and tempest: the storm and tempest of the fierce

and sinful human heart,—far more direful and terrific than the war of the elements.

Such a tumult was evidently raised within the bosom of good Father Pekis, by what he now relates, that in his horror of the sacrilege, he never plainly explains how he came to be a witness of the appalling scene; a scene which no other eye save the "All-seeing One," and his own, could have witnessed. He fancies being overtaken by sleep, hidden beneath the spreading branches of a venerable cedar; when he was half awakened by the well-known clear voice of the Donna Dōlōrēs; he did not think it necessary to move, being drowsily inclined, and no stranger to the subject, she was discussing with her companion, Sir Alan of Walsingham. She could not be paler,—but there was a somewhat of sad tenderness, evidently all unconscious to herself, in her look and attitude, and in the expression of those mysterious eyes there lurked an expression of interest and melancholy, unfathomable to Father Pekis. A pure and a gracious creature he knew her to be; but when he contemplated Sir Alan, he could not help wishing that *he* too, knew of the fearful vows encompassing his lovely companion, and rendering her unapproachable even in thought; unless thought were *sacrilege*, and love *despair!*

She was reading the legend of a Spanish saint of her own singular order, "Sāntā Māriā de los Dōlōrēs," and of a devotee who had once upon a time made a pilgrimage to her shrine, whereon her image, in rich and costly array was placed; across burning sierras, many and many a weary mile on foot, over dreary mountains, and past desolate dangerous passes, came the pious pilgrim with his precious offerings—a votive sacrifice to his idol: and then, continued the Donna Dōlōrēs rapturously, "Thus prayed that zealous devotee, and the tradition doubt not, is an encouragement to others, to follow so holy an ensample; thus he prayed,—that if the blessed virgin, Lady de los Dōlōrēs, looked benignly on him, who thus worshipped her with more than earthly love; if she vouchsafed to listen to his petitions, would she graciously permit *one smile*,—one miraculous smile,—to illumine her adored resemblance; and oh! condescending love and mighty power! the holy image actually *did* smile on her worshipper; celestial sunshine *did* light up her effulgent countenance, and the devoted pilgrim, in a tranced ecstacy, breathed his last at her feet." The Donna Dōlōrēs stopped, for Sir Alan of Walsingham knelt at her feet, gazed into her eyes, and in the accents of tumultuous and overwhelming feeling exclaimed:—

"And *thou* art my idol,—with more than earthly love I worship *thee*,—and for one smile of love and hope from *thee*, I too, would cheerfully resign my life at thy feet,—Lola! beloved—adored Lola!"

Oh! that exclamation, how it rings o'er the memory of the

past: he knelt; he buried his face in the hands she extended towards him; and when he felt a gentle pressure from those supporting hands, he looked up,—and the smile that beamed upon him, brought madness and intoxication in its train: she bent forward,—and their lips met,—met in that one long, long passionate kiss, which claims from memory in after years a shrine apart from all other mortal remembrances. The words were spoken, "Dōlōrēs —you love me;" the answer returned by her, "Better than my soul's salvation," as with a piercing cry,—oh! so wildly sad and unutterably despairing, that even Father Pekis was moved to tears,—she flung herself on her knees before him, and with one hand raised to heaven,—with the other she tore open her vest, and pointing to her gentle bosom, far more snowy than the spotless cambric, exhibited to his frenzied gaze the awful symbol burnt in there,—the symbol and insignia of her dread order, *a heart pierced by seven swords*, the well known and peculiar attribute of the "Virgin de los Dōlōrēs," or the sorrows of the affections. An eighth sword to have pierced her own wretched heart and his, would have been merciful.

The thunder storm burst in crashing devastation on their devoted heads; and as Father Pekis pale with direful horror appeared, the Donna Dōlōrēs swiftly passed away, and Sir Alan writhing with agony, and in reckless self-abandonment, cast himself on the ground before his early friend, and in sacrilegious language of desperation and upbraiding, claimed his bride from the Holy Church. Well it was that Father Pekis only heard him, well it was that he only had witnessed the fatal disclosure; but dark times succeeded, and the sudden departure of Donna Dōlōrēs from Walsingham, the anguish, and long, almost hopeless illness of Sir Alan, revealing in delirium, that which never in health, might have been spoken, partly unfolded to the Lady Agatha during her unceasing watch by her brother's couch, the sad secrets of the past: but when she applied to Father Pekis, to solicit advice, or to seek for religious or worldly sympathy, what said the worthy man? advice he dared not offer: sympathy,—dare he give that?

And she, the cause of all, was in her sanctuary: the permission for her open profession as a nun, having been obtained at her earnest solicitations, the very fatal morning Sir Alan's unhallowed declaration had been made; too late,—too late,—ah! those words of saddest import, how much of misery, repentance, remorse, and despair, is implied by those two brief little words!

Time passed on, and in the magnificent Hospice of Saint Ignatius, of which the Donna Dōlōrēs was now directress,—doth time hang as heavily as in the olden halls of Walsingham? No change was visible to all outward appearance, in the manners or feelings of the vestal nun; except perhaps, that her love of solitude was remarkable, and her sanctity extreme: the long well-tutored

dignity, and cold outward serenity of her demeanour, enabled her to play the part she was called upon to sustain; and none who witnessed her haughty smile, or watched her performing daily irksome duties, or buried in the deep researches of the wisdom of that age, would have imagined, that in her bosom, woe unutterable reigned ever paramount, and the love that comes but once in life,—lasts for ever here,—and it may be, throughout eternity.

Her broken vows, broken in the spirit if not in the letter, occasioned her not half so much remorse,—dreadful and killing as that religious remorse was, as the knowledge she had been the cause of so much misery to him, whom she loved far, far better than herself. But she had once spoken those words, "loved beyond salvation;" they had been spoken before God,—traced on air,—and on a human heart light as air may be, but still *once* spoken, *never* to be recalled; falsehood had never in thought approached *her*, and change could not: and what must the end be? On this fair earth, whereon she might have moved with a bounding step, and a heart full of joy and happiness, she walked as a guilty blighted thing, crushed down, horror-stricken at herself, and only desiring to hide her broken heart in its friendly bosom. And at Walsingham how fared it? the lady Agatha had expressed her intention of pursuing her profession for the present, beneath her own rooftree; and the first exercise of her ministry was, in the long, arduous, and unremitting attendance, she devoted to her brother's service, night and day; weakened in body and mind, devastated and blasted in spirit, he arose once more; and could aught have been wanting to strengthen and foster the bonds uniting this brother and sister, it would have been found in her untiring woman's patience and tending, during the weeks and months of sickness and convalescence.

Would that here I could rest in speaking of the Lady Agatha, for sisterly love, and woman's devotion, are ever pleasant themes to dwell on; but other feelings were working in her breast—dislike towards the absent Dōlōrēs, as the cause of all this wretchedness, and a wish to excite as far as possible a corresponding feeling in Sir Alan's heart; for well she knew his one weak point, his *suspicious* nature, and on that she secretly resolved to work, and thus for ever to divide him in thought from her, who had obtained possession of his first, purest, dearest affections.

Fierce struggles, for one so calm and cold, waged war in the Lady Agatha's pious bosom, betwixt reverence for the saint, and head of the holy order she had sworn allegiance to, and dislike for the woman: but the latter prevailed. I will not follow in detail the tender pity she at first expressed, and then how cautiously and by slow degrees, she began to dwell on the details already gathered —of the past history of the gifted nun; how very slowly she influenced her brother's mind, into the belief that the Donna

Dŏlŏrĕs had but trifled with him,—had been actuated by motives of vanity, in achieving another conquest, the amusement and relaxation of her idle monotonous hours: she hinted that the religious education of the lady, her more than feminine erudition, had seared her delicacy and feminine perceptions; and that as a female diplomatist employed by the Jesuit Fathers, she was hardened to human suffering and could know love, human love, but by name; that she had made weakness and frailty subservient to the purposes of the church,—laughed at the consequences, and considered one more victim, if victim there were, but as a votive offering on the shrine of her patron saint.

And Sir Alan of Walsingham *believed* this,—in time he came to believe this: he forgot the soft supplicating eyes that had besought his pardon for the mischief they had wrought; he forgot the perfect self-abandonment of that noble woman's first pure love; he forgot that *he* had taught that heart to love, and that though guilty to all the world besides, she was spotless to *him*.

Oh! Sir Alan of Walsingham,—it should not have been thus—it should not have been thus!

Once again in life they met,—months after these events, at a church festival; some unaccountable impulse urged Sir Alan to look upon her again,—her whom he still loved,—loved, whilst he upbraided.

She knew,—by what mysterious means who may say?—of the change, the desecration of thought towards her, in Sir Alan's heart. What woman lives, and loves, who does not thus intuitively gain such knowledge?

She was prepared for agitation, for indifference she was *not*; she was prepared to combat with painful struggling memories, but for contempt, unkindness, outwardly exhibited, and a kind of bravado manner, insulting to her womanly delicate soul, ah! she was not indeed prepared for *this*, in him whom she had believed to be perfection. But there was treachery in the sister's glance, for the eye *never* deceives, and in it she read the history thus unfolded. Pride gained the mastery *outwardly*,—*inwardly* the wound was mortal.

* * * * * * *

Sir Alan of Walsingham and his sister the Lady Agatha sought the gay metropolis, and in the courtly circle he became distinguished for his graceful gallant bearing, and numerous accomplishments. Ever restless, ever seeking something new, it certainly did not appear as if a calm serenity were his: yet no one might affirm this, forgetfulness and present enjoyment seeming to hold unbounded sway.

In the course of time it was announced that Sir Alan was about

to return, bringing with him a noble and beautiful bride; and great were the rejoicings and preparations on this occasion, and brilliant the anticipations of future prosperity.

The bridal festivities were in their glory and height, and the haughty bride, it was plainly foreseen, would brook no second mistress there, for poor Lady Agatha already looked quite forlorn and crest-fallen, when after a day of revelry, sporting, music, and the dance, Sir Alan sought his own private withdrawing room, but a little while before the midnight hour pealed forth from the tower of the castle chapel. This room looked forth on the shining lake, over wood and dale, all bathed in moonlight splendour; light as day, it was possible to read the smallest characters: how peacefully and holily it came streaming in! What were Sir Alan's thoughts? for thoughtfully he gazed on the lovely tranquil scene. Presently he sighed deeply, turned away, and his eyes fell on a singular looking little packet resting on the carved table before him. It was directed to himself, illuminated, and bound with black; a quaint looking and mysterious little missive it was—how came it *there?* none could ever answer that question. Why did Sir Alan tremble on opening it? why was it that when he succeeded in doing so, and deciphering the contents in the clear moonlight, scalding tears nearly blinded him, and at length, in frantic agony of spirit, he cast himself on the floor?

Oh! the strong man's crushing desolation! Oh! the strong man's secret lonely despair! *Solitude,* thou couldest tell rare things if thou hadst a tongue.

Father Pekis kept that missive, for it came into his possession. Thus it ran:—

"Sir Alan of Walsingham,—The hand of death is heavy upon me: brief and few must my words be. But death is welcome, because death alone permits me to commune truthfully with you once more. In life, you would ever have continued to doubt my purity and my faith; but when you read this, it will not be the living Dōlōrēs, the nun, who addresses you, but a voice from the dead. *The dead,* released from all bonds and vows, may dare to breathe the words which, living, could never again have been uttered.

"No guilty shrinking, no blush of shame, no agonies of remorse, can attach to this declaration: that *I loved — love you,* with all a woman's devoted self-abandonment; my first, my last, my only love: that your beloved name is the last on my dying lips: and that to have saved you from the misery your fatal love for me occasioned, I would have given up life freely, and all life's blessings. Not to pain or disturb your peace of mind, write I thus now, but because the knowledge will be more comforting to you in future years, than to live on with the rankling barb of imagined wrong festering in your heart, and poisoning with suspicion the memory of your early dream of love, faith, and purity.

"Freely, fully, do I forgive all who may have wronged me, by thought, word, or deed, as freely and fully as I need forgiveness and hope to be forgiven.

"My lonely heart, attuned to heaven's music, heard the music of your voice, and yearned,—oh! how fondly, how truly!—for human love: found it, lost it, died for it. Guilty before my God I have been,—an outcast to all the world, with my broken vows, and polluted lips; but true to you, Alan, true to you. You once called me, *Lola*, the endearing name of my chidhood, never heard since then—do you remember? Now call me in the same fond accents once again, 'Lola—the dead.'"

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In the small, but exquisitely wrought chapel of our lady, attached to the Hospice of St. Ignatius, the corpse of the Superior of "la Ordere de Santa Maria de los Dōlōrēs" lay. The torches were many and brilliant, but the glorious light of the solemn moon was brilliant, too; the inceuse was rich and overpowering, continually ascending; the requiem for the dead, so sad and thrilling, seeming as if distant seraphims, in countless throngs, were hailing the peaceful entrance of the disembodied spirit into regions celestial.

A figure enveloped in mourning robes, with a large slouched hat, whose massive drooping feathers entirely shaded the countenance, knelt by the corpse. For hours that figure thus had knelt, and in the early morning light the cavalier bent down, and impressed a long, long, kiss on those blue clammy lips, and look ye, there is a warm tear left on the waxen features of the effigy,—the white but lovely features, whereon the dark lashes rest so shadowy-like and still: and he has severed a long twining ringlet of ebon hue, and he has placed it in his bosom, and the young man has become old, his heart has changed, with the bitter knowledge that he had wronged one true and noble heart.

Thus it was, these masses for the repose of the dead, called the Pekismasse, at which good Father Pekis always officiated, were performed with so much unction and devotional fervour.

Sir Alan of Walsingham had fair children, and the bride he had chosen held much dominion over him, and he lived to be an old man; but the chapel he had loved in his youth, he loved yet more in his advancing years, and it was not wonderful if he found in the consolations of his faith the only balm for an incurable wound.

The Lady Agatha retired to her conventual home, for after that night watch in the chapel of our Lady, her brother's aspect became utterly changed, so that it pained her to look upon him;

conscience, perhaps, upbraiding, and whispering that false means never justify a good end attained thereby.

Better had she suffered him to rest on the memory of a hopeless love, believing the object of that love to be pure and worthy; then he might have sought his God, found comfort, resignation, perhaps, even, happiness. But as it was, life's springs were poisoned; and with a heart seared, and for ever buried with the wronged, she had assisted in chaining him to the living, the fetters being golden, but not wreathed with flowers, and hard as iron eating into the soul.

Better to live on the memory of a buried love, than to desecrate the soul, pollute the body, and falsify the heart.

C. A. M. W.

BIRTH DAY VERSES.

TO A LADY.

BY J. EWING RITCHIE.

What would'st thou that we wish for thee, on this rejoicing day?
The happiness that life can give? that life can take away?
The treasure rare? the costly gift? the sparkling pearl and fine,
From the everlasting deep, or the bosom of the mine.

Oh no; we wish not these for thee, thou dost not care for them,
For the cold and empty splendours of glittering gold or gem.
Thou know'st as well as we can tell, that pain and sorrow set
Themselves upon the crested top of crown or coronet.

We wish not these for thee,—the vain and gilded shows of earth,
That thou should'st wear upon thy cheeks the sign of hollow mirth,
That thou should'st bid thine eye shine bright, though thy heart be full of care,
Or feign the sound of laughter, though its spirit be not there.

Thou know'st we wish thee more than this,—that thy life's way may be
Arched o'er like some glad fairy-land with clustering love and glee,
That thy gems may be the priceless ones, more bright than all beside,
Of deeds of faith and charity that ever shall abide.

That thus the dart of gnawing care may never come near thee,
And anger, with her sullen eye, thy presence always flee,
And jealousy, with aching heart, may never sadden thine,
Nor quench the flame of love that beams within thee so divine.

That each returning year may find thy peaceful heart at rest,
And friendly voices wishing thee to be ever glad and blest,
And sorrow's pale-faced children breathing for thee earnest prayers,
That woe may never grieve thy heart as it has withered theirs.

We commend thee to the care of thy God who dwells above,
We pray for thee most fervently the blessings of his love,
That his joy within thy heart may be a foretaste of that bliss,
Which waits thee in a better world, when thine eyes have closed on this.

And that with the sainted and the good whom thou hast loved well,
In holy fellowship and sweet thou may'st for ever dwell,
And there, where sorrow ent'reth not, where pains for ever cease,
From the presence of thy God thou may'st drink in joy and peace.

THE DOUBLE ROMANCE;

A TALE OF THE "OVERLAND."*

GATHERED FROM MSS. IN THE PORTFOLIOS AND PORTMANTEAUS OF PASSENGERS.

BY TIPPOO KHAN THE YOUNGER.

CHAPTER VII.

A meeting, mystery, and, perhaps, an attempt to interest the reader by events.

It was a cold day in January,—a very cold day,—and the state of the temperature was felt by few more severely than by that ambulating lieutenant, whom we beg to point out just passing a lamp-post in Lincoln's Inn Fields for the thirty-second time within the half-hour. Yet he was not lightly clad,—far from it: he was dressed "up to" the season, quite.

Perhaps it was that he wore a great-coat, under which the "*febris insoluti*," or ague of the thing unpaid for, crept into his bones,—for, to recur to Bland and boyhood,

"Sunt quos pergraviter turbat sartoris imago,"

it may be there was a chilliness of debit in his boots and gloves; and that there was a sort of moral winter at work, for which physical protection was vain and useless. Independently, however, of causes such as these, some men there are who, from certain hidden agencies, know nothing, or almost nothing, of the seasons outwardly,—who are blind to the lilac, deaf to the voice of birds, and lame for the invitation to sport; but these have a series of irregu-

* Continued from page 170, vol. xlix.

lar summers and winters, springs and autumns, in their own breasts, the separate influences of which they are born to experience most keenly.

Amble was not the light-hearted, joyous spirit of the few months past,—he had rapidly become *blasé* to the extent of his actual position in society, and had constantly ventured beyond his own circle for relief and relaxation: he had made the most of his time and anticipated funds in running through the gaiety of the season in London, and he had enjoyed a couple of months' good hunting in the country. This very morning he had been recommended to part with his cab at once, and keep on the look out for some one to purchase his two hunters. Edward Westwood was urgent on the first of these points, and Greville Jones on the second. It was the barrister's recommendation only which Amble heeded and brooded over, for he could not but acknowledge how much he had originally been led on by him in his earlier expenditure and dissipations. As for the other man, he was always advising,—it was his only return for certain kindnesses received,—but as it may be necessary to explain who this new individual was, we will quickly dispose of him in a few words, premising that it is probable he will not show his face in the tale again.

Greville Jones was the—no, he was not—we really cannot say what he was,—for although it would not be absolutely requisite to adhere to the strict button and stitch of verity in a sketch of this description, not only are we ignorant of his real circumstances, but we cannot invent anything suitable for him, to supply the deficiency in this particular. He was rather short and stout, of ruddy complexion, dark brown hair and whiskers, always had the same bright smile, and, to all appearance, the same white hat, and the same invisible green coat and drab trousers; there was more mystery than variety about his waistcoats, and perhaps more shyness than change about his linen; his boots were tolerably good, but sometimes the butt end of the riding-whip would drop suspiciously on the toe, as though for a purpose, and people were apt to infer from this, that they were not unimpaired by time or wear. To judge from his constant visits, he seemed to belong to every club in London,—but, failing at the military ones, we have inquired after our friend at the Conservative, Reform, and fifty other similar rendezvous, in vain,—and we believe his profession and pedigree to be about as unapproachable as his residence. He goes to a great many balls during the season, and takes a great many rides in the Park;—the dancing he considers a fair equivalent to the supper;—we do not know who mounts him, but he has a good show of nags at his disposal: in conclusion, he will dine with any one that likes to ask him, and, in return, will always give advice.

"Amble," said this last mentioned authority, slapping his friend on the back, as they were sitting in rear of the boxes at the Hay-

market theatre; "take my word for it,—that cattle must be disposed of;—it's all very well, so long as the money lasts, but—draw in, better draw in,—as I do myself,—as many others have done,—and before it is too late;—sell the horses to-morrow."

"But where?—how?"

"No matter how,—make your mind up to the thing,—charming girl, that, now on the stage,—cut the turf and sporting altogether;—by the bye, what's the play?—a comedy, isn't it?—come and dine with me to-morrow at ————'s, and we'll talk the matter over."

A half groan, and an uncomfortable movement on his seat, were the sole acknowledgments of the party addressed.

"I'll fetch you at your club, and we'll go somewhere," was the usual winding up of Greville's invitations, which ended in his procuring a remarkably cheap dinner for himself, however expensive to his guest, and so his point was gained, and his advice thrown out freely.

The fact is, the expected fortune had not arrived,—many were the surmises and rumours afloat on the subject. The barrister's information was very confused and straggling,—at all events, as gathered from him by our hero, who, it must be admitted, made no great exertions to comprehend the legal intricacies of the question. It was, indeed, something to this effect:—Spencer Amble had departed this life nearly two years since, leaving the bulk of a greatly diminished property to his widow, under certain provisoes,—the interest of the whole was then amounting only to some four or five hundred pounds per annum; there was abundance of land besides, which yielded no produce, and of gold tied up out of reach. The widow had endeavoured to extricate the estate from its encumbrances, but, falling ill, had handed over the whole control of her affairs to Messrs. Grabbe, Mincington and Grabbe, lawyers of Lincoln's Inn. These worthies had engaged an opposing faction in a Chancery suit, had plunged into many and peculiar skirmishes on behalf of the bereaved lady, and finally, had settled accounts with their client altogether, by placing her, in a highly respectable coffin, beside her husband. The rambling eye of Edward Westwood had detected these things;—he had called upon the lawyers, and, as a friend of both the deceased, had made inquiries on the state of affairs: the answers were satisfactory enough;—Messrs. Grabbe and Company had, it must be supposed, duly and legally retained all funds and papers in their own possession,—they were paving the way to successful arrangement,—and the son and heir was shortly to be addressed on the matter.

In this the barrister had forestalled them,—he had written himself: the young soldier, never dreaming of an inheritance, and

turning sick at the prospect of revisiting the soil which he had erst trodden with both parents, replied, — but not until after the threatened intimation from the firm had been received,—that he was well enough in his Indian position, and would await remittances from Messrs. Grabbe, Mincington and Grabbe, who had acquainted him of the small expectancies held out by the estate, so far as he was personally concerned. Edward Westwood, without further delay, returned to the charge, accused the firm of neglect and mismanagement in the whole transaction, and finally succeeded in constituting himself the responsible agent for the absentee: a second dispatch was then transmitted to the latter, which, as has been seen, eventually brought him to England, more in quest than positive anticipation of a fortune.

But Messrs. Grabbe and Co. were dilatory as before, and, to revert to our hero's confused notions on the matter generally, —there was three hundred a year somewhere, but it had got to the bottom of a Chancery suit, where it stood a fair chance of being drowned or suffocated. Perhaps one of the cormorant methods of drowning stray property which arose out of these circumstances, may be shown in the following dialogue, which may serve to example also a scene of frequent occurrence between our hero and Mr. Mincington:—

"How do you do, sir?—very fine day, sir."

"Very:—by the way, Mr. Mincington, I called respecting——"

"The old affair?—yes, sir,—sit down, sir:—why, you must see, Lieutenant Amble, you must see, sir, that these things require time for adjustment,—they are,—here, Nibbs, look for the deeds in the case of Amble *versus* Hardsides;—my clerk will be in directly;—very fine weather, sir,—almost as hot as India?"

"Why, yes, that is—; the month may have been January or July."

"Don't find it so? ah, perhaps not. I remember once—I never was in India, myself, mind—I remember a curious circumstance occurring to a cousin of mine, who was afterwards on the staff of Lord Diddlesworth: a fine lad, a very fine lad, but began life with too much of the spring, as it were; never sat on anything but india-rubber, always partial to elasticity,—ha! ha! ha! However, he had not yet joined his regiment, and was staying with the governor at Madras, or at some of the other presidencies."—Mem. let the bored one always imagine some two or three dozen to exist on these occasions. "An old gentleman, Lord Tum—Tum—; no, Rib—, Rab—, no,—bless me,—I shall forget my own name. He was playing at billiards, however, and my cousin, seeing his lordship make a good stroke, gave way to the natural enthusiasm of his disposition; and hitting him on the back

with vehemence, exclaimed, 'Bravo, old boy!' It was a curious circumstance, and ——"

"The young gentleman was ordered to his regiment, I believe," added Amble, who had heard the story some fifty times before.

"Exactly. But now, talking of hot weather, puts me in mind of the siege of Bhurtpore;" and thirteen shillings and fourpence would be run up in no time, for a dialogue "on business," which had enabled the solicitor to get advantageously through an hour of relaxation, and had bored his listener exceedingly.

"I have just had a young Indian officer here, a remarkably intelligent man—tells me a great deal on the present position of the political weathercock in the East. I dare say you met him, as you were coming in?" was the regular address to the client who succeeded Amble in Mr. Mincington's office, provided it was not one who had been before enlightened on the same subject.

But there was one most important and absorbing consideration, which had great weight with our hero, as he paced up and down the pavement of the wide and melancholy square,—it was his attachment for Ellen Westwood. He had become engaged to her under the impression that he could give her, from his own resources alone, a good position in society, even were he to abandon his profession, and remain in England. His adviser had filled his brain with the notion of coming wealth; he had given way to the charm, and, under its influence, had laid a brilliant scheme of marriage and establishment. A costly wedding-breakfast, a carriage and four, and all the pleasures of a honeymoon which love—that should be superior to gold—and gold, that too often gets the mastery of love, combined, could bestow, had flitted before his fancy; and he was now lost in amazement at his former contemplations, and wondering whether bubbles ever attained solidity, and dreams were ever invoked into truth.

Suddenly, he stopped. A pale young man, in a mackintosh cape and dark suit, holding an umbrella in his right hand, and a bundle of papers under his left arm, had passed him rapidly,—turned, coloured slightly,—and gone on. Amble observed that he entered the very house which had been indicated to him as the office of Messrs. Grabbe and Co.; he then continued his walk, and soliloquized in this strain:

"Happy lover of Julia! to whom, seemingly, she is a guiding star, unreachable, unknown, but deeply loved in the distance! I have known, have attained, have loved, and yet is there an obstacle to complete success; it shall be my aim to remove it as early as possible!"

Edward Westwood soon made his appearance; his manner was excited, and he seemed almost rather as one suffering, than simply disturbed in mind: he seized Amble's arm hurriedly, and said, with a forced smile:

"I have just seen those learned men of law, and they tell me you will have to wait another month. The fact is, one essential document is wanting."

"Indeed!" replied Amble; "but what am I to do for present exigencies?"

"That," pursued the barrister, "is no difficult question. We must get a couple of hundreds advanced on a bill."

"A bill! but who will cash it?"

"Trust me on that score: a friend of mine lives not far from this, who will, I make no doubt, be obliging enough. Let us step to his office together."

They walked away arm in arm, Amble patient and downcast, as a self-constituted victim; the barrister unconsciously humming and muttering,

"Guerre aux tyrans, jamais en France,
Jamais l'Anglais ne règnera."

The house was soon reached, and they were shown into the desired apartment. Mr. Crawles was a middle-aged man, with a shining and nearly bald head, a contented and carnal countenance; and, if a turbot could be induced to stand upon its tail, of a figure which might be compared to that attractive fish. The few straggling, sandy-hued hairs, which were suffered to appear in the space from the lower tip of the ear to the corner of the mouth, seemed to keep up an instinctive communication, showing, as it were, from report and hearsay, where and when a bite might be ventured with safety or otherwise. And there was just a sufficient evidence of convulsion about the forehead and cheeks to show that a storm of frowns and furrows could be summoned, if requisite, on any very special occasion. And that delicate white hand, could it ever have been sullied by ——? Impossible that it would remain so white, if capable of guidance in any but a virtuous action! It was with this same admirable hand that he greeted his present visitors,—with this same admirable hand that he rang the bell for his clerk to procure a stamp,—with the same, again, that he handed a piece of clean paper for the barrister to draw, and his pupil to accept,—and with the same, again, that he locked the security in his drawer, and generously delivered over bank notes and gold to the amount of one hundred and eighty-five pounds, reserving fifteen for himself, as a matter of course, and fair trade! Crawles was an affable solicitor, a highly estimable bill discounter, and a most respectable money-lender; had a quiet wife, a quiet house out of town, and a quiet office; was always a remarkably gentle and mild man in manner; yet among his customers were, strange to say, some of the most miserable wretches in the whole City of London.

Quitting the office, they went silently on. At length, the ice was broken, by Amble asking,

"What has annoyed you? I see there has been something amiss with the lawyers. What document do you refer to as needed?"

The barrister evaded the question.

"All obstacles thrown upon their part," said he; "ask me no more at present."

"But this two hundred?" said Amble.

"Will serve your purpose for a time," was the reply.

"Ah, but —"

"But what?"

"Let us dine together, and, afterwards —

"No,—I understand you, but decline."

"No matter. Shall we dine together?"

"With all my heart, parting at a reasonable hour."

Singular that in a great metropolis, like London, there should really be so few means of enjoying this casual "dining together," except at clubs; and truly, would it be no inconsiderable benefit to a considerable community in the said huge city, were there sprinkled here and there, a *Véfour* and a *Very* a "*Maison Dorèe*," and a "*Trois Frères*," whereby the sociable dinner-seeker could escape the necessity of cold, formal, bare walls, or what is worse, a room reeking with joints and vulgar appetites.

"Capital feeding at the 'Grasshopper,' or in Bucklersbury, and so cheap,—ale and waiters included, eighteenpence. No place like London for a good dinner, say I," and the banker's clerk, freed from the day's thraldom, smacks his hands and lips, smokes his weed, and goes off to the Surrey.

"Oh, had I but the wand of a Harlequin to conjure up Boulevards, a few outside chairs and tables, a French dinner, and French grisettes!" says another, not a banker's clerk, but a man of equally moderate means, whose tastes reject the steam of a true British eating-house, who would not grudge his last shilling in the cause of "*Ordinaire*," and weeps at the want of melon after soup.

An eye-disease of education, in two specimens,—which common sense should easily remove: like both fares, and prosper!

But what signifies where our couple dined? it was at an English house, and the room selected was a private one. The dinner was despatched in due course, — two bottles of champagne, to say nothing of a glass or two of sherry, had been discussed spite of the cold season, and a bottle of port was now under contribution. As will be seen, verity was oozing from the grape,—and the flush on the countenance of our hero, as he gave utterance to his thoughts, seemed as though nature, mirrored in those features, were blushing at being unexpectedly discovered in a state of self.

"Westwood," said Amble, fidgetting with the stopper of the

decanter, as if it were the main subject under treatment: "I call upon you, as a friend, to enlighten me on these mysteries connected with my patrimony. I never was brought up in the idea of having money, never anticipated any, nor could much have ever been expected by others, for me, else, why was I sent out of Europe to seek my fortunes? Of course, I never calculated that so severe a double loss would thus speedily occur,—the thought never entered my brains: yet, no sooner had I to struggle against the one sad piece of intelligence, when a second reaches me of even deeper melancholy. Why not have left me to brood over my solitary state, as I then wished, instead of drawing me again to a land, residence in which, however fraught with joys for the mere pleasure seeker, is to me, now, a curse: it unsettles, it drives me mad, I tell you."

"Yet you have found ample time for—"

"The chase,—horses, hounds, and active occupation? yes: and I have frequented balls and theatres likewise—true: but it has been more for the excitement than the pleasure, believe me."

"Ha! ha! ha! upon my word, young gentleman, you argue as the drunkard whose excuse for too free a use of the bottle is, that he does not like the liquor for itself, but for the pleasurable feelings which it arouses."

"Well, well," returned the East Indian, pettishly, "make of me what you please. I have found a new tie, granted, and a dear one —but how much better, had we never met?"

"What do you mean? you love Ellen, and does she not return the sentiment?"

"Granted, it may be so,—but I am poor and in debt,—and how could I persuade one I love, to be the wife of a marching subaltern in India,—to follow, with a crowded native camp, the track of an unkind husband,—unkind, to tear her from a happy home, from the atmosphere in which she has been nourished and educated,—in order to meet misery and inconvenience in every shape? It could not be thus,—impossible."

"Then pray, may I ask, what had you contemplated?"

"A life of peace and affluence. Not so, when I first reached these shores, I confess,—but the idea has become, of late, insensibly rooted in me: I need house and equipage,—carriage, horses, opera-box,—my wife may then associate with her equals; but I cannot submit that she should be degraded to a sphere inferior to that befitting her birth and breeding."

"Very fine, in truth: as the young lady shares my own blood of course I feel complimented by your opinions on this point."

"You jest with me;—well, to me this is no matter for jesting,—far from it. Tell me, honestly and candidly, did my late father leave a will, duly attested, and was it duly proved?"

The barrister was somewhat taken aback at the earnestness of

this point-blank questioning. After a moment's hesitation, he replied:—

"I believe he did,—it was,—what more?"

"Was the chief part, if not the whole, of his property to revert to me, in the event of his widow's decease, who received the interest during her lifetime?"

"I believe so,—but you must remember from the power which your respected mother had over the capital, the sum was considerably lessened through the speculations of her lawyers."

"Granted,—but there is still a sum?"

"Yes, and a very respectable one, I assure you."

"Then answer me plainly,—why am I kept out of the property —or at least out of the unencumbered portion?"

Edward Westwood, clever lawyer as he was, received all these attacks in so unprepared a state, and shewed such evident symptoms of confusion, spite of his habitual *sang-froid*, that a little more of the same style of proceeding, would have carried the day altogether against him, and he would have had to explain himself, fully and clearly, before escaping from his excited companion. But the wine had done its work, and Amble already pined after the soothing cigar: he therefore suffered the startled barrister to recover himself as he pleased, scarcely attending to the words which he spoke.

"Why, really,—one would think that—that you suspected me of melo-dramatically defrauding you of your just rights and parchments. No, no:" and the speaker assumed a graver and more collected tone, noticing a cigar case just placed on the table beside him, and perceiving, from the non-attention of his young friend, that he was at liberty to string together any nonsense he pleased: "you must consider that the chancery suit being quashed, and the whole landed property under mortgage, and the intervention of trustees, as residuary legatees, being inadmissible, by the means you hint at, the whole estate would be plunged into difficulties, and dilemmas, from which neither you or I or indeed all the legal talent of England, could ever extricate it."

"Oh, if that be the case," interrupted Amble, "we'll have one glass of punch, and be off: what say you?"

"No,—not punch: consider, my dear boy, after all this wine; a cup of coffee, and a '*petit verre*,' will suit my purpose."

"And then, to try the luck of this," added Amble, pulling from his waistcoat pocket, two notes of fifty, and four of twenty pounds each: "who knows but——"

"Hush,—I do not join you,—I have nothing to say to it, 'tis positive wilfulness."

"As you please: what time is it? half-past ten."

"So late as that! I must be going homewards. Good night."

But whether an actual separation occurred or not, we cannot

say: all we are enabled to add hereon being, that, at one o'clock on the ensuing morning, two individuals, in the garb of gentlemen, were seen walking up Regent-street,—they parted at the upper circus.

"We meet to-morrow, at two," said the elder.

"Yes," assented the other, with a hiccough. This latter, on being left alone, was about to beckon a cab, but instinctively put his hand to his coat-pocket: the purse was there, but empty,—he felt in the waistcoat,—there was not a sixpence left: moodily walking onwards, he exclaimed,

"Cleaned out entirely! turn-out, hunters,—all—and that luckless couple of hundred which urged me on!"

We do not think it necessary to name the parties, to ensure their recognition by the reader.

LAYS OF FAMINE.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

V.

I stand by my spoiled hearth, I stand in despair,
The ashes of them that my soul loved lie there;
I have borne as a man what not many have borne,
Till the last clinging growth of my life's hope was torn.
But it is no light thing earth asks of me at length,*
And I shrink from such tasking of hearts' and souls' strength;

* In a letter, now before me, dated "Tralee, March 7th, 1847," is a brief notice of a man whose family, consisting of his wife, four children, and his sister, had all died of the famine. Four lay dead in the hovel, called his

There are voices around me, that cry "Dust to dust!
For the grave's shielding rest, to thy tried love we trust!"
And I know that no hand, save mine own, may be found
To dig for those dear ones a place in the ground:—
Yet I stand as one rendered all-powerless by wrong,
With a curse in my heart, and a curse on my tongue;
And I ask, in the might of my blind, fierce despair,
Where vengeance should fall? Tell me where—but where!

Aye, vengeance! ne'er say that God willed all this woe,—
That 'twas His hand still struck, 'mid the stricken, each blow;
No hand in this wide desolation I see,
Save that man has lifted against mine and me:—
No power, save that dark one, through long ages past,
Linking chain unto chain till our thrall was made fast.
And with wild thoughts that ceaselessly beat on my brain,
As the restless waves beat 'mid pent rocks in the main;
All powerless to ransom, as powerless to save,—
One black sky around, and beneath me one grave,—
I stand here at bay in the midst of my wrong,
With a curse in my heart, and a curse on my tongue.
And I ask, in the might of my blind, fierce despair,
Where vengeance should fall! Tell me where—but where!

From this soil, by man's hand with destruction thick sown:
From this soil where that seed to such rank growths has grown;
Where the broken in frame, and the weary in heart,
Look with envy on them God has willed to depart;
Where the black clouds of fate, as the folds of a pall,
O'er the past and the future alike densely fall;
Where the scant food that teacheth stern patience alway,
Springs up from dead hearts lashed to wrath in their day.
Where the strength of affection, the striving of hope,
Are vain 'mid the ills wherewith life has to cope;
I look up to heaven 'mid the wastes of my wrong,
With a curse in my heart, and a curse on my tongue:
And I ask, in the might of my blind, fierce despair,
Where vengeance should fall? Tell me where—but where!

home at one time; and it was not until he found himself called upon to dig for them a grave with his own hands, that the patience with which he had hitherto borne, forsook him. His character, from that time, entirely changed. He became fierce and sullen, and heaped terrible maledictions on the heads of those he termed his oppressors. The suffering that subdued many, rendered many *desperate*.

A PLEA FOR ASSOCIATED HOMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

NOTHING can be more amusing than the air of genuine satisfaction which lightens up the face of your thorough-bred John Bull. In his own humble opinion, there are few better fellows than himself. Upon foreigners he is prone to look down with somewhat of contempt. Smoking and expectorating Germans he does not think much of. Frenchmen he positively detests. Americans find little favour in his eyes. John goes to Exeter Hall, and hears that in some countries the inhabitants are so awfully depraved, as to obey the Pope, and he becomes as indignant as if some young candidate for Newgate had filched his purse, or had abstracted his watch from its accustomed fob. Happy, ignorant, gullible John Bull, forgetful of the tragedies every day's police report narrates, forgetful of the selfishness which has suffered crime and want in their direst forms to pollute and devastate in our midst, he goes up into the temple, and thanks God that he is not as other men are.

Yet now and then a little light will find its way through John's bony skull. It has sometimes struck him that it would be quite as well to reward virtue as to punish vice; that it is hardly right to be so free with Hudson testimonials, when its Haydons are left to starve and die; that if society owes something to its warriors and statesmen, some small favour might be shown the men who nurse up in the masses of the people the love and practice of noble and generous deeds. Other ideas, also, have been gradually finding their advocates. It has come to be a question whether the arrangements of society as they are, are altogether of divine origin. Indeed, it has come to be admitted, that we Englishmen in this nineteenth century are not altogether perfect, — that we are in the habit of doing a great deal of work for very little real good,— that whilst we toil from morning to night, we do not have that amount of happiness to which such unwearied labour might be supposed to qualify us to lay claim,—that owing to the malarrangements of society, much more time is given to mere mechanical toil than is actually required; and that thus our countrymen and country-women are deprived of an immense amount of social and intellectual enjoyment, — the progress of civilization

impeded, and the aspect of society rendered very different to what it might become.

This statement cannot for a moment be questioned. The situation of a majority of families, in the middle classes more especially, is one of anxiety and toil,—one in which the claims of the passing day are too often with difficulty met,—in which much of real comfort is sacrificed in the vain struggle to present a respectable appearance to the world. The father of a family can see but little of them but on the sabbath,—the mother is too often harassed with cares, as how best to manage with the money her husband provides. Merchants go to their counting-houses early, and remain till late. Professional men have to perform a similar, if not a greater, amount of work. Tradesmen are equally confined in their shops. Now this state of society is attended with tremendous ills. Home might be made a more happy and blessed spot than it now is. More time might be given, and ought to be given, to the full development of the mental and bodily powers. Science, morality, religion, might have a better chance of reaching the ear and influencing the heart. There might be less of ignorance and immorality, and their natural results, crime and misery, in the land. Is not this a consummation devoutly to be wished? By means of Associated Homes, the thing might be done.

What do we mean by Associated Homes?—We mean homes in which the co-operative principle is brought to bear,—homes in which families, while they live in separate apartments, can be fed and waited on much cheaper, and much more comfortably, than they are now; the rooms of which shall be larger, healthier, better furnished than at present; in which families will live much more secluded than they can now, overlooked as every London house is before and behind, with its thin partition walls, through which every sound manages to find its way.

"The advantages of such a plan," says Mary Gillies, in the June number of "Howitt's Journal," "would be best understood, by observing the various deficiencies of the present arrangements. Let us picture to ourselves a street containing fifty houses, rented at about fifty pounds a year. Here is a rental of £2,500 a year, for which those families have each a house which, with all its comforts, has many faults. The drainage is very commonly defective, and there is a bad smell at times; the water is not conveyed above the ground floor; the sunk story is damp and unhealthy for the servants; the rooms are small; they generally admit draughts when doors are opened, and are close when shut up; and the walls, being thin, are cold in winter, and hot in summer. Less than such a rental as this would command the erection of fifty houses of much superior description and convenience, if built in combination. These houses have each their kitchen-range. Fifty kitchen-ranges, each of which, with the necessary utensils for cooking, must have

cost on a moderate computation, twenty pounds. Here is an outlay of a thousand pounds. The most complete and excellent apparatus, capable of cooking in a far superior manner, for the same number of individuals, might be had for a fraction of such a sum. In these ranges are fifty kitchen fires, burning away fuel in a way so wasteful, that it would be very difficult to calculate to how great a degree the heat thus produced might be economized. There are then fifty cooks, each performing her office very imperfectly, with imperfect knowledge and defective utensils, so that the waste in cooking is very great, while wages and cost in living cannot be computed at a lower sum than seventeen hundred and fifty pounds —they are probably nearly two thousand. An accomplished "*artiste*," with a full staff of under cooks, might be maintained for much less. A well instructed upper cook, with the proper number of assistants, would perform all the duties of the kitchen in a way which no private family of the middle classes can now command, at a wonderfully reduced rate. Lastly, there are fifty housekeepers, many of them inexperienced, some careless, a few expert, and nearly all 'careful and troubled about many things;' the expenditure of these homes is in general supplied by much bodily and mental exertion: it is hard, therefore, that it should not be economized and managed to the best advantage. But, with the best intentions, and even the best skill, this is impossible. The single item of fuel is a type of all the rest. Few, who have not tried it, are aware of the extraordinary difference in the price of all provisions bought wholesale and in small quantities. It is a fact within the experience of the writer, that the cost of bread for a family is diminished one-third by buying flour by the sack, and baking at home; and this difference would be increased, if the ovens and the other conveniences were well constructed. As to the loss by waste, ignorance, and imperfect apparatus in cooking, let any one only see a dinner prepared in a common kitchen, or the future kitchen of the Whittington Club, and no more need be said."

It is obvious, then, that a great saving might be made by means of Associated Homes. The advantages of such combinations would be very great. What the Whittington club is now attempting to do for young men in the middle classes, these homes will do for them when married. Every family living in them would find their expenditure diminished by one-third, and their comforts correspondingly increased. The moral advantages, however, would be yet greater than the pecuniary ones. Much of care and anxiety would be at once removed; much of exhausting toil would be rendered unnecessary. A home, in the right sense of the word, would be placed within the reach of those who know not the name, and are strangers to the moral security it guarantees. Men, who are now growing into selfish bachelors, or something

worse; women, who have lived through youth, tasting but half its enjoyments, and now ripening into venerable, and sometimes, we fear, cross, old maids: would be enabled to form suitable matrimonial connections, and thus add to the happiness of the world. Man would be placed in a position more in accordance with the laws of his being, and the will of God. These ends, surely, are worth obtaining. If the arrangements of society can be modified so as to render them practicable, it is high time that the effort were made.

This scheme of Associated Homes has been long before the public. It was proposed and advocated nearly thirteen years ago in the "Monthly Repository," in a paper entitled, "House-building and House-keeping." To Miss Gillies's article on the subject we have already referred. The writer in the "Monthly Repository" developed the details of a plan for accomodating sixty families, averaging five persons each, and belonging to that class whose incomes are from three to four hundred a year; but it might be modified so as to suit those who have less. This plan consisted of separate dwelling houses, all entering from the two sides of a covered gallery, like the Burlington or Lowther arcades. Each house would contain from four to six rooms, a number sufficient when it is recollected that neither kitchens nor servants' rooms would be needed. All the dwellings were to be warmed, ventilated, lighted with gas, supplied with warm and cold baths, and have the water conveyed into every bed-room. All were to be ready furnished, also. Besides these, public rooms were to be built, for dining, for a library, for music and dancing, and other purposes, as occasion might require. Much expense in furniture would be avoided, the separate maintenance of servants would be rendered unnecessary, more domestic comfort would be obtained, and the price of provisions would be reduced to about two thirds.

This plan can be carried into effect in two ways; one is by means of subscription amongst the members, as the club-houses were originally founded: the next is, as a speculation of profit, a good investment to the moneyed capitalist. Our continental neighbours have more of the benefits of association than we, and are certainly not the worse for it. They do live in Associated Homes. In all their large towns the practice does, in fact, prevail. In Hamburg, persons of limited incomes can have sets of splendid chambers, in the handsomest houses that have lately been built in that town, and can have well-cooked dinners supplied them from the neighbouring restaurateur, for a sum that would here barely supply a family with the necessaries of life. In Paris it is the same. An English barrister, a gentleman well known, not merely in St. Stephens, of which he was a member, but throughout the land, for liberal opinions and superior intellect, ere he had worked his way to his present station, married, and lived in chambers in

the way which we advocate; but respectable society,—the men who kept "gigs,"—saw in the proceeding something not to applaud but to be suspicious about, if not to condemn. The malicious shrug was to be seen, and the whispered insinuation was to be heard. The man, however, had a soul above the "world's dread laugh," and lived on till he won fame and power. Let tradesmen and men of limited incomes do the same, and society will be much the better. It does not require any great ingenuity to perceive that the less the father of a family is required to spend in house-keeping, the more he will have to spare for necessary recreation for himself; for the charities by which the less fortunate of our race are raised from degradation and death; and the more he will have to spare for the education and advancement of his children in the world.

We are not advocating a visionary unheard of scheme; there is a likelihood of the plan we propose being carried at once into effect. A United Family Club, is talked of. The parties who compose it, will live under the same roof, but have separate suites of apartments. There will be, however, a dining room, coffee room, and drawing room, for the use of all. The rent will include all charges for conducting and managing the institution. Breakfast will be ready at half past seven, and remain till ten. Two tables d'hote will be provided daily, one at half past one, and the other at half past five. Coffee and tea will be provided in the coffee rooms. All provisions will be charged at prices not exceeding the actual cost. The servants of the club will clean all the common bed rooms, the staircases, and the outer doors, of the sets of chambers; if the tenants prefer it, however, they can have their own rooms kept clean, and beds made, etc., for an extra rent. It is intended to form a company for the erection of suitable club-houses. In order to give every facility for persons of moderate means to become shareholders in the company, as well as members of the club, the amount of the shares will be payable by means of monthly instalments of 1s. per month. A large ultimate capital will be fixed on, but only £100,000 will be raised at first, in shares of £100 each. As soon as one hundred shares are taken, operations may be commenced. The club trustees will be tenants to the company, at a rate amounting to five per cent. on the capital employed, clear of all charges.

All candidates for membership will be ballotted for. With this plan we have but one fault to find, but it is one that can easily be modified,—that is, living in public,—a mode of life utterly opposed to English tastes. Those who wish, should have the option of having their meals in their own apartment, supplied them from the public larder. To do this but little more trouble would be required. Of course there would be some who would prefer their meals in public,—let such have their tastes gratified, but let those

live privately who wish it. The desires of both parties could very conveniently be met.

By means then of Associated Homes, a beneficial change can be effected, life may be rendered less toilsome and more full of cheering influences; for these reasons, then, do we advocate them. That society might be better organised, that a healthier spirit might be infused into it,—that the circumstances in which many of its worst vices originate, might be improved if not destroyed, no man can deny. No good God has sent down upon the world the blight by which it is now withered up. Man has sown the seed from which curses and misery have sprung. As regards many men, life is a failure. In the hard struggle with the world's woes and wrongs, they falter and fall. It is easy to speak of them in the language of censure; but society has much to answer for, inasmuch as it has not organised itself, so as most effectually to uphold the stumbling, to enlighten the ignorant, to confirm the weak. Associated Homes will help to do this; they will help to free man from the drudgery of life; they will give him a chance of remembering what few do, that man has a higher end, than to strut a millionaire on 'Change; they will surround him with blessed hopes and inspirations; they will help him to perform aright all manly deeds.

LAYS OF FAMINE.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

VI.

She has done with want and weeping,
  She, the young and fair;
Lay her where her dead lie sleeping,
Where she'll find them at the reaping
  Of God's harvest there:—
She, the latest of her race,
Leaves on earth no vacant place.

Gather up the rich, dark tresses,
That about her fall;
What fond pride, the pride that blesses,
Crowned them once with love's caresses!
They are now her pall.
She that should have been a bride,
Bear her to her lover's side.

'Tis not long since we, in gladness,
Heard their plighted troth;
Many days of wasting sadness,
Many days of grief to madness,
Have encircled both!
They shall meet upon the shore
Where joy reigneth evermore!

She has done with want and weeping,
She, the young and fair;
Lay her where her dead lie sleeping,
Where she'll find them at the reaping
Of God's harvest there:—
She, the latest of her race,
Leaves on earth no vacant place.

With meek hearts, and eyes all tearless,
Yield her to the sod,
As a gem for earth too peerless;
As one gathered where the fearless
See the face of God!
As we yield the light and flowers,
Sorrow is for us and ours!

WHARFDALE;*

OR,

THE ROSERY.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was an unusual bustle and confusion, in the village of ——. People of every class,—vehicles of every description, might be seen hurrying along the road leading to the parsonage. Never, perhaps, since the election, which had occurred some twelve months ago, had such a motley crowd thronged the streets.

"It is a strange affair," said a little red-faced, farmer-like gentleman to his companion, "it is a strange affair! who could ever have thought that the Rev. Adolphus Melville would have been brought into such a strait,—and still, perhaps, after all, it is not so much to be wondered at."

"No," rejoined the other, with a sneer, "'tis a long lane that has never a turn,' as my old grandmother used to say, and I've thought for some time, it were an odd thing if all this electioneering and rioting did not make a havoc with the parson's fortune. No matter, though—he has nobody but himself and a proud wife to blame for it—extravagance, and not misfortune, has caused his downfall. Poor Mr. Leicester! it is well he happens to be in foreign parts, it would almost have broken his young heart to have

* Continued from p. 72, vol. I.

seen the old parsonage pulled to pieces in this way, and then, too, to have seen all the beautiful furniture kicked out into the garden, and there sold by auction, liking sheep at a clearing sale. Yes, yes, it would have been too much for him. He is a fine, spirited lad, with as warm a heart as may be, and it is well for him that his mother's fortune has been placed out of the reach of the old governor or else—"

"Or else it would have been squandered like the rest, neighbour, of that there can be little doubt. But it is said *Master* Leicester, (as I've always been used to call him,) is on his way back again to England, and that he is now married."

"Married! tut — tut,—it seems but as yesterday that I used to nurse the little fellow on my knee,—married, I cannot think that."

"Well,—well,—good neighbour, as you will. I only tell you what I hear, without holding myself responsible for its truth."

As the reader will have gathered from the above conversation, this was, indeed, a busy day at the old parsonage. The work of ruin was complete! The Rev. Adolphus Melville, once looked upon as one of the most wealthy commoners of the county, was now reduced to a state little short of absolute poverty and destitution. Accompanied by his wife and her two daughters, he had fled, few knew where,—leaving the old parsonage, with its costly furniture, and well-stocked green-houses to be dealt with as the law should direct. All was to be sold by auction, and it was quite evident that the sale would barely realize a moderate dividend to the unfortunate creditors,—there was, therefore, no longer any inducement for the insolvent to remain. Highly wrong, and disreputable indeed, was it in a minister of the gospel, a member of the state establishment, thus, by thoughtless prodigality and extravagance, to entangle himself and others in irretrievable difficulties; had this, however, been the Rev. Adolphus Melville's only fault, we might, perhaps, have been tempted to forget the thoughtlessness of his conduct, in our sympathy for his misfortunes. Charges—dark and serious charges, had latterly been brought against him, and it was only within a few days of his flight, that he had been induced by the advice of his superior—the amiable Bishop of ———, to tender his resignation of holy orders, rather than submit to the more humiliating degradation of a judicial inquiry, which could only have resulted in his immediate and total expulsion. What had been the nature of those charges, what the damning proofs that would have come to light, had the delinquent braved the ordeal of trial, it matters not. It is sufficient for our purpose to know that they were such as justly merited the sentence they had received. The story had got abroad, and everybody had his own suspicions on the matter; some declared the parson's error to be forgery, some, larceny, some,—

But to go over the list of surmises and speculations would, in fact, be to run through the whole catalogue of statuteable crimes. One thing, however, was quite evident,—none appeared to regret the departure of the unfortunate culprit, but all seemed to reconcile themselves by thinking, and, in many instances, even by saying, that let the Rev. Miles Stapleton, the new incumbent, (who was daily expected in the village,) be what he might, he could not be much worse than his predecessor. It was a careless and an uncharitable thought, and one the dear old Miles Stapleton little deserved. No matter, we are all prone, aye, even the very best of us, to think and speak both thoughtlessly and uncharitably at times, even when we are but little disposed either to unkindness or evil. The inhabitants of ———, were generally, despite their thoughtlessness, honest, warm-hearted people,—such being the case, they were not long in detecting the virtues of their new incumbent. Their *after* devotion and attachment, fully compensated for their *past* coldness and indifference.

Leaving the noise and bustle, the laughter and merriment, the Sunday dresses and finery, usually observable at a country auction, to the vivid imagination of the reader,—we beg of him at once to accompany us to the village hostelry. There it stands at the farthest end of the long irregular street; it is a plain neat-looking house, and the little garden separating it from the road, furnishes a commendable pattern of neatness and order.

A close travelling carriage has driven up to the gate, and, just as we would have it, the Rev. Miles Stapleton, and his beautiful daughter, Ermance, are entering the house. To them, good reader, we must now introduce you,—it is for this purpose we have brought you here. They will henceforth become prominent actors in our story; and we trust before we bid each other farewell, you will have occasion to feel satisfied, that we have in this instance, at all events, introduced you to a couple, whose many virtues are worthy of your admiration and respect.

CHAPTER II.

To do good to all men; to encourage the virtuous, to reprove the vicious; to be a father to the fatherless, and a protector to the widow; to be the good Samaritan to the naked and the destitute;

the faithful shepherd that is ready to lay down his life for his sheep,—such are the objects,—such the characteristics of the humble and devoted follower of the devout apostles!

And what is his reward? On earth he wins for himself the love and veneration of all good men; in heaven,—Oh! "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, the glory which shall be revealed to him!"

Alas, alas! false prophets have arisen in Israel! They have come to us in sheep's clothing, while inwardly they are but ravening wolves! Many, very many, however, are the good Miles Stapletons,—few let us hope are the false and hypocritical Adolphus Melvilles! Admiring and imitating, as far as may be, the virtues of the good, let us henceforth forget the errors of the bad.

Now to our introduction:—There stands the Rev. Miles Stapleton,—he is a man of fifty or fifty-five years of age, with a slight drooping figure, and a pale, though finely chiselled face. An air of calm and heaven-like serenity sits upon his brow, and there is a mild, yet startling brightness in his small dark eyes, which ever and anon rest fondly on the face of his gentle child, as she employs herself in the execution of a thousand little offices of affection at his side. His dress is plain, homely, and evidently far worn,—this makes little matter though; no one who knows the good old clergyman as intimately as we do, will think a whit the worse of him on this account. To whatever may appear coarse and unbecoming in his appearance, rest assured "his poverty and not his will consents." Poor Miles Stapleton has all his life long had to struggle with difficulties, yet like Goldsmith's curate he has ever been:—

> "to all the country dear,
> And passing rich with forty pounds a year!"

He has toiled long and arduously, never repining, never grumbling at his lot! Slender and inadequate as his income has ever been, rarely, indeed, if ever, has a poor Lazarus been turned from his door. Little as he may have had to bestow on the wants of others, that little has ever been bestowed with a ready hand and a cheerful heart. Even though it were but a crust of bread and a cup of cold water, it has ever been enriched by the heart-breathed benedictions of the giver, and has rarely failed to call forth feelings of devout gratitude and praise in the hearts of those on whom it may have been conferred. The kindly spirit of the donor sanctified his gift.

There was not, perhaps, a single being within the little province of which he had just taken his farewell, who did not entertain for him, feelings of the highest reverence and regard; there was not one, that did not truly regret his departure. His beautiful theories,

illustrated by daily and hourly example, had so influenced the hearts and conduct of all by whom he had been surrounded, that setting aside all worldly strife and contention, they one and all seemed influenced by a spirit of harmony and good will! He had left a paradise behind,—he had a pandemonium before. What of this? Miles Stapleton too well knew the sacred duties of his high office, to shrink from his task, however difficult or disheartening. The greater the labour, the greater would be his reward. He had known the time, even, when many of that little flock, of which he was now so proud, were far, far, from the paths of rectitude and virtue. By kindness, exhortation, and example, he had slowly but surely brought back the wanderers to his fold,—aye, often had he found even:—

> "Those who came to scoff,
> Remained to pray!"

and thus inspired by the bright remembrances of his past success, with an anxious, but a hopeful heart, he entered the field of his future labours,—that field in which he was so soon destined to reap a rich and bountiful harvest. True, the false shepherd, the bitterest enemy of all, had been there,—tares had sprung up in plenty 'midst the corn; yet, it needed but the hand of a skilful and a true husbandman, to gather out the shocks that were fit for his master's use.

We have too long overlooked in our digression, that gentle creature,—the retiring Ermance,—who, like a little household goddess, is at this very moment busy preparing the humble breakfast for her venerable sire, for whom she has an almost heavenly love, so deep, so pure, and unalterable! She is a fair young girl of twenty or twenty-two years of age, with a face and figure a painter might delight to gaze upon,—both, to us, at all events, seem next to faultless. Be this as it may, we shall not quarrel on the score of her personal attractions, for to say that she were lovely as a *Hebe*, were to say but little in her praise. Wisely and truly, perhaps, has the poet of all time said, "If girls are fair they have the gift to know it," yet, knowing it as doubtless they well do, there are some, (and of these Ermance Stapleton is one,) who have too much good sense to pride themselves upon it. Beauty without mind, like the tinsel on a player's garb, may dazzle with its brightness, though it will never make us prize it for its worth! The gentle Ermance has stronger claims on our attention, than are to be found in her finely chiselled face and sylph-like form. There is something more than the mere brightness of a dark hazel eye, or the gentle wave of a flowing curl, to call forth our admiration. Yes,—Ermance, young and child-like as she is, is nevertheless a creature of heart and intellectuality. Bereft in the first

year of her childhood of the watchful and protective care of a noble and high-minded mother, from whom, perhaps, she inherited in no slight degree some of the rarest faculties of her nature,—she became even in her very infancy the daily, we may even say almost the hourly, companion of her bereaved sire! Trained up under his eye, schooled under his guidance, early imbued with a deep and soul-absorbing passion for all that is good and excellent in nature,—the early spring had put forth many blossoms which the coming summer must ripen into fruit. This is as it should be: youth is the season when the good seed should be sown in the heart; "If the spring put forth no blossoms, in the summer there will be no beauty, and in the autumn no fruit."

Such then are our friends, the Rev. Miles Stapleton, and his daughter Ermance.

CHAPTER III.

Scarcely had the good clergyman been settled a couple of months in his new domicile, ere a striking and delightful change was observable in the district. The village hostelry was comparatively deserted, especially on the sabbath, and there was an air of comfort about several of the cottages in the neighbourhood, which had long been wanting. It was becoming a rare thing to hear of a case of intoxication or unruly riot, much less, indeed, of an open and direct breach of the law, so common, that it was almost a daily occurrence during the period of the late Mr. Melville's incumbency.

The Rev. Miles Stapleton, on entering the *new* field of his labours, had at once sought to make himself intimately acquainted with those who were henceforth to become members of his flock. Rich and poor, proud and humble, alike received his attentions,—in short, he had from the very first made it his sole object, "to become all things to all men, that he might by that means win some,"—nor had he miscalculated the result. He had drawn to his side the most abandoned and disreputable,—not by threat and denunciation, but by kindness and exhortation. However hardened and debased might have been the heart to which he had

addressed himself, his labour had not been altogether fruitless. He had set to work with an air of truthfulness and sincerity that could not be mistaken. He had preached,—aye, and more than all, he had practised what he had preached! This was the grand secret of his success,—this, the very thing which awed even the most unruly into reverence and respect.

Powerful and subduing, indeed, as may be the glowing outbursts of rhetoric, and eloquence, while we listen, their effects are but very, very transitory; the passion, not the reason, becomes the captive of their witchery. *Practice* is the first incentive to action, the grand inducement to sobriety and godliness. What, indeed, were the sublime dialogues of Socrates and Plato, if it were not that we knew that they had practised, (and that even the former of them had died, and oh! how gloriously,) for the doctrines they had taught? *Do* as I *do*,—*live* as I *live*; this is the grand talisman of success. A good example is far more powerful, and will be productive of far more beneficial results than a thousand homilies. It is one thing, indeed, to preach, and another to act. The Rev. Miles Stapleton, however, had done both, and he had good reason to be satisfied with his reward.

The paddock attached to the parsonage he had had divided into a dozen little plots of garden ground, and these he had apportioned to twelve of the most deserving of his flock, instituting, at the same time, a system of rewards and punishments. Following out the parable of the "talents of silver," mentioned in the scriptures, to him who increased the substance which had been allotted to him, he added more abundantly; to him who had neglected or wasted that which he had had given to his charge, he took away even his first possession, and bestowed it on other and worthier hands. Under this novel regulation, the hitherto neglected, and unruly little village of ———, soon became a busy school of industry. A spirit of ambition, (and that directed in its proper channel,) was spread abroad; and rivalling each other in their endeavours, the humble villagers, almost unconsciously to themselves, worked a complete revolution in their *social* condition. This being done, their reverend master at once found the strongest barrier to his success broken down, and had but little difficulty in working out their total restoration.

And Ermance, our gentle Ermance, had she had no hand in this great change that had taken place? Yes, oh! yes; to her kind persuasions, her unwearying attentions, much, very much of the good of which we have spoken might be attributed. Like her noble and kind-hearted sire, she had from the first moment of her entrance into the village, determined to know and to make herself known to the people, who were henceforth to become her parent's flock. She had visited the fatherless and the widow; she had carried to the house of mourning and distress "glad tidings of

great joy." The wicked and the dissolute she had sought out,—they, indeed, had been her especial care,—and with them she had argued, reasoned, prayed. The prayer of the innocent for the guilty availeth much. In many instances she had succeeded in drawing towards the path of good, if not altogether in retrieving, the unfortunate creatures who elicited her sympathies. How different, however, were the operations of father and daughter, and yet how much of the truthfulness of human nature, may we trace out in that difference!

The Rev. Miles Stapleton, clothed in the invincible armour of truth and godliness, had gone forth into the crowd, preaching with firmness, (yet with all an apostle's kindness and good-feeling,) the fixed and unalterable truths of the gospel,—appealing at once to the reason of his hearers. Not so his gentle helpmate, the dear Ermance. To follow the course of her labours, we must rush at once into the sacred arcana of domestic life, we must fathom the depths of a mother's love, the purity of a young daughter's heart. Yes, Ermance achieved her victories through the instrumentality of the passions, working out, with that delicate tenderness of which a high-minded woman alone is capable, the most noble and permanent results. If there was one string within the heart with which she had to deal, more susceptible of good than another, that was the string to which she would direct the whole energy of her soul.

To a young mother smiling with admiration on her gentle first-born, at her bosom, she would sweetly, yet seriously observe, "Aye love it, cherish it! it is a treasure given you of God, and of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

The unruly or ungrateful child, she would exhort with an air of truthfulness and sincerity, that at once carried conviction to the heart, "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Thus, (one through the reason, the other through the passions) father and daughter worked out the good work, fought the good fight of truth and christianity!

CHAPTER IV.

THE faint, silvery beams of the "young May moon" were stealing rapidly over the highest headlands of the distant hills, and gilding with their sparkling radiance the peaceful bosom of the majestic Wharf, as Leicester Melville and his young bride entered the village of his childhood. I was their only companion. I had travelled with them from Venice, had daily, or I may even say almost hourly, been in their society, and the more I saw of the gentle and warm-hearted Lisette, the less reason did I find to wonder at the idolatry of my friend. Lisette was indeed a rare creature,—all heart and sincerity. There was an air of trusting confidence and simplicity in all she said and did, that could not fail to win for her the admiration and respect of all with whom she came in contact. Bright and flattering, however, as were the anticipations of her love's young dream, it would have been impossible for one possessed of a heart so tender and susceptible, to have banished entirely the remembrance of those she had left behind: often, indeed, during the last few days of our journey, would a cloud steal over her exquisitely modelled brow, and a tear bedim the brightness of her sparkling eye.

"Think you, Leicester," she would say to her doting husband, as she leant fondly on his arm, "think you my mother will ever forgive me? She is very, very harsh; and oh! I tremble when I think of the result." An affectionate kiss was the only answer Leicester would make to these appeals, and often was that simple, though sacred pledge of his devotedness more powerful in removing the melancholy reflections of his gentle bride than the most subtle and studied argument he could have used. Melville himself, though happy, aye, inexpressibly happy in the possession of his young wife, had latterly become somewhat more thoughtful and reserved than usual, and it required but little penetration to fathom the cause of his gloom. Many weeks had passed away since he had last heard from the home of his childhood, and what would be the reception given to Lisette by his father was a matter of deep and harassing cogitation. Cold and unnatural as had been the conduct of that father towards his child, there was too much natural goodness in the heart of Leicester Melville not to wish for a hearty welcome at his hands. A parent's blessing on his union would have rendered him the happiest man in the world. Alas! he little knew how sad a blow was shortly

to fall on his young heart. Hopes, cherished for months, were to be crushed in a moment: the cup of happiness was to be dashed from his lips ere he had well tasted of the draught.

As the carriage drove rapidly through the main street of the little village, we could not but remark its unusual quiet and repose. Not a noise was heard to break the calm serenity which filled the place, save when, every now and then, some drowsy house-dog, startled from its slumbers by the rumbling of our heavy vehicle along the pavement, set up a sudden and angry bark, which almost instantly died away in a low and surly growl. Even this was something to break the monotony, and we almost hailed it with delight.

We at length arrived at the old parsonage. The house was closed, and every thing seemed to wear the same quiet air of silence and desertion as the little village through which we had just passed. To jump from the carriage, to ring loudly at the door-bell, to hand out his gentle bride upon the threshold, was but the work of an instant with the eager and expectant Melville.

His summons was speedily answered. A rosy-cheeked little maiden, attired in plain and homely garb, courteously inquired his name and desire, evidently astonished at our late arrival. Her inquiries answered, we were at once ushered into the house, and shewn into an apartment evidently used as the incumbent's drawing-room. Every thing was changed; there was not an article of furniture even that called forth the recognition of the astonished Melville. His cheek grew deadly pale, and struggling with strong internal emotion, he was on the point of expressing the dark suspicions which had seized upon his mind, when the door of the apartment suddenly opened, and the Rev. Miles Stapleton stood before us. Oh! how well do I remember the reception given to us by that good old man. There was an air of kindness and parental familiarity in his manners that at once elicited our confidence and respect. A brief recital, and that made in so delicate and feeling a manner that its incidents were robbed of half their bitterness, soon put the wretched Melville in possession of so much of his father's misfortunes and misdeeds as it was necessary for him at that moment to know. After we had been sat for some time, and during a momentary pause in the conversation, the Rev. Miles Stapleton rose, rang the bell, and summoned his daughter.

"Now, my dear Ermance," said he, after the usual formalities of introduction, "to your care we will consign Mrs. Leicester Melville: she is wearied and fatigued by her journey; see that every thing is quickly provided that may be necessary for her comfort and restoration."

Taking the wondering Lisette kindly by the hand, the warm

hearted Ermance led her from the room; and scarcely had the door closed upon them when Melville, seeming suddenly to recal his confused and wandering thoughts, rose from his seat, and grasping the hand of the clergyman warmly within his own, exclaimed in a voice almost inarticulate from excitement, "No, no, we will not trespass upon your kindness. You are very, very good, but——"

"Not a word, not a word, my dear boy," replied the old man, at once putting a stop to his refusal; "think not for a moment you will be trespassers here. Though no longer the house of your parent, this is still the home of your childhood,—still the village parsonage; and so long as you remain under its roof you will be heartily welcome to every comfort it may afford. Many and painful, indeed, may be the associations that will almost hourly be called forth in your mind, yet I will fain venture to hope that even in the very scene of your misfortunes you may be inspired with a spirit of humble and christian resignation. I beseech you, if it be only for the sake of that gentle creature, your young wife, you will at once abide where you are. To the companionship of my matronly little daughter she is now consigned, and I will venture to say they are even now letting their talkative little tongues run riot in sisterly confidence. Come, come, Mr. Melville, you must for once, at least, let a wilful old man have his own way."

There was a tone and air of sincerity about the manner in which this appeal was made, that it would have been next to impossible to have held out longer. There was instantly a ringing of bells, a running to and fro of busy feet; boxes were uncorded, travelling cases unpacked, and all within the usually quiet parsonage was in bustle and confusion. Having bade my dear Melville, his lovely little bride, and the warm-hearted tenants of the parsonage, a hearty good night, I once more resumed my seat in the carriage, and was in a few minutes rapidly driving through the village towards my own early home,—the Rosery. Many, many months had passed away since I had last seen any of my own kind relations, and such were my hopes, my anticipations, at the thoughts of again joining our little household band, that I almost blush to say, I thought and felt but little at the moment for the misfortunes of my poor friend.

Alas! how selfish is the human heart! At any other time, under any other circumstances, I should have felt bitterly, yes, bitterly as heart could feel, the calamity which had befallen Leicester Melville; but then I had bright hopes, gay dreams, pleasing anticipations, of my own, and was too strongly enslaved by their influence to feel as I ought to have done for another.

I was a young and thoughtless boy at that time. I am a grey-headed, care-worn old man now; and time, experience, and a

severe schooling in the bitter world of affliction, I humbly trust has somewhat remedied my faults.

The human heart! Oh watch it, watch it closely, for it is a selfish and deceitful thing.

The human heart! "Who," asks St. Augustine, "can trace all the ramifications of this root of iniquity? who can explain its many parts and entanglements? It strikes me with horror: I dare no longer look upon it."

CHAPTER V.

How delightful is it after a long absence in a distant land to return once more to the quiet and serenity of one's own paternal hearth: to take one's place, surrounded by the old familiar faces so often pictured on the page of memory, at the social board, while the sweet familiar voices of the olden time keep up a melody that makes the very heart rebound within one's breast! There are a thousand events to be related on both sides: a thousand little interchanges of thoughts and affections; hopes realized, projects thwarted, the realities of the past, the visions of the future,—all, all have an interest for reunited friends: all claim a portion of their discussion and attention. We may say, in short, of all the delightful hours of domestic privacy and comfort, there are none so dear to us as those few fast fleeting hours immediately succeeding our return home after a long and tedious sojourn in the busy world. So many of the better feelings of the human heart are at once called into activity: so variable are the thoughts that chase each other rapidly through the mind, that those few hours, indeed, often seem to pass with more than double their usual speed.

Thus, at all events, did it happen on the night of my return to the Rosery. Hour after hour passed away, and it was not until long past midnight that any of our little household showed an inclination to retire to rest. Not a cloud had come across my heart, not a word had been uttered that was calculated to mar the happiness of my return, until the domestics were summoned, as usual, to our evening prayer. My father, who was then well

stricken in years, taking the sacred volume from the old fashioned book shelf, and seating himself as usual at the head of the table, looked mournfully round to see that we were all assembled. *One* chair was vacant,—only one. I saw the poor old man fix his eyes on that chair for a moment, then with a sad, yet half reproachful, look, I felt them turned upon myself. Marian! our sweet young Marian! the first of our little household band who had passed "that bourne from whence no traveller returns:" *she*, whom I *alone* had seen consigned to her grave in a strange land,—she, whose bright form was now mouldering to dust beneath an Italian sky:—oh never, never once, had her name passed my lips that night. True it was, I had told them all by a letter, even the most trifling and apparently insignificant particular, had been carefully communicated; yet, yet after all, surely her dear memory deserved at least *one* word. The tears rushed to my eyes: I felt at once how weak, how almost worthless, is a brother's love, when compared with a father's deep and undying idolatry. The service ended, and we each rose to retire to our respective rooms, when my father, shaking me warmly by the hand, pointed to the vacant chair, and said, in a voice full of tenderuess and affection, "She is not lost, but gone before." His silent reproof had answered its purpose; deeply, deeply, had it sunk into my careless and unfeeling heart, and never, perhaps, shall I forget the mournful reflections it produced.

Although few changes had actually taken place in our family circle during my long absence, many, I soon found, were even at this very time in contemplation, and one, perhaps the most important of all, was an intention on the part of my parents to leave the village of ———, and to reside in future in the South of England. Several arrangements had already been completed, and there seemed, in short, but one reason for delay, that was, their hitherto fruitless endeavours to meet with a tenant for the Rosery. Knowing that Leicester Melville had determined on taking up his abode in the neighbourhood, it at once occurred to me that should he still remain in the same mind, notwithstanding the departure of his family, we might find in him a ready and willing occupant. At an early hour on the following morning I set out for the parsonage, and had the good fortune to meet, almost within a hundred paces of our own door, the Rev. Miles Stapleton and my dear Melville. The latter, I soon found, having heard of the intentions of my family, had already forestalled my desire, and was even then on his road to the Rosery, for the purpose of entering into negotiations with my father. We had scarcely reached the entrance to the garden when Lisette, accompanied by the rosy-cheeked Ermance, bearing a basket of fruit on her arm, made her appearance. The old clergyman was pretty nearly correct when he said the two girls would soon let their giddy tongues run on

with sisterly confidence. So indeed it was; from the first moment of their meeting they seemed to inspire each other with a mutual attachment. They were both young, amiable, and of pure heart,—hence arose this sudden and unquestioning confidence. A brief salutation, a few words of merry repartee, and they passed on, Ermance being bound, as I soon found, on her daily visits of mercy to the poor and destitute. She had now, indeed, met with a meet companion to share her labours. Many, very many, were the blessings invoked upon the heads of those young sisters of charity during that morning's visitations.

A brief half-hour's conversation between my sire and Leicester Melville resulted, as I had anticipated it would do, in Melville's having agreed to become the future tenant of the Rosery; an agreement with which the Rev. Miles Stapleton expressed himself well pleased. It was evident the old man felt keenly for the position of his youthful companion, and was delighted at the idea of having him for a neighbour and a friend.

The next three or four weeks were marked by unusual turmoil and confusion: all were busily engaged in making the necessary preparations for the anticipated change. Carpenters and upholsterers from the nearest town were at work early and late; pulling down and building up appeared to be the general order of the day. The little greenhouse, which had been sadly neglected for the last few months, since the time, indeed, that our family had determined on removal, was re-stocked with several of the most choice exotics from the greenhouse at the parsonage. But over all the arrangements, Lisette alone was allowed to be mistress. Did she by chance ever happen to admire a shrub or a flower, within the hearing of the worthy clergyman or his daughter, the following day was sure to find it gracing her own little stock.

Notwithstanding the dark clouds that had latterly hung threateningly over their heads, notwithstanding the fierce trials of the heart they had latterly been called upon to endure, a bright day now seemed ready to dawn upon them.

A happy home had the Rosery been to us; sincerely did I pray that it might ever be such to Leicester Melville and his young bride.

CHAPTER VI.

As Wharfdale, and more especially the *Rosery*, will henceforth become one of the principal scenes in our story, it may not here, perhaps, be altogether out of place to give the reader a somewhat more detailed description of both than we have hitherto done. To avoid becoming wearysome, however, we shall content ourselves by furnishing him with a rough, though true, etching, in preference to a finished picture.

There is not, perhaps, throughout England a more picturesque and enchanting valley than the one now under consideration; if we trace it, step by step, from the calm and sober little town of Tadcaster until we arrive amidst the clustering bowers, and the dark, beetling hills surrounding the venerable ruins at Bolton, there is not a single yard of ground that can fail to call forth our admiration and delight. The magnificent mansions, the rural villages, the dark, huge-spreading woods, and, above all, the majestic river that winds with snake-like circuity through the very centre of the landscape, lend a peculiar and irresistible charm. True it is, however, there is little until we approach the neighbourhood of Bolton that would strike the imagination as grand or terrific; no stern and beetling cliffs raise their storm-beat heads against the sky; no mountain cataracts rush down with irresistible force, filling the air with deep terrific sound. All is calm, serenity, and quiet. Here it is that nature seems for ever to enjoy an undisturbed repose. Had we but the bright and cloudless sky of Italia over our heads, we should find at every turn a picture too Claude-like to fail to inspire us with its beauty. As the two points, however, at which we have fixed our limits are separated by a distance of several miles, the reader would gain but little information as to the exact *locale* of our story by this general description. At once, then, let us beg of him to take his stand with us at the top of that high hill on the southern side of the valley, that is, the Chevin. There, close below us on the left, we have the little market town of Otley; a little further in the same direction, but on the contrary side of the river, the princely mansion of Denton raises its venerable front, while the dark clustering woods in the background, overtopped, at length, by the highest headlands of the distant hills, serve at once to render the whole scene pleasing and artistical. Overlooking this, again crossing the water, we have the princely establishment of Ben Rhydding. It stands out in bold relief from its dark background, and its huge

size, castellated turrets, and commanding position, give to it the appearance of a baronial castle of the olden time. Beyond this, comes the little village of Ilkley, famous for its medicinal waters, its summer visitors, and merry pic-nic parties: and then, fading gradually away in the distance, the dark woods of Bolton close in the picture. Now (again returning to our place on the Chevin) let us direct our attention for a moment in the opposite direction. Though not so diversified, we have an equally beautiful landscape. Wood and water naturally, yet most artistically, intermingle; here and there a pretty little village, embowered like a wild bird in its nest, is partly discernible; and, every now and then, the eye rests upon the spire of some rural little church, which at once awakens associations in the heart that cause us almost involuntarily to turn

"From nature up to nature's God."

The landscape, as before, is bounded in the distance by the mantling woods of another princely domain, the property of one of the most worthy and high-minded of our English nobility. Now looking for a moment directly in front of us, towards the north, we again encounter another princely residence, the home, not of a nobleman, but of a wealthy commoner, a man of letters, a hoarder of Cromwellian relics, a persevering politician, and a fierce partizan. Beyond this, a little to the West, the giant-like form of Almais Crag stands prominently forth, and seems, as a modern poet has said of the unconquered isle of Corsica,

"——To dare
The wildest fury of the beating storm."

At the foot of this crag let the reader picture to his imagination *our* village,—that village to which we have some time ago introduced him. It has one long narrow street, the hostelry bounding it on the one hand, the parsonage on the other; and there, at a short distance, in a close green lane which is entered from about the centre of the village, amidst a thick clump of dark fir-trees, stands the "old house at home," the pretty Rosery. It is a plain Elizabethan building, with pointed roof, and strong mullioned windows: as true in architectural design as it is perfect in respect of locality and position. It is surrounded on three sides by a most exquisite flower-garden, and bounded on the back by a dark and venerable plaintain, which adds not only to the beauty of the place, but serves as an effectual shelter from the bleak winds of the frigid north. It is just that kind of place one never looks upon without a feeling of delight. The painter and the poet can behold in it at once a subject to adorn a picture and a song.

With this brief sketch, — this rough etching, rude and imperfect as it is,—we close our chapter, leaving the reader to work up and finish, as his imagination may suggest, the beauties of the picture.

CHAPTER VII.

After the arrival of Melville and his bride in England, they had lost no time in communicating with Mrs. Cavendish. Both had written to her, explaining clearly and implicitly the motives which had induced them to adopt the line of conduct they had done, and at the same time, casting themselves entirely on her good nature, soliciting forgiveness of their fault. Sufficient time for them to have received an answer to their joint appeal had long ago elapsed, yet post after post had as yet arrived in vain,—not a word had been received from Italy. Poor Lisette, who had at first ventured to hope for a prompt and ready forgivenesss, daily began to suffer more and more from this apparent coldness and neglect. Her usually buoyant and elastic spirits were frequently overshadowed by gloomy depressions, and Melville was too deeply skilled in the mysterious workings of the human heart, not to sympathise in her sorrow. True it was, the young couple were still all in all to each other; true it was, that whatever might be the sacrifice they had now to make, they could not as far as they were individually concerned, ever regret the step they had taken. The first outbursts of passion, however, having settled down into the calm placidity of sober love, both felt, and that most bitterly, how fearful a thing it was to have a parent's angry malediction on their heads. Time wore away, and nothing daunted by their first ill success, a second, and eventually a third, appeal was made to the unforgiving mother, and long did it seem doubtful, indeed, whether or not even this their third attempt to win for themselves forgiveness and reconciliation was not destined to meet with the same unpitying coldness and neglect.

"Here, here, my dear Leicester, it has come at last," exclaimed Lisette, one sunny morning, as she bounded merrily into the little greenhouse at the Rosery, a flush of joyous expectation mantling her cheek and brow.

"What do you mean, Lisette?" inquired Leicester, almost

throwing down a large camellia plant which he was just in the act of pruning, in his astonishment.

"Mean! why the letter, to be sure. Look you, dear Melville, here it is. Sweet, long looked for letter," and stretching forth her pretty little hand towards her husband, she placed before him a large business-like missive bearing the Italian mark.

"Well," replied Melville, after turning over the letter, and eyeing it intently for a few moments, "it certainly does look as though our hopes were now about to be realized; but do not be too sanguine, my dear Lisette; there are more people in Italy than one, from whom this may have come."

"No, no, Melville; I know the handwriting too well to harbour a doubt. Yes," continued she, again taking up the letter and minutely inspecting its direction, "that is my dear mother's writing, I am quite sure of it. At all events, we will soon satisfy ourselves on this point."

In a moment the huge seal was removed, and with palpitating hearts the young couple read the intelligence it conveyed. The anticipations of the gentle Lisette were at once confirmed. The letter was, indeed, from Mrs. Cavendish, but how different a letter to what even their darkest fears had led them to expect! It was long, crossed and crossed, but there was throughout every sentence a cold, upbraiding tone, which sank deeply into the hearts of Melville and his young wife. From the beginning to the end there was not a single word that had been dictated in a kind and gentle spirit, not a word of parental affection, nor was there even held out a single hope of forgiveness. On the contrary, every succeeding line seeemed rather to indicate the stern unbending temper of the writer, to be still, as ever, irreconcileable. Her eyes suffused with tears, her breast heaving with agitation, Lisette listened eagerly to every word as she heard it tremblingly fall from her husband's quivering lips. The letter was finished, and Lisette's grief was at its climax.

"Ah!" exclaimed Melville, turning over the letter in his hands, "here is a postscript I have overlooked."

"'Henceforth it will be well for Mrs. Leicester Melville to bear in mind that she must ever remain a stranger to her family. She has chosen her own path in life, and must abide the consequences.'"

Melville's intellectual brow became contracted, and a gleam of indignation lighted up his countenance. It was but for a moment. Then summoning all the better feelings of his heart, he assumed a look of calmness and placidity, and with a smile of trusting confidence grasped the hand of his sorrowing wife warmly within his own.

"Come, come, dear Lisette, it is now fruitless to repine. You have given up all for my sake. Depend upon it I shall not underrate the sacrifice."

"Melville," replied the heart-stricken girl, brushing the tears from her cheek, "Melville, I know too well the noble feelings that influence your heart, not to feel assured that this letter will bind you more closely to me than ever. It seems, after all, that I must indeed sacrifice every thing; no matter, no matter, so long as I have your love; I would willingly lay down my life for your sake. I did wrong, nay, we both did wrong, Melville, yet this cruelty far outsteps the enormity of our fault. In marking out my own destiny, I followed the honest dictates of my heart, and whatever may have been rash and undutiful in my conduct arose, not from any desire on my part to be so, not from any unworthy childishness or caprice, but from the fear of being irresistibly led into a compact which I could not even contemplate without loathing and abhorrence. I know my mother would have had me marry the Count D'Almaviva, yes, even though I have often sworn to her on my knees that I could never love him. Why was this? why? Melville, give me the letter. There, there," and she tore it in a thousand fragments, "there, let it go to the winds. It was a cruel, a very cruel, letter, yet I can forgive, forget all. If I am a *forsaken* child, an outcast from my mother's breast, I thank God I am not a perjured wife."

It was long ere the usually calm and placid girl could subdue the agitation into which she had been thrown; it was long ere her attentive and compassionate husband could succeed in alleviating the bitterness of her anguish. Fortunately, perhaps, for both, the Rev. Miles Stapleton, accompanied by his daughter, paid an early visit to the Rosery on the morning in question. The good old clergyman and his daughter were at once made acquainted with the cause of their distress, and, as usual, kindly offered that consolation to the young sufferers which their daily experience had taught them so aptly to administer: yet, even in these words of consolation, there was every now and then a gentle mingling of reproof which seldom failed to work the desired result —repentance and reformation. True it was, as the gentle Lisette had justly observed, she had done wrong, but not such wrong as to justify this cold and heartless conduct of her parent. This fact was not overlooked by the Rev. Miles Stapleton; rarely, however, had he allowed himself to be led into an expression of his thoughts. A long and intimate acquaintance with the human heart, had made him too thoroughly skilled in its mysterious and apparently irreconcileable workings, to permit himself ever to be led into any act that might be the means of calling into activity any of those dark and unhallowed passions which ever steal so closely, yet so secretly, on the footsteps of all that is good and noble. Long and rejoicingly had he observed the sorrow of his young neighbours for their *one fault*, long had he felt an intense inclination to take them to his heart, to bid them be of "good cheer," to become a ready witness of their deep and all-sufficient repentance. His sterner

reason, however, forbade the gentle promptings of his heart. True, indeed, it was, sufficient atonement had been made, yet there was no forgiveness. The mother, not the children, was now the guilty one, and yet, for the Rev. Miles Stapleton to have avowed this, freely and unreservedly for him to have compassionated, on the one hand, while he condemned, on the other, might have been productive of most evil consequences.

Better, far better, let them drain the dregs of repentance still a little deeper, than by a hasty, though it may be a well merited, sympathy with their wrong, give strength to feelings which may eventually cause them incalculable sorrow and misery.

Good and pure-hearted as they were, there was still so much of the old leaven of human nature lurking within their breasts as to render them at times subservient to the darker feelings of humanity. Sorrow and repentance might readily have been followed by pride and indignation, mutual anger and resentment. Then, then, indeed, would the result have been most ruinous.

As tares thrown in amidst wheat soon spring up, and choke the good seed in its growth, so such passions, once called into activity in the hearts of young people, soon become the most effectual barrier to the exercise of all the better feelings of our nature.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

"An extremely affecting account is given of the manner in which the Duchess Dowager de Praslin, the mother of the duke, who is nearly blind, has been made acquainted with the death of her daughter-in-law, whom she loved most tenderly. She was at first informed that her unfortunate daughter had been murdered by robbers. Upon this, she desired that her son might come to her, and they would mourn together. Expressing her extreme surprise that he did not come to her, it became necessary to make her gradually and cautiously acquainted with the truth. Upon this, she sank into a state of complete despair. The four younger daughters have been taken to their grandmother, Madame de Praslin."—*Paris Paper.*

I AM confused, and sick, and faint; oh! feel my hand, how cold,
And yet it is not chilled by age, though I am very old;
But by that creeping fearfulness that stagnates round the heart,
When something terrible and dread, pale horror doth impart.

My son's wife! sure, I've had a dream, or else I am insane;
My scattered thoughts I would collect. Nay, tell me not again;
'Tis better I thought not at all. I tell thee I MUST think.
Oh! catch me, ere upon the ground, o'erwhelmed with grief, I sink.
My daughter! yes, to me she was a daughter very dear!
My daughter! what a horrid tale am I compelled to hear!
Oh! such a mother, such a wife, yet murdered in cold blood!
I must be DEAF as well as BLIND; could I have understood?
What fell assassin's ruthless steel could pierce that gentle breast,
Which boundless love for all her kind spontaneously confessed?
These innocents, these pretty babes, now clinging close to me,
My God! how will they bear their loss, survive their misery?
Why comes their wretched father not? My son, why weep alone?
Thy mother panteth to partake thy riven bosom's groan.
Come, come, together we will mourn, together weep the dead,
How more enduring is the love which from regret is bred!
Come, come, the sight of thy poor babes will mitigate thy woe,
And for their mother's sake thou wilt check sorrow's rising flow;
Come, I'm not jealous of the tear that for another falls,
The wife, though dead, unto the HEART of her husband still calls.
If she COULD die, and thou not grieve with deep intensity,
Thou would'st be less than man, my son, in stolid apathy!
Why comes he not? does he conceive I am too blind to see
The wild distraction of his look, his mortal agony?
Maternal love a miracle will surely work for him,
And from mine eyes the scales will drop which render vision dim.
Or, if not, I his tears can FEEL, can HEAR his frantic cry,
And, with a mother's earnest voice, a mother's sympathy,
Speak peace to him, if peace below he evermore may find.
I'm weary asking after him; relieve my anxious mind.
Go, speed him here! go, speed him here! affection cannot wait,
I long to fold him to my breast, the 'reaved, the desolate!

"Alas! the *worst* remains to tell, the bitt'rest word to speak!
In pity, lady, turn away thy boding, blanching cheek!
Thy son—oh! how dare I proceed? THY son is thought to be
The fell assassin thou didst curse! Thank God, thou canst not see,
Or thou would'st blast me with thy gaze—nay, e'en thy darkened eyes
Strike terror to my trembling soul, so starting with surprise
From out their sockets. Yet, I swear, I but the truth have told,
Which uttering, I grieve for thee, sad mother, blind and old!"

"Base paltry liar! my gallant son, the noble, and the brave,
To hint that he COULD send his wife to such a butcher grave!
'Tis monstrous! Still, such startling crimes *have* blotted hist'ry's page.
Ah! pardon thou a mother's doubts, forgive a mother's rage,
And tell me all, yet kindly tell; I cannot too much bear,
For I am old exceedingly: then manage my despair.
Too old indeed! too long I've lived, to learn this fearful deed.
Oh! when a wife, a faithful wife, doth by a husband bleed,

Destruction reigns upon the earth, in awfulness supreme,
And chaos, with Cain's bloody hand, shades mercy's lambent beam.
As monsters monsters but beget, his father, sure, and I
Must have done some peculiar act of dire atrocity,
Producing such a prodigy, a world with fear to shake,
To humble pride, to rank abase, with this hell-heaved earthquake.
What heights of horror it flings up, what lovely valleys chokes,
Within this poor distracted heart, where still like incense smokes
The adoration rising THERE for thee, whom time the more
Did only seem to honour, for thy mother to adore!
My son! my son! well may I cry, Would I had died for thee!
Or, thou hadst perished in the womb, in sinless infancy!
My God! my God! could I have read this LAST turned leaf of fate,
When all so proud to see him grow to haughty man's estate:
I should have prayed Thee night and day, nor ceased one sleepless hour,
Him to remove ere he could spring to such ferocious power.
Leave me, thou messenger of ill, I wish no more to hear,
My grief too sacred has become for thee to see my tear.
No; when a mother weeps the crime which a son's mem'ry stains,
In solitude, upon her knees, she must pour out her pains
To Him who SUFFERED such a deed. Lord! suffer thou also
That mother may of thee implore strength to sustain the blow.
Not shame, but sorrow, now I feel,—shame's for this vainer world
With which I've done, for ever done, from envied greatness hurled.
The disgraced remnant of my years in fasting, prayers, and tears,
Shall all be spent for thee, LOST ONE, who mournful makest those years!

LETTER OF CONGRATULATION FROM AN OLD BACHELOR TO A BRIDEGROOM.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I AM sorry, my dear fellow, to be compelled to decline your obliging invitation to your nuptials; but having lived considerably more than half a century in this world of trouble (into which, by the bye, I came in the same year as yourself), I have rather a dread of a cold damp church early in the morning; neither can I

get up an appetite to partake of French pies and lobster sallad at the hour of a wedding breakfast; neither are my nerves quite equal to listen to sentimental speeches and sobs, or, worse than all, to the perpetual *feu-de-joie* of those tiny crackers which form a regular side-dish at these banquets.

However, I wish to congratulate you on the occasion, and am happy to say that I have abundant materials for so doing. The first great advantage of your choice consists in the relative ages of yourself and your bride elect, you being sixty-one, and Lucinda nineteen. Now, it is an established fact that young ladies always prefer marrying elderly men. Of this I am certain, for I have been told so by many bridegrooms in the vale of years, who must of course be excellent judges of the matter. Just think, then, how much more likely you are to be happy than if you had married when you were eight and twenty or thirty; then you would have been the innocent cause of inflicting much mortification on your wife, while now you will have the satisfaction of knowing that her taste is perfectly pleased. Your thin grey hairs will delight a partner for life who is, like Desdemona, too sensible to approve of "the curled darlings of the nation," and your closely shaven whiskers give you a respectability of appearance very different from the brigand look of the moustachiod young men of the present day,—a look which I know to be peculiarly disagreeable to young ladies.

I have a niece who is well acquainted with Lucinda and her family, and I am gratified by all I hear about them. There are to be ten bridesmaids at the wedding; and they are not, like most bunches of bridesmaids, selected severally from various parts of the "Great Metropolis:" five of them are Lucinda's own sisters, the remaining five are her first cousins, and all of them live in the same square as yourself, so that you will not only have Lucinda, but Lucinda's relations in a ring-fence, a consideration by no means to be slighted. Your mother-in-law elect is, I understand, a most valuable person: shrewd, clever, and perfectly versed in the usages of the world, and, at the same time, not a match-making, manœuvring, mamma. Of this I think there is a most convincing proof in the fact of her having six unmarried daughters, the eldest of whom is turned of thirty-five; a matchmaker would have got them off years ago, especially as they see a great deal of company in London, and their faces are well known at all the gayest of the watering places. The father, also, is an excellent man, and I understand speaks in the most enthusiastic terms every where of the accomplishments, sweetness of temper, and high principles of his daughters; this is most satisfactory, for who ought to know their dispositions if their own father does not? Lucinda, I am told, sings delightfully; this will be a charming amusement for you, and I do not think she will lay it aside, like most young ladies, on

her marriage, because, having a large acquaintance among professional singers, she is constantly practising duets with some established favourite of the public, and it is not so expensive as you may suppose to invite these sort of people to your parties: taking several dozen of tickets for each of their benefits, and offering them a few little elegant occasional presents will be all that will be expected from you. I am glad to hear that Lucinda brings with her a French maid, an Italian page, two poodles, and a parrot; they will enliven your house greatly, and as you have dismissed your old faithful house-keeper, whom our friend Crabtree has been delighted to engage, there will be nobody likely to raise any objection to them. I am overjoyed to find that you have acted so handsomely respecting settlements and pin-money. Lucinda has so much liberality of spirit that she has never hitherto been able to keep within her allowance. My niece describes Lucinda as a most fascinating person: sometimes as full of fire and brilliancy as a catherine-wheel, sometimes melting into the softest languishment; having a winning way of taking up the attention of the gentlemen that makes all her own sex jealous of her; sensitively alive to the slightest neglect, and subject to hysterics on the slightest opposition. Now this is just the sort of wife calculated to rouse and interest a grave, steady man of a certain age, who of course needs much more entertainment and excitement than he would have done thirty years ago. I understand Lucinda's delicate health requires that she should regularly ride on horseback, and I know that you have a great dislike to that exercise; but even here how fortunately matters fall out! her cousin, Captain O'Donnel, has always been in the habit of riding in the park with her, and as he is one of the finest and most gentlemanly-looking young fellows in England, you need not be ashamed of your friends meeting your wife thus escorted. Lucinda's brother is the only black sheep of the family, but I think if his debts were paid (and he says they are under two thousand pounds), he would be likely to reform: at all events, if I were you, I would make the trial. The girls are all exemplary creatures, a matter of some importance to you, for as the father is breaking fast, and has only a life-income, they will probably soon become inmates of your house.

I hear that Lucinda has exacted a promise from you to give up cigars; this, of course, must greatly increase your fondness for her, for it is said we never love a person thoroughly till we have made a sacrifice for them. Crabtree has just dropped in, and told me he was going to write you a lecture on the folly of your marriage. I read him my letter, and he said he thought it would supersede the necessity of his! What could Crabtree possibly mean?—I remain,

Your faithful Friend,

SOLUS SINGLETON.

CONCEALED GRIEF.

Poor Naomi! her still retreat, I sought one wintry night,
The solemn moon was streaming in, with pale unearthly light;
Like a pure snow wreath she was flung upon the cold hard floor,
And her young heart seemed breaking, for she was weeping sore.
Oh! 'tis a rending sound to hear, such wailings, sad and low,
When the hushed midnight hours should shed balmy sleep on woe;
But the redbreast in the morning, was welcomed by her smile,
And fed from out her gentle hand with gay words all the while;

Poor Naomi! I heard her in the summer bower one day,
I never knew before that time, how human lips *can* pray;
But secret was the action, and sacred be the theme,
There are hidden things in many hearts, of which we little dream.
A piercing sound is woman's grief, the crushed heart's wild despair;
A blessed sound the glorious hope, breathed forth in fervent prayer!
The fawn came bounding forth in glee, to meet her on her way,
She garlanded its graceful neck, in fond and frolic play.

Poor Naomi! at length I knelt beside her couch of pain.
She often tried to smile and speak, of bygone days again:
But the steel had well struck home, the effort would not do,
The weary frame was sinking fast, and that full well I knew:
A fearful sight it is to watch the fading hours of life,
Slowly, slowly parting still, a calm but stedfast strife;
To look on earth, when heaven so soon will feast those languid eyes,
To know the loved one *here* to day,—*to-morrow* in the skies;

C. A. M. W.

MARMADUKE HUTTON;

OR,

THE POOR RELATION.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH.

CHAPTER XIV.*

As it was no part of Mr. Joseph Linton's plan to delay matters longer than was necessary, the whole household were early astir the next morning, for the purpose of seeing poor Dinah depart. One or two, in fact, amongst whom was the good old Mrs. Harding and Stephen, had never been in bed at all, the former having struggled through the wretched night hours in a most pitiable state, in her own dark room; whilst Stephen walked sentry up and down the ghostly-looking dining-room, in too restless a state, even to snatch the few hours' uneasy rest, a chair might afford.

Lucy and Dinah had slept together from childhood, and it might have struck a pang even to the heart of Linton himself, to have seen the two poor girls as they assisted each other at their simple toilet, prior to retiring to rest in this saddest of nights in the lives of either.

Dinah, who, from her exceeding loveliness, had been petted by every one from infancy, was seated on a low couch in front of the dressing-table, on which two tall silver candlesticks were burning: a loose night-robe of snowy whiteness was thrown over her form, through a chance opening in which an exquisitely modelled arm

* Continued from p. 42, vol. I.

was visible, and which displayed to full advantage the beautiful white throat and neck; Dinah's face was as pale as death, and there were traces of tears on her cheeks, and her countenance still wore the half-startled expression it had assumed on her father's intimation that she was to accompany him to London: the beautiful coquette's raven hair was unbound, and fell in a dark mass over her shoulders, forming an admirable background to the pale and lovely countenance of the poor girl, who sate, perfectly absorbed in her own sad reveries, well nigh unconscious of gentle Lucy Harding's good offices on the present occasion.

Lucy was apparently quite ready for bed, for her pretty, mild-looking face was already almost concealed by a cap, the deep folds of which really seemed to add another charm to her gentle features; there was an evident sorrow visible in her usually placid countenance, whilst round her eyes two purple circles were sad enough tokens of the tears that had been shed, on her part, at the separation; and yet, for all this her motions were as calm and self-possessed as ordinary, and as she hung over poor Dinah, with all the old endearing ways she had been accustomed to lavish upon her, from Dinah's childhood, her voice was even cheerful and hopeful, although it shook at times, as if the speaker's words jarred upon her own sad thoughts.

"Dinah, love! will you not speak one word to night?" said she, parting tenderly the beautiful black tresses from the clouded brow of her cousin, "here we are on the eve of parting, God knows for how long, and yet when we have so much to say and to plan for the future, you remain silent."

The lips quivered, and the once bright, merry eyes were filled with tears, and yet no syllable escaped Dinah Linton at this appeal.

"If I could think, Dinah, in the sad, sad future, that seems to stretch before both of us," said Lucy sweetly, "that you would at times look fondly and hopefully back to the merry and blessed times we have spent in this dear old house; if I could think that our dear mother could at times shed the blessed influence of her example upon her absent child; if I could hope that whether in poverty or riches, in sorrow or joy, in tribulation or triumph, you would be true to him who loves you, better even than life itself; if I could trust, Dinah, that Walter's image, and Walter's love would be treasured in your heart of hearts, as a possession that might one day compensate for all that you have suffered; if I could hope, Dinah, that you would be as true to Walter, as Walter is true to you, but Dinah! Dinah! speak to me!" faltered the generous girl, suddenly ceasing her appeal, and folding poor Dinah in her arms until she felt Dinah's heart beating against her own; "Oh Dinah, do not look so stony dead, and heartbroken! you kill me with all this silent misery,—you do! you do!"

Not one word! not a look! was she dead?

"Dinah," said Lucy, bursting into tears, whilst she brought her companion's cold, cold face to hers, until the lips met, and Lucy as she did so, felt that *they* too were as cold as the lips of the dead; "Dinah, my sister! whom I have loved with more than any sister's love from infancy! who never had one thought, or wish, or impulse that I have not shared, and who was almost dearer,—God forgive me! than poor mother or Stephen himself;—oh, Dinah, if I have said what I ought not to have said,—if in my fond girlish heart I imagined you were dearer to Walter than you really were, or if I hoped you liked Walter more than you do, forgive your poor Lucy, Dinah; but oh! do not cast her out from your weary, weary heart so cruelly! oh Dinah, give me but one word! only say that you love poor Walter."

Again the lips quivered, and a deep sigh escaped Dinah's weary heart, as she lay motionless in Lucy's arms.

"You have told me twenty times, Dinah, that you did not love Mordaunt," said Lucy more earnestly, "and though you quizzed and trifled so with him, I could see all the time, that *your heart was not in your lips*, but that you loved him as truly as life itself; I could see when you fell into those pretty fits of abstraction whenever he had gone away disappointed, that you were repaying yourself, for the torture you had just been inflicting upon him,—and yet, oh Dinah! you would forget your own pangs and your lover's unhappiness."

"Lucy!" gasped Dinah, darting a wild terrified look upon her cousin, "my good, patient, gentle, Lucy, do not torture me thus, to none but you would I confess how wilful and even wicked I have been! look at me, Lucy!" and the poor girl flung herself on her cousin's neck with a sudden paroxysm of pain: "I can feel that my face is as deadly pale as that of a corpse, and that my burning eyes are well nigh ready to start from their sockets, and that my lips are shrivelled and blue, as if they loathed the hateful words they have had to utter, but oh, Lucy! you cannot dive down into my heart, and feel the horrid pangs that torture me there! you cannot tell how weak and near to death I feel alike in body and soul! look! I can scarcely stand without I lean on you, for a terrible revulsion has passed over me, and I feel all overcome with pain and terror."

"If Mordaunt only knew ——," began Lucy, who felt her gentle heart sink within her, at this wretched sight.

"Don't name *him*, Lucy," gasped Dinah, clutching her own throat nervously, with her little hands, as she strove to speak, "I have wronged, and insulted, and scorned his noble nature,—I treated him with the coldest neglect, when all the while, he loved me so passionately, loved *me* Lucy!" murmured the poor girl, with the same wild look that had frozen her cousin but a few

minutes before; "Oh! when I think of all I have been guilty of towards him, I feel as if my maddened brain would kill me!"

"Dear, dear Dinah, how wild you talk!" whispered Lucy, looking scarcely less disturbed than her companion, "Walter I'm sure loves you."

"No! no! no! he does not," cried Dinah, vehemently, "I do not deserve to think, that he could cherish such feelings towards me, after all my indifference,—my own heart, Lucy, tells me he has forgotten me, or if he ever does remember me, it is only to tear my image from his heart, and tread it under foot, as he would a loathsome reptile; oh! what a torture one's own heart is when one feels that self-guilt is its bitterest burden, and a burden too that must be borne in secret."

There was a brilliant light in Dinah's eyes, at the moment she uttered these self-reproachful words, and her cheeks wore so beautiful a glow, that Lucy was speechless through admiration, and even when Dinah, rising up as if triumphing over her own weakness, stood like some glorious prophetess of old, with all the wild and terrible beauty of agony and despair stamped upon her form, and continued to speak, Lucy gradually sank down upon the couch, folding her hands upon her face, whilst a broken sob, escaping at intervals, was the only response she made to Dinah's heartbroken confession."

"No, Lucy," said poor Dinah, repressing a shudder, "I feel what my guilt has been, too keenly to seek to make light of it! I know that I have forever forfeited the love of one, to whom I was only too dear;—I have had my short dream of power and pride, and at last awake to the folly of my own proud, and cruel triumphs; henceforth Walter Mordaunt and I tread different paths, and I can only pray, that his career may be as brilliant and happy as his own noble nature deserves;—I can wish him this, if nothing else, for all the wrong I've done him," added she, bursting into tears, as she sank down beside her cousin on the couch.

"Dinah! Dinah!" murmured Lucy, looking up.

"If you love me, cousin, do not say more," said Dinah, laying her little hand, with a faint smile, on Lucy Harding's lips; "and now let us talk of other things, —why should such an insignificant thing as I, engross the whole conversation?"

"Because, Dinah, your fate at present seems so undecided," said Lucy, clasping both hands of the generous girl in her own; "it requires no mysterious sybil to tell my fortune, you know."

"Ah, poor Dick," said Dinah, almost gaily, "how I used to tease him! and yet, Lucy, I almost used to fancy my time and wit thrown away, for Dick was terribly thick-skinned, and by no means sensitive of ridicule."

"I believe Dick felt it more than he chose to confess," said Lucy, encouraging Dinah's altered spirits,—"the poor fellow, I'm

sure, has one of the kindest of hearts, and he is so unselfish and generous as well."

"Dick is a noble fellow, Lucy," said Dinah, kissing Lucy's fair cheek as she spoke, "if he were not, he would not deserve my pretty coz: I dont know why it should be so, and yet one always fancies that folks with great broad shoulders like Dick, must be honest and manly; and yet a hunchback may carry a gentle heart beneath all his deformity."

"I should almost trust one of God's creatures, whom an all-wise providence has seen fit to afflict with some incurable deformity, in preference to one on whom nature has lavished all the grace and elegance she had in her power to bestow," said Lucy, gravely; "I think there is something very touching in physical afflictions, Dinah, and of all Scott's wondrous creations, I feel my sympathy and pity most excited by poor Elshie."

"Dear, dear Elshie, and glorious Hobbie Elliott!" cried Dinah, merrily; "oh Lucy do you remember those hours of breathless enjoyment we used to share together in the old summer house when we were first permitted by grandmama to pluuge head-long into all the long pent-up marvels of the Waverley novels; that day made me feel as if life had unfolded a new charm to my senses, and I then, for the first time, felt what it was to be such a gifted genius as Shakspere or Scott."

"Dinah!" ejaculated Lucy, starting up as she heard the clock below, in the entrance-hall, strike, what she guessed must be the hour of twelve, "I declare if there is not midnight upon us, and there is a long day's journey before you for to-morrow; we must really give over talking, and get into bed, love."

"Ah, Lucy, why did you dispel my delightful dreams, by that horrid journey," said Dinah, pouting her dewy lip, "but now you shall see how heroic I will be;—when Stephen bids me good bye I will not squeeze out one tear to betray my sorrow at parting."

"And then Stephen will think you are as callous as you appear."

"I don't care," was Dinah's gay rejoinder, as she sprang into bed, and drew the white coverlid over her shoulders, "Ah! poor Walter, had he only been here, my stoicism might have made some impression upon him;" and Dinah sighed and yawned, as she closed her eyes and nestled close to Lucy, who now seemed much more wakeful than herself.

"Don't call me over early, Lucy," said she in a drowsy tone, as she folded her arms round her companion's neck, "I want to put off the misery of going away, until the very last moment," and Lucy readily promising to observe her wishes in this particular, the self-willed beauty was soon fast asleep.

After breakfast, the following morning, Dinah stole with noiseless steps into good old Mrs. Harding's room, to give the unhappy

protector of her youth one parting kiss before she went; the blinds were close drawn, so that the poor girl could not see how worn and pale was her venerable relative's usually happy countenance, but fell sobbing her very heart out in the good old lady's arms; had she been composed enough herself to have noticed it, the forced calmness of the latter's voice would have startled poor little Dinah, who could only cling to the old lady's neck, and sob out her inarticulate grief, which was far more eloquent to Mrs. Harding's ears, than all the language of the world could have been.

"I have written down in this letter, my love," said the old lady, producing a tolerably large parcel from under her pillow as she spoke, "a few words which I thought it better to write to you, than to say by word of mouth, as we are both too much agitated either for me to say, or you to hear, what I wanted you to be made acquainted with; and remember, my child, that whenever any misfortune should befall you, as may happen even to you, Dinah, that you implicitly follow the line of conduct I have laid down for you in it,—and now, God bless you, my dear, dear child!" and with many broken sobs on both sides, this melancholy interview terminated.

Dinah's eyes were far too red, and her whole manner much too nervous and hysterical for her threatened stoicism to be at all successful against her cousin Stephen; the latter seemed, in fact, too much absorbed in his own reveries, to take much notice of her —his manner was, however, very kind indeed, and his abstraction only made his behaviour the more touching.

"Dinah, my love, you had better run and prepare for your journey," said Mr. Linton, in his loud, hoarse voice; "it is a fearfully long stage to Hereford, and the London mail meets us there at twelve you know."

Dinah felt a sickening pang thrill through her body as she arose to obey this mandate, whilst the bluff, portly, gourmand, nodding good-humouredly, scooped the remainder of the potted game out of the pot upon his plate, and continued to talk away to Stephen Harding, with his mouth full.

"Why, Harding, my lad, you're awfully down in the mouth, this morning," quoth he, laughing very loud; "had I not had your own assertion to the contrary, which I implicitly believe, mark ye! I should suspect you to be over head and ears in love with my little girl, I'll be hanged if I shouldn't."

"I'm obliged to you at any rate, sir, for that," rejoined Stephen, looking steadily at him, "and as you are Dinah's father, you will excuse my saying, that it would have been no sin, had I fallen in love, as you term it, with Dinah."

"Faith, I'm not astonished to hear you say that, sir," retorted Linton, pouring out another cup of coffee with studied coolness, as

he nodded over the table to the young man. "In fact the only wonder with me is, that you could resist the temptation; Di' is a bewitching little baggage, and indeed, sir, I'm as proud as Lucifer of her,—blowed if I'm not," and then on perceiving that all the notice the young man took of this oration, was a stern smile, he added carelessly, "By the bye, Harding, should you ever come to London, I hope you will make my house you're home,—there's my address," and he flung a card towards his nephew as he spoke.

"The mere wish for novelty or excitement I'm afraid will never, by bringing me to London, allow me to trespass on your hospitality," said the young man coldly.

"Will little Di' not tempt you up?" inquired Linton, laughing gaily, as he tossed off his cup; "when a lady's in the case, you know, eh?"

"If Dinah should need my assistance, I will cheerfully travel a thousand miles, to render it," rejoined Stephen; "until then, sir ——."

"Your assistance, sirrah,—but pardon me, Harding," was the good-humoured rejoinder, "you have had possession of my little girl so long, I perceive that you are unwilling now, to give her up, even to me."

Stephen felt stung to the quick by this conversation, trifling as it was;—he was himself so stern and moody, that Linton's good-natured banter, when speaking of him, and the well-bred ease with which he proffered Stephen the invitation to London, seemed so much the impulse of the moment, and so entirely free from any artifice or plot, that the young man felt more and more perplexed, and undecided how to act; at one moment his mother's warning, of the preceding night, rung in his ears, and then when he glanced over to Linton himself, and felt his attention challenged, by the free and unstudied bearing, the handsome laughing countenance, which seemed far too honest and good-natured to harbour any evil thoughts behind it, and the tall, imposing figure which seemed to swell, and dilate, as if in very opposition to his own suspicions, he felt as if he was acting the part of a churl, and all his suspicions were on the point of vanishing into air.

Dinah at this moment appeared at the door, dressed for the journey,—Linton kissed Lucy in a fatherly manner, on the cheek, and then walked after Dinah and Stephen, who had offered her his arm to the carriage.

"You will not forgot my invitation, Harding," said he in the same frank hearty tone, and without waiting for a reply, sprang into the carriage, and ordered the postilion in a commanding voice to drive on.

"Confound that boy," roared he, letting down the window, after they had driven some miles, without exchanging a word on either

side, "if he does not sharpen his pace, we'll be too late for the mail,—harkee, my lad, if you don't drive those sorry cattle of yours at a swifter rate, I'll get out and horsewhip ye! and so now I've given you warning!" and he drew himself in again, whilst the trembling postboy, who had been in mortal fear of his wrath, throughout the journey, spurred, and whipped, and belaboured his horses so lustily, that in a couple of minutes they were flying over the road at a rate which, if sustained, promised at no distant interval to bring them to their journey's end.

"I hope, Dinah," was his next observation, in a sarcastic tone, "that when we arrive at London, you will find that tongue of yours, and use it, too, to some purpose; it makes little matter whether you are merry or sad, silent or talkative, whilst we are by ourselves; but when we have company, you must exert yourself to display the accomplishments you have been taught in that humdrum farm-house."

This was said in a sneering tone, which brought the blood up into Dinah's face in an instant.

"Be assured, sir," said she, looking steadily at him, "that whatever may be the station of life you may introduce me to, dear grandmama's instructions will not make you blush for me."

"Spoken like a sensible little girl," rejoined Linton, patting her cheek, "egad Di', I'm very proud of you."

His daughter's only reply was a glance of profound disgust, as she drew herself up in her own corner of the chaise, at as great a distance as possible from him, and Linton continued to amuse himself with singing snatches from the last opera, and beating the devil's tatoo on his knees, until they reached Hereford, which they did at mid day.

"I scarcely thought it necessary to tell you, my dear, earlier, that I have a couple of friends of mine to introduce you to here," said he, looking away from his daughter as he spoke; "they are very decent fellows, and perhaps you may even think them but indifferent companions, but of course you will keep your opinion on that head to yourself."

"Are they going to travel with us, sir?" inquired his daughter, faintly.

"Certainly, why should you expect they would meet us here, otherwise?"

"Pray forgive me! I merely thought that a little regard for the diffidence I naturally feel, at first quitting such a retirement as our quiet home afforded, added to the low spirits I suffer at leaving poor grandmama—,"

"Poor grandmama must have brought you up very oddly, Miss Dinah Linton, if you cannot, at your age, bear a separation from her," whined her companion, mimicking her; "but enough of this, you silly girl," added he sternly, "so gather up your shawls, and

such rubbish, and try to put a little life into that pretty face; one would think I was going to introduce you to a couple of baboons, you make such a to-do," and Linton jumped out of the chaise and then stood waiting to assist her to alight.

Dinah felt that it was the wisest way to submit with a good grace at once, and therefore when she sprang out of the chaise, and took her father's arm, the latter secretly rejoiced to find that his hint was taken in good part, and with a portly air, a loud voice, an inflated visage and head thrown back, as if his swelling dignity was almost too much for his chest to contain, they proceeded to their private sitting-room, in that good old inn already chronicled in these pages, the "Granby," of venerable renown, Mr. Linton having first inquired whether there were then and there two gentlemen located, who had arrived that morning to proceed to town, by the mail, and being answered in the affirmative, desired at once to be shown to their room.

"Now, Dinah," whispered Mr. Linton, as they traversed an old-fashioned gallery, preceded by the waiter, "I need not tell you that upon yourself depends whether these two gentlemen invariably treat you with the respect I should always wish my daughter to have paid her."

Dinah's breath came thick and short, and a choking sensation in her throat almost rendered inaudible what she wished to say.

"Should any friends of yours, sir," said she with hurried energy "ever forget that they are gentlemen, and that I am a poor defenceless girl ——."

"Pho! pho! what the dickens is the girl driving at? I merely wished to say, that from the impression these gentlemen will receive from your demeanour, at your first interview,—but it is no matter, and here we are at the door."

"I perfectly understand you, sir," rejoined Dinah, who began to feel the full bitterness of her situation, and withdrawing herself so far from him that although she still retained his arm, she scarcely seemed to do so, "and should these gentlemen dare to presume upon my defenceless situation, either in your house or as your daughter, I know how to punish their audacity."

"Plague take the girl!" muttered Joseph Linton between his clenched teeth, as the door opened, "she's neither good to drive or lead, but flouts me, turn which way I will; but I'll find a means to cure you, madam, of this."

And then assuming a smiling, jovial, paternal air, he crossed the threshold, still holding his daughter on his arm, and with a cheery "good morning, gentlemen, you have had the start of my daughter and I, I see," shook hands vigorously with a brace of young gentlemen, who had risen from their seats beside the fire, pushing over as they did so, a table on which a bottle of sherry, wine-glasses, cigars, and a pack of cards had been lying;—the latter

feat, in fact, was a *coup-de-main* these estimable young gentlemen invariably practised, whenever they were surprised in a case of this kind, as it served pretty effectually to conceal the amusement they had been engaged with, when disturbed in this manner, and served as a very pleasant subject of banter as well, between Mr. Montague Boodle and Mr. Job Tooley, neither of whom being either witty or wise, made the most of the few ready-cut and dried standing jokes such an accident supplied them with.

But we feel that the dignity of Messrs. Boodle and Tooley would be grievously insulted, by introducing them to the notice of our readers at the tail-end of a chapter, and as the honourable family of the Boodles boasted an ancient and invisible pedigree, which was certainly a trifle older than the deluge, and as the Tooleys had equally great pretensions on this score, which malicious people were rather apt to be sceptical about, we will not offer such a slight to their state and consequence, but introduce them with all the accustomed ceremonials to the enlightened reader.

CHAPTER XV.

"My daughter, gentlemen," said Mr. Joseph Linton, bringing forward Dinah; "Dinah, my love, allow me to introduce two young friends of mine,—Mr. Boodle and Mr. Tooley:" and Dinah, lifting up her eyes, acknowledged the salutations of the two young gentlemen with a curtsey.

"And how long have you been waiting for us?" inquired Linton, turning to his friends, both of whom looked very awkward, and rather at a loss what to say, or how to look, in a lady's society.

"Oh, a very short time," said Mr. Boodle, in such a very odd tone, that Dinah started, in spite of herself; "indeed, we had just arrived before your chaise drove up."

"Ah, that is lucky," returned Mr. Linton, condescendingly; and then turning to his daughter, he said, "Dinah, my love, you would perhaps wish to retire, to arrange your dress, before we proceed," and he rang the bell, and desired the waiter to send a chambermaid to his daughter.

Whilst Dinah is absent, we will take the opportunity of describing these two young gentlemen, as they will probably figure pretty largely in the events of our story.

Mr. Boodle, then, was a distressingly tall young man, with a drooping figure, long legs, a large nose, and a ridiculously small voice, which generally employed itself in retailing a great deal of very common-place conversation: like most young men whose pretensions outstrip their means, Mr. Boodle was extremely select in his notions, and always assumed an air of aristocratic hauteur, by the aid of which latter quality, he rather laboured under the delusion of fancying he could extinguish, in a moment, the pretensions of any rival to his throne. Mr. Boodle was very thin, and of course dreadfully genteel, and was in the habit of seasoning his conversation with a great many allusions to the highly connected family of the Boodles, which of course was all strictly true, his immediate progenitor being, during his lifetime,—for even a Boodle cannot live for ever,—a highly respectable sheriff's officer, of metropolitan renown. How his amiable descendant managed to sustain his fashionable exterior, was a mystery to his most intimate associates; but fortune favours the brave, and Mr. Boodle turned his thread-paper, carefully attired, person, on the sunny side of Bond Street, regularly every afternoon, from the hours of four till six; basking, as he fondly supposed, in the smiles of rank and beauty, and the withering envy of a host of fashionable loungers, amongst whom he towered like a tall, yet drooping willow, amongst the short and stumpy denizens of the brake.

Mr. Tooley was a red-haired, insignificant-looking youth, of one and twenty, or thereabouts, with quite as profound a reverence for everything that was genteel and fashionable, as his friend; Mr. Tooley had a dumpy, white-looking, face, with meek blue eyes, which seemed to be incessantly requiring the assistance of Mr. Tooley's eye-glass, to recognise anybody by; nothing could be more common-place than was Mr. Tooley's whole appearance; you might have picked fifty ragged vagabonds off the street, and, by dint of soap and water, and the aid of a respectable wardrobe, have made them immeasurably more *distingue* than was Mr. Tooley; his intellect was, if possible, more common-place than was Mr Boodle's; his voice certainly was an improvement upon that of his friend, but then he had red hair, was immeasurably stupid, and awkward, and boyish, was so blind that he was continually getting himself into blunders with all imaginable sorts of people, solely through this defect, and yet was so self-possessed with the idea that he was everything that was gentlemanly, and wise, and dazzling, and *comme il faut*, that it was quite impossible to teach him that he was a very great ass, and would certainly never hew himself out a station amongst the mighty of his time.

"A charming girl, that of yours, Linton," squeaked Mr. Boodle, craning his long neck.

"A devilish fine gal!" lisped Mr. Tooley, solemnly, who hadn't the most remote idea what Dinah was like; "very expressive features!"

"A splendid figure!" said Mr. Boodle, throwing out a very long, and rather lanky, limb.

"Chawming hair!" murmured Mr. Tooley, as a faint, self-satisfied, simper diffused itself over his white, vacuous, visage.

"Sly, very sly!" added Mr. Boodle, who fancied himself a connoisseur in female beauty; "a very wicked eye, sir; but all the better for that; I like a gurl with a little action in her."

"For shame, Boodle," gasped Mr. Tooley, who at times affected to be shocked at his friend's strictures. "'Pon honour, now, the young lady being Linton's daughter;—now, Boodle, I am ashamed of you."

"Dinah is rather handsome, I think myself, gentlemen," said Linton, tapping his snuff-box gaily, as he took a pinch; "but a mere child, of course, to the ways of the world;—hush!—there's the horn at last, thank heaven!—Boots! boots!" and Mr. Linton in a moment was transformed into the bustling, consequential, overbearing insufferable, he usually appeared to be, when in motion; "Boots! carry my luggage to the coach, out of the passage;—I hope none of my luggage has been mislaid or stolen. Boots! there's three black trunks, and a ditto covered with dog's-hair; a black imperial, and my daughter's valise; three carpet bags, two band-boxes, ——"

"A Joey Manton, and a dressing case;" squeaked Mr. Boodle, whilst Mr. Tooley, who was the only disengaged person of the trio, rushed wildly down stairs, and presently became entangled in a tumultuous mob of ill-humoured travellers, dapper waiters, bustling chambermaids, clamorous beggars, importunate newsmongers, and a perfect pack of yelping curs, who snarled, and jostled, and elbowed him from side to side, whilst the unhappy youth vainly endeavoured to recognise a familiar face amongst this ill-bred horde of barbarians, until fortunately the stork-like neck and shoulders of Mr. Boodle rose above the angry sea of heads, and clutching hold of his arm, Mr. Tooley was borne to the coach-door in safety.

"By Jove, Tooley, only look at Linton, how he plays the paternal to that pretty daughter of his!" squeaked Mr. Boodle, after he had taken possession of his seat, in a snug corner; "what a pious hypocrite the old sinner affects to be! don't he?"

"Oh, you know, of course, it would be highly improper to be anything else to such a pretty gal as Miss Linton is," simpered Tooley.

"I say, old boy," said Boodle, significantly, "do you really think she is his daughter, eh?"

"Believe! eh! what!" stuttered Tooley, who of course did not see the play of features his companion brought to illustrate his meaning; "why, what should make us think that she isn't his daughter, Boodle, my boy?"

"Hum!"

"I don't see what purpose Linton has to serve by palming her off upon us and the world as his daughter, if she is not so," said Tooley, with a solemn vacuity of countenance, "and, by Jove, daughter or no daughter, I think her quite pretty enough to fall in love with; and so you've fair warning, Boodle."

"Thank you for nothing, Tooley," said his friend, sneeringly, as Dinah appeared at the door, backed by the rubicund visage of her father.

"Any fellow passengers, gentle-men?" said Mr. Linton, who always laid a deep emphasis on the last syllable of the word; oh, ah! I beg your pardon, ma'am," added he, with a low bow, as an old lady appeared beside him; "Mr. Boodle, you will oblige me by allowing the ladies to select their seats first;" and Joseph Linton frowned annihilatingly.

The irrestible Boodle got up with this, and moved along rather sulkily, muttering ambiguous threats against his friend and patron Mr. Linton, which had only the effect of bringing the latter out still more strongly in his natural character, whilst the old lady, who was very punctilious and precise, and rather dogmatic as well, assumed the seat the extinguished Mr. Boodle had vacated, and then the whole party began to settle down in their proper places. Mr. Tooley, who had the ill-luck to sit next the new-comer, being rendered completely invisible by the old lady's flounces, at once relapsing into a low fit of melancholy, and was heard no more of for a stage or two.

Then, at a little road-side inn, they took up a young woman, with a rosy faced little boy, whose sunny locks and artless face won Dinah's heart at once, whereupon the old lady in the flounces and the bird of paradise feather in her bonnet, who had somehow or other imbibed rather heterodox notions, about the growing viciousness of human nature, and the shocking sinfulness of being either young or happy, at once prepared for a human hurricane, by accumulating in her wrinkled countenance an unlimited number of the blackest frowns; which, acting upon the tender nature of curly locks, at once produced a a succession of screams and tears.

Thereupon the young mother and Dinah, conjointly, attempted to pacify him, and the old lady, bridling up, smoothed down her faded black silk dress with both hands, and said, in a very venomous tone, that "she supposed some people made it a part of their ex-

istence to annoy and disturb other people, when other people only wished for peace and quietness," which off-hand insinuation eliciting no other reply than a faint groan from behind the flounces of the faded black silk dress, she went on to say, very venomously, that "for her part she wasn't going to be put upon by anybody in any such way, and that the company then and there present had therefore better look to it, or it would be worse for them, perhaps."

This aroused Joseph Linton, who said, with a very red face, and dilated nostril, "that for his part, he thought a venomous old woman, who couldn't even look pleasant when in the company of her betters, was to the full as disagreeable a companion as a squalling child; and that if some people didn't look so black and cross, children might, perhaps, not be so easily frightened."

This the old lady scouted on the instant with huge disgust. "For her part, she thought herself as good as the queen herself, and therefore, of course, perfectly on an equality with such a wretch as the gentleman she had the pleasure of addressing."

"Madam!" said Joseph Linton, swelling like an expanding frog, until the purple folds of his portly chin seemed almost fit to burst, and darting a withering glance of contempt over upon the bird of paradise, and the sharp, wrinkled chin underneath, which seemed to curl and wrinkle with venom and spite, "I extremely regret to be so uncourteous to any person in the garb of a lady, but you must pardon my observing, that you are by no means a lady;—your temper is much too acid,—excuse my saying, too vixenish,—for——"

"Sir!" shrieked the old lady, quivering in every feather of the bird of paradise, and elongating the chin until it became a perfect point, and seemed sharp enough to cut the air like a stiletto; "Sir, you are a brute, a fiend, a madman,—sir, you are no gentleman, to say such things of a lady,—ugh!"

"I only observed, my dear madam," said Joseph Linton, with provoking calmness, "that you are a very disagreeable old woman."

The sharp chin looked as if it could have stabbed him, as the old lady muttered, with a toss of her head, "The low, worthless creature!"

All this time, Dinah, the rosy-faced boy, and his rather timid parent, had been growing vastly kind; and now, when Joseph Linton looked around him, with a supercilious smile of triumph, he saw that Dinah had taken the little fellow on her knee, and with one little chubby arm round her neck, and his little fat cheek pressed close against her own, was wiling away its momentary ill-humour by a simple nursery fable.

It was such a sweet picture of human kindness and love,—the child, as he held up his dimpled cheek, all radiant with smiles, to be kissed, nestling all the while close up to the beaming

features of his young nurse, and Dinah herself looked so charmingly beautiful in her new duties, that Joseph Linton fell back in his own corner, and half closed his eyes in drowsy contempt of the old lady opposite, and indulged in golden reveries of the admiration she would obtain in his crowded salons, and the great direct advantage her unsophisticated loveliness might derive to himself.

As he thus lay back, lapped in golden visions, he could not avoid perceiving, through his half-closed eyes, that Mr. Boodle, too, had observed Dinah, and that he was now staring at her with very impudent and unmistakeable admiration; a sudden turn of Dinah's head, as the child sprang from her arms into those of his mother, revealed these symptoms of Mr. Boodle's presumption to her quick-witted senses; Mr. Linton watched her cheek crimson, an angry frown ruffle the azure smoothness of her brow, and an indignant glance glitter in her eyes, as she turned her head away again, to resume her merry prattle with the child.

What was it, that through all his proud dreams, in which the image of Dinah flitted continually, mingled with ambitious projects for the future, of golden wealth heaped up in secret chests, stowed away in dark, festering, loathsome, sweltering cellars, where the humid and unwholesome atmosphere hung in almost palpable form, festooned round with gigantic spider-webs, and where hideous vermin peeped out from their holes, in the dim twilight of what, to it, was mid-day; what was it, we say, that, through all his mighty projects of future aggrandisement, to be purchased by his daughter's means, that a fearful pang into the man's heart, as he sate back, unheeded by all, and watched the varying countenance of the silly and senseless tool before him?—what was it that thus made his eyelids quiver, and his ruddy cheek grow pale, and his lips blanch, and his very heart cease to palpitate as was its wont?—what was it that made him recoil in horror even from his own thoughts, and feel the cold sweat oozing from every pore, as the future brought Dinah before him once more?

Could it be that that weak, simpering fool, whose voice was scarcely manly enough to scare a startled hare from its form,—whose inane and well-nigh burlesqued features excited nothing but laughter in the minds of those who gazed upon them, and whose temper was as unstable as his means were limited,—the tool of his own crooked and disreputable ends,—could it be, that a creature so mean and despicable as this could rouse up, in the heart of a man who had looked death in the face a score of times, without a moment's faltering, a thousand hideous phantoms of ruin and disgrace, and yet he himself so little conscious of the mischief he inflicted, as to feel no greater emotion in his petty soul, than the snobbish feeling of imagining that he had destroyed poor little Dinah's peace of mind for ever?

Surely it was but an idle fear. And such it would seem it was,

for when Linton spoke again,—and he took care that it should be to Boodle,—his manner was as self-possessed as was his wont, and with simpering inanity on the one hand, and good-humoured condescension on the other, they wiled away the time until they reached Henley, which they did late in the evening, and where they would have to sleep all night.

The "Dragon," at Henley, is one of the most dismally forlorn-looking inns, exteriorly, to be found in England. We defy any man living to feel at home beneath its black, gloomy, sinister rooms, where the very lugubrious, quaintly attired portraits on the walls of the coffee-room, look as if they had one and all committed some deadly crime, and were now expiating their sins in effigy; windows creak, and rattle, and groan at midnight, as if lawless wretches were attempting to break in; the biting wind howls wearily in the wide chimneys; the beef-steaks eat tough and fusty, the wine is tart and thin, the bread heavy; the waiters stupid and misanthropical, the chamber-maids slatternly and impudent; the very landlord, as he salutes you at the door, eyes you as if you bore a mandate for his immediate execution.

Mr. Linton immediately desired the cynical-looking waiter to let his own party have a private room.

"Private room, sir?" ejaculated the waiter, aghast.

"Yes, sir," reiterated Joseph Linton, throwing back his shoulders to look majestic: "I desire a private room, sir, for these gentlemen, my daughter, and self."

"Very sorry, sir, but our rooms are all full, sir. 'Size week, sir, every room engaged for a month before hand. Really can't be done."

"And do you really mean to say, sirrah, that my daughter and I must sit in the coffee-room?"

"Very nice room, sir," stammered the other, "there are some ladies in the coffee-room at this present moment."

"No, sir, my daughter shall not put up with your filthy coffee-room, sir," cried Joseph Linton, in an awful passion; my daughter shall have a private room, sir, or I'll know the reason why."

"Very sorry, sir, but it can't be helped," said the waiter; "unless the young lady would share this lady's room," pointing to the young mother, who was standing very patiently beside them, listening to the dialogue; "if the two ladies would have no objection, and would be so accommodating, we might perhaps manage for one night."

"Pray do, my love," said the young mother, turning eagerly to Dinah, "it will be so pleasant having a companion in this dreary-looking place," with a shuddering glance to the gloomy passages and corridors.

Joseph Linton's face relaxed its sternness, though he did'nt think it quite politic to assume an entirely satisfied expression of

countenance, but contented himself with a passive submission to fate, and when a withered-looking chambermaid, who might have been young and good-looking a century or two ago, but who was now very much the contrary, appeared, to conduct Dinah and her companion to their destination, he immediately demanded to be shown to the coffee-room, whither he was accordingly conducted, accompanied by Messrs. Boodle and Tooley, the latter of whom was scarcely yet thoroughly aware of his vitality.

The old lady, who had been all this while in a state of raving insanity, owing to the disappearance of a much battered aggravating band-box, and had thereupon felt it was her bounden duty to threaten an immense variety of terrible pains and penalties to the bewildered coachman and frantic guard, until it was finally fished up from the depths of the boot, a mis-shapen heap, at length permitted herself to be mollified; and having bestowed the sum of sixpence, current coin of the realm, on each of these functionaries, with the gracious intimation that it might have been more, had they deserved it, followed Dinah and Mrs. Davis upstairs, accompanied by her trunks, which bore upon them the name of Mrs. —.

Joseph Linton and his two companions had, in the mean time, been conducted to the coffee-room, which they presently found to be a long low room, not over well lit with a couple of chandeliers at either end, and having an apology for a fire in the centre, at which stood a fashionably dressed young gentleman of forty-two, or thereabouts, with a pimply-florid complexion, a distressingly obese person, a bald head, rusty whiskers, a crooked nose, and an ill-looking set of teeth; the latter peculiarity was discoverable through the pleasing habit their owner had of manœuvring a gold toothpick very elaborately through his ill-assorted ivories, accompanying the rather unpleasant amusement by a look that expressed pretty plainly enough his thorough contempt of the present company, and his perfect determination to suit his own pleasure.

"Waiter," thundered the obese dandy, as the miserable attendant flitted past, "waiter, get me a devilled kidney, and mushroom ketchup sauce. Mark ye, waiter, mushroom ketchup sauce, or by Jupiter, I'll flay your cook alive before his own fire."

"Devilled kidney, sir,—yes sir," was the response.

And having delivered himself of this mandate, the pimply-faced gentleman wheeled round and stared at the company, whereupon Joseph Linton, who felt himself a match for any man, no matter how terribly magnificent he might be, stared superciliously at him again, and Mr. Boodle stared at the company, and would have issued an order, too, had he not been afraid to attract the attention of the company by his ridiculous voice, and poor Tooley, who was invariably the victim of his own hallucinations, stared savagely at a dumb waiter in the corner, on the top of which a hat was perched, under the full belief that this was a man, and proceeded to address

it in a very polite speech, and was then and there enlightened in a sarcastic whisper by Mr. Boodle, when he relapsed into oblivion for the rest of the evening.

"Waiter," said Joseph Linton, in a voice that made that unfortunate victim shake in his shoes, "Let us have supper for three; any thing that you have in the house,—game, if you have it."

"The game in this house, sir, is quite fusty," said the pimply-faced gentleman, savagely; "why, sir, everything here that you get is fusty, and I don't know but what the grouse they give you is neither a whit better nor worse than any thing else."

"My friends and I will try it, nevertheless, sir," said Joseph Linton, loftily; "waiter, let us have supper without delay."

"They'll have to work a miracle to do that, sir," rejoined the obese gentleman, stroking his rusty whiskers imposingly; "I'll be shot if they can do the slightest thing in this house under half an hour at the least."

"Yes they can, Jerry," retorted a small, pale, nervous looking man, who sat far back in an arm-chair at the far side of the fireplace, and whom Joseph Linton had noticed on his first entrance wore a pair of green goggles, and had a great deal of white woolly-looking hair on his head: "there is one thing, Jerry, they can let you have in a jiffy."

"And what is that, sir?" growled Mr. Jerry, with lordly incredulity; "if you have been fortunate enough, Mr. Smithers, to obtain what you want in less time, it's more than I've ever done all the twenty years I've come to the house."

"The bill, Jerry!" cried the nervous man, with a chuckle, "the bill, Jerry! that they've always ready in a twinkling."

"Ah! that they always let you have in an instant," rejoined Jerry, solemnly; "and yet, Mr. Smithers, you have scarcely made your case out, for one's bill can scarcely be designated a thing one wants. For my part, I'd as lief not be called upon to settle that part of the bargaining: though after all, perhaps," he added, throwing himself into a chair, with a contemptuous smile, "one may perhaps tolerate the infliction, as a proof that there is something obtainable in such a confounded dungeon in less time than what I at first named."

As the pimply-faced gentleman said this in a tone that was meant to be decisive, no one ventured to contradict it, which was a very lucky thing, as, had they done so, they would instantly have been made into mincemeat by him,—a fact which the nervous Mr. Smithers whispered under his breath to Mr. Linton, who was rapidly beginning to fancy Mr. Jerry Shilletoe a very clever fellow.

Actuated by this feeling, he pressed Mr. Shilletoe to partake of supper with himself and his friends.

"Upon my life, now, Mr. Linton, sir, you are really too kind," rejoined the stout gentleman, casting a sly glance at the table on

which the meal was laid, and which, considering the sweeping censure passed upon it by the stout gentleman himself, was really very good indeed, "upon my life now,—really, now, my dear sir, this is too bad to palm one's company upon a gentleman, who five minutes ago was a perfect stranger, but whom I should be very glad to know: it really quite affects one."

"Come, my dear sir, make no apology," said Linton, laughing, as he took his seat, after showing his new friend into the chair next him; "I shall be very glad, on my part, to drink a glass of wine to our future acquaintance."

"You really do me a great deal of honour, sir," quoth Mr. Jerry Shilletoe, complacently squaring his elbows, and folding down his shirt wristbands preparatory to commencing; "if you will help the young gentlemen first, you will do me a favour, as I am probably by no means so hungry as they are."

He was prompted to say this by the extreme starvation and misery depicted in Mr. Tooley's face, which immediately became animated with something approaching a smile: so Mr. Tooley was helped pretty plentifully, and fell too at once, contrary to his usual maxims of gentility, and then Mr. Boodle and Mr. Shilletoe were helped, and then Mr. Linton helped himself, and every one immediately began to devour every thing Mr. Linton offered him as if he had'nt broken his fast for a couple of weeks, at the least, and did'nt expect to do so for a couple more.

"A glass of wine with you, Shilletoe," cried Mr. Linton, who was warming with his work.

"With all my heart, Linton, my boy," rejoined Jerry, whose pimply face glowed with the delightful sensations excited in his breast, "a couple, if you like. I hate to make speeches and all that sort of thing, sir, but I must say that from the very first moment I clapped eyes upon you, I said to myself that you were a good fellow from top to toe, and hadn't an inch of humbug in your whole composition. I'll be powdered if I didn't."

"I knew you did; I saw it in your eye, the moment you entered the room," cried Joseph Linton, in a delighted tone.

"No! but did you, though?" said Jerry.

"I did, upon my honour."

"Your hand upon that sentiment, Linton!"

"There, my dear sir," and they shook hands, to the intense admiration of Mr. Tooley, who was wonderfully terrified by the fierce voice and plethoric figure of Mr. Shilletoe. Mr. Boodle beheld the whole scene with a little disgust, which, however, he wisely kept to himself, whilst Jerry, who had his own misgivings as to the way in which certain of his own bravo airs were given, earlier on in the evening, pretended to be very busy sipping his wine, partly to hide the expression of his countenance, and partly because the latter occupation gave him an opportunity of scanning Joseph

Linton's outward man with greater attention than he had hitherto done.

"Do you play billiards?" demanded Joseph Linton, who had been staring lazily at the ceiling, which was very pleasantly diversified at intervals by the mark of soda-water bottle corks where the dirt permitted.

"Play billiards! I should like to know, sir, what game in the British Isles, or out of it, I can't play," cried Jerry, with animation. "Waiter, wheel that billiard table out of that little hole you have it stowed away in, and which, by the way, my dear friend," turning to Joseph Linton, "is enough to starve a Siberian polecat, if there is such an animal, and we will have a quiet game in here all by ourselves; even poor Smithers has toddled off to bed by this time," he added, surveying the now deserted room, "and we shall disturb nobody at all. Waiter! do you hear, sirrah? I'll make mincemeat of you in half a moment if you don't look more alive."

By dint of the united efforts of Mr. Tooley and the waiter, the billiard table was in a trice wheeled out of the little den in which it was usually kept, and placed at a convenient distance from the fire; Messrs. Tooley and Boodle then took their seats near the latter, and Joseph Linton and his antagonist set to work at once, Mr. Tooley doing his utmost to look interested in the game, and up to every good hit: as he was, however, very drowsy, and very blind as well, he did not act his part with much credit to himself, whilst Mr. Boodle, who was jovially inclined, set himself to work to concoct sherry cobblers, which he drank every ten minutes, and very soon became deplorably drunk, and very noisy as well.

Nevertheless, it was a very lively party, for Joseph Linton played with the most scientific precision, and was always patting Mr. Shilletoe on the back, whenever the latter made a bad stroke, and fell into ecstacies of admiration whenever he made a good one, which, it must be confessed, wasn't often; and Mr. Shilletoe fussed and fumed, and puffed and panted, as he made the balls fly hither and thither over the board, and grew so alarmingly purple in the face, whilst his lobster eyes seemed starting so frightfully from their sockets, that Mr. Boodle expected every minute to see him drop down in a fit, and took his measures accordingly.

"Game!" cried Linton, triumphantly, as the last red ball whizzed into the pocket, "Jerry, my boy, you owe me a couple of guineas."

"No! do I though?" ejaculated Mr. Shilletoe, wildly; for what with the excitement, the liquor, and the want of luck, he was somehow losing his self-possession very fast; "come, then, I'll give you another game, either to cry quits, or pay double fines."

"Hadn't we better defer it till the morning?" said Joseph Linton, carelessly.

"No, hang it. I go by the heavy coach at five in the morning,

so that now, or never, must be the word. Come, you're not afraid, are you?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, then, what ails you? Why, Linton, if you have half the pluck I gave you credit for," and Jerry laughed like an overfed porpoise.

"We shall soon see who's afraid, sir," said Joseph Linton, handling the cue again; "Boodle, my boy, stir the fire, and make me a good stiff jorum of whisky toddy,—you can take Mr. Shilletoe in, too, as by the time he's won back his two guineas it will be about bed-time."

"Ah, yes, it will, my boy," quoth Jerry, who began to feel rather unsteady, "I believe, Linton, it is my turn."

"It is."

"Then here goes," and Mr. Shilletoe, who was determined to win this game, began with the utmost precision, being resolved to act throughout with most admirable coolness. Somehow or other, notwithstanding, he felt himself not quite up to the mark; he began to feel qualmish, and ill, and dizzy; the gas began to grow dim; the rattle of the balls made his head ache; his hand lost its steady aim, and his eyes grew hazy; then the room began to reel around him, and then when he caught a glance of his antagonist's features, they seemed to change their character, and wore a mocking air which maddened him more than all the rest.

Then he thought of the heavy coach in the morning, and his aching head and jaded frame; then the loss of four guineas rushed through his mind, as the hateful words, "Play! play! play!" uttered by the grating voice of Joseph Linton, in a tone of triumph, rung in his years; then he caught a glimpse of Mr. Boodle sitting quite comfortably by the fire concocting the whisky-punch, and he began to puff, and pant, and fume away worse than ever, looking so odd and grotesque in his gyrations, that Joseph Linton could scarcely refrain from laughing in his face; but the dread of losing the four guineas prevented this.

"You've won again," groaned he, in a woful tone, as the game once more came to a conclusion; "well, well! it's all ups and downs in this world; *tempora mutantur*, as the tombstones say," and he pulled out a green and purple silk purse, and counted out four guineas, which he handed over to Joseph Linton.

"And now," added he, rather more cheerfully, glancing over to Mr. Boodle, "if this gentleman will ladle out the flip, I'll tell you a little story that happened to Jack Dalrymple, a rapscallion cousin of mine, just to prove, Linton, that I don't grudge your winning my four guineas."

"We should be very glad to hear it, I'm sure," rejoined that gentleman, glancing dubiously to the clock over the chimney-piece, which showed that it was very near midnight, "but I really am

afraid it is getting so very late that we shall be forced to defer the pleasure till another time."

"Oh, it won't take you five minutes,—barely two, if you don't interrupt me," rejoined Jerry, pushing him down again into the chair he had just vacated; "it's really a capital story, and has a deep moral in it as well, and as I'm in a story-telling mood to-night, I'll give you it."

Joseph Linton shrugged his shoulders, and glanced despairingly up to the ceiling; but there was no help for it, and so he resigned himself without a murmur to his fate, whilst Mr. Shilletoe, sipping his toddy at every pause in his narrative, detailed in a very energetic manner

HOW JACK DALRYMPLE MADE LOVE, AND GOT MARRIED, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

Jack Dalrymple, for he was even christened by that rather ungenteel soubriquet, was at the time at which we take up his history, a rather wild,—fact's the term, now, they tell me,—good-natured, conceited, devil-may-care, vagabond of two and thirty, or thereabouts, with a plentiful stock of impudence, a jaunty figure, a merry, good-looking phiz, an income of three hundred and twenty pounds sterling per annum, which, with a full-blood mare, and gig, an ugly brute of a terrier, and a spicy set of chambers somewhere near the Adelphi, formed his sole worldly goods and chattels whatever.

How Jack, with all these advantages came to weather the shady side of thirty without being spliced, is a mystery as inexplicable as the sphinxes, the potatoe rot, or the morality of a ballet girl. He'd had lots of offers, for every pretty lass, were she maid or widow, courted Jack with an ardour that was perfectly delightful to behold. But Jack was far too old a bird to be caught with such clumsy tricks, and so he still flirted, and dangled, and made love as merrily as ever, trusting to his own luck, and between ourselves he had the old gentleman's share of that, or my name isn't Jerry Shilletoe, to carry him unscathed through more deadly sieges than ever Troy stood of old.

Mr. Shilletoe here took a long sip, and Joseph Linton yawned; thus admonished, Jerry went on.

Now, Jack had been living very fast all through one jolly season. What with the Opera, the Haymarket, Ascot, and the Cider Cellars, night after night, and what with swanhopping up the river, and pic-nicking down to Norwood and Hampton, he began to feel rather used up, someway about the beginning of August, and fancy all wasn't right with his liver and digestive organs.

Well, gentlemen, my friend wasn't the chap to strike his colours without a blow, so he goes off to his doctor,—a crusty old file that would have cozened you back to life had you been in the very ribs of death,—and says he,

"Doctor, I feel very seedy, and out of sorts: quite done up. Touched in the wind; had a twinge of gout yesterday, after dinner; told yesterday I'd had the jaundice, I was so confoundedly yellow."

"Ah, yes, I see," said his father confessor, handling his pulse, and looking half a yard or more down his throat; "been living a leetle irregularly, lately, I suppose."

Of course Jack swore he'd been living like an anchorite, but old Pilgarlick was too old a bird to be caught with such chaff, and so he put poor Jack on a starving regimen, with alternate skirmishings of black draught and Gregory's powders, every two hours, and would'nt let the poor wretch taste any thing stronger than water-gruel, for his life. Well, of course, at the end of a week, Jack was a jolly subject for a dissecting table, and as old Pilgarlick was a perfect ghoule, for that kind of thing, and Jack being a single man, and therefore very likely to be turned over to the old wretch, should he slip stays, why, of course, he began to feel rather uncomfortable, and began to rack his brains to find some means of cheating the doctor.

"Very like a whale," muttered Jack, one day, limping to the glass, and scanning a lantern-jawed, hollow-eyed, spectral visage laid out in pretty little alternations of green and lilac, like a bunch of withered tulips; and so Jack crawled back to bed again, and lay for an hour or more, like a hen sitting on an addled egg, maturing a plan which had just flas. ed across his brain.

At night, after the doctor's visit, Jack bribed his landlady to give him a tumbler of good stiff brandy flip, instead of the vile decoction of water-gruel and elder-syrup he had heretofore been regaled with; and whether it was the brandy, or the good night's rest, or the resolution he had come to to cheat the doctor, or all three, it's hard to say, but in the morning he got up quite strong and hearty, and eat his breakfast like a hero; of course he was not a bit fatter than he was the day before, and his poor bony phiz looked wonderfully ghostly, but Jack thought little of that, but got on his great coat—and it was a capital slack fit then,—and put a muffler round his neck, and then sent Mrs. Brown off for a hackney-coach. Jack did not let out even to her where he was going, and so the old woman fell into the natural delusion that he was going to see old Pilgarlick, or he would not have been let off so easy.

Well, when the coach came, Jack got in it, and ordering the coachman to drive through bye streets, he got safely at last to the London Bridge Station, and getting his carpet-bag, which he had somehow or other smuggled away with him from under old Mrs.

Brown's very nose, safely stowed away, took a first-class ticket, intending to spend a week or two at Brighton; the fear of meeting somebody he knew there, however, made him alter his course, and taking a cross over the country, he found himself arrived, by easy stages, at Scarborough. Jack summered it here for a week or two, until the wrinkles in his cheeks began to be blown out a bit, and then, growing bolder as he grew stronger, fairly made a dash across the water, and landing at Glasgow, took the Trosachs by storm.

"And now, gentlemen," cried Mr. Shilletoe, "comes the moral of my story. Jack had been spending a fortnight with great pleasure to himself up in a fishing-hut on Loch Lomond, and had even been doing a little love to a pretty Scotch girl there, just to keep himself in practice, when the wandering mood took him again, and shouldering bag and baggage he marched away from his "Highland Mary," and took up his quarters at the Brig of Allan.

The Brig of Allan, gentlemen, is the finest place in all the world for moon-struck lovers to fly to. Jack was not a lover, but he admired the sex, and that was nearly the same thing, and so Jack found it, for whether it was his cheerful, careless way of doing the thing, his sociability, or his fate, I can't tell, but there was not a day passed over but what he found himself hooked in to some diversion or other by the tourists who had pitched their tents there. At one time it was a boating excursion, and Jack was wanted to take an oar; and now it was a pic-nic up the mountains, with a score or more of highland ponies to carry the lazy sinners; and to one and all Jack was invited, until, what with coming out in a gentlemanly way with the needful at all these affairs, Jack's money began to run very short, and in fact he was as near as a toucher on his beam-ends.

Amongst the company there was a pretty widow, for such Jack thought her at the time, though afterwards he had a shrewd suspicion that she was sailing under false colours all the time, between whom and Dalrymple there soon grew up a most unmistakeable understanding. In the free and easy style of living carried on at the Brig, matters came to a conclusion sooner than they are accustomed to do with us. Jack ogled the widow, and the widow sighed and blushed whenever he squeezed her hand under the table, looked very demure whenever they drank wine together, and always allowed Jack to lead her pony up the hills, and kept a place for the happy dog next her in the boatings, until, at last, every body came to look upon them as all but man and wife, and no more notice was taken of their little flirtations, than if they were a newly-married couple on their wedding jaunt.

Well, all at once, the widow began to grow low-spirited, and took to sighing and so forth, to such an extent that a steam engine of forty-horse power was mere child's play to it. Jack at

first passed it off without much remark, for he fancied that it was all out of love for him, and though he felt rather puzzled how a woman so supremely blessed as she ought to feel herself, in her situation, could display her happiness in such a dismal fashion, he never dreamed how things would fall out, until one day he found her in tears.

Now Jack could not, for the life of him, resist any woman, no matter what she was, when a couple of big pearly tears were coursing each other down her cheeks, and less so than ever when that woman was adored by him to such an extent as the charming widow, and so he caught her in a twinkling in his arms, and after a great many protestations of the most unalterable attachment, insisted on knowing what it was that affected her so much.

"Ah, my dear Mr. Dalrymple," sobbed the pretty widow, putting an elaborately worked cambric handkerchief to her face, as she averted her head from Jack, "I cannot confide even to your sympathising soul the wretched perplexity I am in."

The widow, gentlemen, as you will perceive, had an odd way of talking about the sympathy of the soul, and such like stuff, and though Jack could not, for the life of him, imagine what it meant, he thought it all very fine; for even nonsense sounds wondrously fine coming from a pair of pretty lips, and so Jack squeezed her closer still, and drawing the handkercheief away, insisted upon knowing what ailed her.

"I shall for ever be sunk in your eyes, dear Mr. Dalrymple," sighed the widow, with a fresh outburst.

"Upon my soul, my dear Dora," blurted out Jack, "I think you use me exceedingly ill; if you don't give up this horrible torturing suspense, I'll go and shoot myself."

The widow gave a little scream, and sank into his arms, and Jack somehow or other had his arms round her waist almost without his knowing it.

"You won't shoot yourself, dearest?" sobbed Mrs. Fanloo, clasping his neck.

"Not unless you wish it," said Jack, looking inconceivably fierce, "and provided also you tell your own Dalrymple what ails you."

"And you won't think ill of your own poor Dora?" sighed the widow, in her most honeyed accents.

"I adore you too passionately, dearest, for that," said Jack, stealing a kiss.

"If I should tell you, then, love, that my funds are exhausted," said the widow, fixing her pretty blinkers upon him, partly to melt him by their eloquence, and partly to see how he took the news; "if, dearest Mr. Dalrymple, I should tell you that your own poor Dora," here she let her head fall on his arm after a very pretty fashion, indeed, "has been disappointed of a remittance from her

London banker, and in consequence dreads a thousand horrible misfortunes."

Whatever Jack thought, he looked inconceivably glum.

"Oh, Mr. Dalrymple, I feel that even you misunderstand me," cried the pretty Mrs. Fanloo, with a fresh gush of tears, "even you suspect that I am a mere adventuress. Oh, this is too horrible!"

"Upon my soul I don't," ejaculated Jack, whose suspicions vanished the moment she set the waterworks to work again, "but what can I do? I'm as hard up as you are, or nearly so. Look ye: that's every scrap I have to bless myself with," and he threw one dirty bank-note into her lap.

"What a miserable coincidence!" sighed the widow, looking at Jack.

"What is to be done?" said Jack, looking at the widow.

It was not for the widow to say what was to be done; and so, when Jack looked at her, she only sighed worse than ever, and clasped her little hands in mute despair.

"I'll be bound I owe at least thirty pounds here," muttered Jack, looking over to the widow.

The widow shook her head; she was in the same predicament.

"If I were to draw a bill on Old Moulsey," muttered Jack, biting his nails, "and get it discounted at Glasgow. That's the only way to get out of the scrape," and when he had come to this conclusion he glanced over to the widow, and snapping his fingers, began to caper about the room in an extremely ridiculous manner.

"Have you found a way out of our difficulties?" cried she, looking bewitchingly beautiful through her tears.

"I have! I have, Dora," and Jack had his arms round her waist, again, the scamp, "hi ti iddity! hurra! hurra!" and Jack began to caper about like a March hare in a cornfield, whirling the widow round with him, until a smothered giggling at the key-hole told him that they were watched.

"Mr. Dalrymple, I am ruined!" cried the widow, going off in a dead swoon.

"I'll be shot if you are, for you shall be my wife before you're twenty-four hours older," cried Jack, valorously.

"Oh, John!" murmured the widow.

"I'm a man of my word, ma'am," blurted out Jack, "and so if you're willing, we'll set off to Glasgow to-morrow, and get married, and have the bill cashed."

"Oh, you dear delightful creature!" cried Mrs. Fanloo smothering him with kisses, "what a queer, odd man you are!"

Jack blushed, and led her to a chair, but what passed in the half hour's conversation they had thereafter is of little consequence to detail, further than that on the following day Jack and the widow

did go to Glasgow, and not only got married, but Jack's purse got reinforced with a pretty stiff roll of dirty one-pound notes in addition, and for a month following all went merry as a marriage-bell with Mr. and Mrs. John Dalrymple.

Well, Jack took his wife to London, and hired a cosy little house somewhere down beside Hyde Park, which really looked so trim and comfortable, with the *ci-devant* Mrs. Fanloo as its presiding goddess, that Jack fancied himself a lucky dog, and gave heaven thanks in consequence; and this happy frame of mind lasted a whole month, until one ugly morning, as Jack and his wife sat at breakfast, there came a rat-tat-tat at the door, and presently there walked into the room three great uncouth boobyish looking lads of from twelve to sixteen years of age.

"What do you want here, my fine fellows?" said Jack, blandly, staring with open mouth at their great raw hands, with half a yard of wrist apiece, lantern-jawed physiognomies, and splay feet; "you must have made some mistake, you see."

"No mistake at all, father," said the eldest of the trio, with immoveable gravity, "this is mother."

"Father the devil!" roared Jack, as a horrible suspicion flashed across his mind that the *ci-devant* Mrs. Fanloo after all might turn out to be a widow with incumbrances; "and what, pray, do they call you, my young beauty, if I may make bold enough to ask?"

"Abednego Fanloo," quoth the young gentleman, coolly, as he seated himself at the table, and began to dig into the brown bread and marmalade.

"Phew! and you?" addressing the second.

"This is Isaac," rejoined the eldest, answering for his brother, whose mouth was at that moment full of French roll, "and this is Abraham," pointing to the youngest savage, who was drinking Jack's coffee under his very nose.

"And pray, ma'am," roared Jack, turning to their mamma, who was very busy, as usual, with the coffee-pot at the head of the table, "do you acknowledge these young gentlemen as your sons?"

"Certainly, John, love," rejoined their mamma, carelessly; "Beddy, how you have grown, love! Abram, dear, don't make such a noise when you drink: and oh, fie! I declare you are drinking out of papa's cup!"

"And that will teach you better manners in future, perhaps, young gentleman," cried Jack, squeezing the young gentleman by the throat, as if he meant to strangle him; "I'll be shot if I'll stand such humbug in my house."

"Oh, John, you will hurt the dear boy," cried Mrs. John, nervously; "now, Zeky, love, don't eat so many eggs, you know how they disagree with you."

"Mamma, is papa to throttle me whenever he flies into a pas-

sion?" whimpered the youngest cub, as soon as he regained his breath.

"Certainly not, love; but when you are naughty, I am quite sure he will correct you," said mamma, significantly.

Poor Jack Dalrymple! You might have knocked him down with a straw, as he stood beside the window, staring all aghast at this horrible inroad upon his domestic happiness. The poor simpleton had, in looking down the far-stretching vista of time, beheld with some complacency one or two toddling wee things, whose childish prattle and endearing ways would have served but as another bond of affection between the charming widow and himself; but now when the image started into his mind again, it was immediately routed out by the hideous sound of Master Abednego Fanloo, assisted by his two fascinating brothers, lolloping about the room, with all the noisy clumsiness of a pack of uncivilized lads just let loose from school, turning over his rarest pictures and books, throwing down his costly nick-nacks, sneering at his statues, and daubing their marmaladey fingers over the title-pages of a score or more of unique black-letter tomes, every one of which had in his bachelor days cost him a little fortune.

Suddenly the noise of a cab pulling up at the door, with a tremendous deal of bustle, disturbed the current of his thoughts; and, before he could say a syllable, a couple of ladies, one of them rather ancient, darted into the room, one of whom precipitated herself upon the happy husband, whilst the other made an equally energetic descent upon Mrs. John Dalrymple, and then continued her embraces, down to the three Master Fanloos.

"My dear Dalrymple," cried the old harridan, who had fallen foul of Jack, releasing him from her clutches, and sitting down without even a "by your leave," upon his own easy chair; "I never can forgive you and Dora making matters up so shockingly hasty: the naughty girl never even asked my consent."

"Faith, ma'am, then I only wish you had withheld it, then;" blurted out Jack, forgetting all his good manners in his astonishment.

"Oh, you naughty man!" cried the old lady, flourishing her parasol at him, in playful indignation. "I see that you're a shocking quiz, my dear John, so I must mind my Ps and Qs, with you."

"What a pretty place you have here, Dora," lisped the young lady, who was Mrs. John's younger sister, taking off her bonnet, and making herself quite at home, in a moment; "so different a place to what poor Fanloo took you to."

An admonitory cough from the old lady and Dora, simultaneously, checked her eloquence in this direction; and so she ordered Abednego to run out and send the cabman away, and to pay him eighteen-pence cab-hire.

"Which we should not have hired, love," said the old lady, smiling over to Mrs. John, "had we not so much luggage to bring, and really it was far cheaper than hiring a porter to carry it."

"Luggage!" groaned Jack to himself, going into the passage, where a perfect mountain of trunks and band-boxes stopped the way. "Why the old woman and sister-in-law intend to take up their quarters with me, surely: three step-sons, and a sister and mother-in-law, is a pretty foundation for a family," mused the poor wretch as he came back.

"Now Dora, dear, you must give us an early dinner," said the old lady, dictatorially; "for, you must know, we breakfasted very early. And now, if you'll show me my room, Rachel and I will take our things off, and then be all nice for the day."

"A widow with incumbrances!" thought Jack, slapping his pocket, as he watched Master Abraham Fanloo amusing himself by scratching the gilding off a costly frame, with his pen-knife. "It gives a poor dog an odd feeling, to get up in the morning, and find his wife has brought him three fine, hungry scamps of lads, and an Israelitish mother and sister-in-law, to increase his family with, since bed-time."

Well Jack's philosophy was sorely tried in the next six months, by his charming family. The three lads gorged themselves into typhus fever in a very short time; and though their wretched step-father, prayed most sincerely that they might pay the penalty of their gluttony, they all had the bad manners to recover; and Jack was accordingly saddled with a pretty little doctor's bill, which exactly eat up a quarter's income. Then the old lady, whose temper seemed so angelic at starting, soon began to show herself in her true colours, and kept the house in perpetual hot water, daily quarrels arising between Jack and herself, in which "dear Dora" always sided with mamma, and Jack was voted a brute.

The only luck that befell our hero, was the departure of Rachel, who eloped, one fine morning, with a dragoon. Jack bore the loss very philosophically, and although "dear Dora" went into violent hysterics at the scandal of the thing, and vowed she never could hold up her head again, Jack took it very coolly, and would have given a cool hundred to any adventurous swain who would have taken the old lady off in the same manner; but she was rather too ancient for that.

Well, at the end of a year things had, somehow or other, come to a consummation. Jack's wife and mother-in-law had got him very comfortably over head and ears in debt, and as Jack's creditors were rather impatient, an execution was soon put into the house. It is rather odd, that what Jack, at any other time would have considered the greatest evil under the sun, turned out to be

the luckiest thing in the world for him, at this identical moment. The bailiff, one of the children of Israel, no sooner beheld Mrs. John, than, with a dissonant yell of delight, he flew towards her, and encircling her in his arms, ejaculated, "My wifth! my wifth! by Moseth I have found my wifth!"

"The devil you have!" yelled Jack, in a transport, looking with the greatest composure at Mrs. Dalrymple lying in a dead faint in Mr. Fanloo's arms; "I wish you joy of your bargain, then, my dear fellow. And probably this young gentleman"—whirling the hopeful Abednego towards him by the shoulders—"is your son."

"He ish! he ish!" ejaculated the poor man, staggering under the weight of the fair and erring wife of his bosom. "Oh, manyth the time I have flogged the young scoundrelsh for stealing Absalom Modecai's appelsh. Oh, Mrs. Fanloo, for the love of Mosesh tell me whether you are dead or not!"

"Hi ti iddity!" yelled Jack, capering about the room like a madman; "here's a pretty lark, indeed! the wife of two husbands, you are, Mrs. John," addressing his spouse, who thought there was no need to be in a hurry to recover herself. "How d'ye do, this morning, ma'am?" he added, with a mock bow, as his mother-in-law bounced into the room, "I am very happy to introduce an old friend to you,"—and he pointed to Mr. Fanloo as he spoke,—"seen him before, eh?"

"Dalrymple, you're a wretch!" screamed the latter, flinging herherself into a chair, in the manner ladies do before they intend to go off. "And where, pray, did you spring from, sirrah?" she demanded, turning angrily to Mr. Fanloo. "You, that poor Dora and I fancied dead these six years or more; it is really using us very ill to turn up again now, when my daughter is so comfortably settled again."

"With her three cubs and her mamma," added Jack, dancing round the old lady.

"Don't be a brute, Dalrymple," thundered the old lady; "how should we know that that man would ever come back again?"

"I'll have you and your pretty daughter tried at the Old Bailey, for bigamy," said Jack, working himself into a passion.

"You won't be such a fool," rejoined the old lady, turning very white, in spite of herself, at the way in which the threat was used. "Oh dear! dear! to think that Fanloo should really turn up again."

"Thank heaven for that!" exclaimed Jack, triumphantly; "and now, my worthy friend, if you will send for a coach, you may take your faithful wife, these three delightful cherubs, and your charming mother-in-law away, as soon as you please."

"I cannot leave the housh until the debt ish paid," said Mr. Fanloo, recalled to his every day calling by Jack's words; "you must get a friendsh to get you out of this little difficultish, before

I can remove my wifesh. I did not include her in the barganish when I was married," pointing to the old lady.

"The brute!" sobbed the latter, going off into a very respectable swoon at once.

"We can soon settle that little business," cried Jack, unlocking his desk; "if you will make these women pack up their clothes and those of my three dear step-sons, I'll write to my solicitor, and have him here in a twinkling. Good-bye, Mrs. John; good-bye, mamma!" and Jack betook himself to the drawing-room, where he waited until his man of business arrived.

The latter was as discreet as Jack wished him to be, and the affair was quickly arranged, very much to the satisfaction of the two husbands, and very much to the chagrin of all the rest of the family, who did not like an exchange from Jack's luxurious quarters, to the elegant purlieus of Saffron-hill. Once or twice afterwards, when Jack's cogitations took a turn that way, he used to wonder what relationship there existed between Mrs. Fanloo and himself; but as he was no very great genealogist, he never could settle the knotty point: one thing, however, is certain,—that he remained a bachelor till his dying-day, and always took pretty good care never to extend his peregrinations to the neighbourhood of Mr. Fanloo's residence.

"A very good story, indeed," quoth Mr. Joseph Linton, rubbing his eyes very hard, and refraining with difficulty from yawning; "and if Boodle and Tooley hadn't unfortunately fallen fast asleep at the beginning, I have no doubt they would have deduced a capital moral from it."

"Ah, my dear fellow, the moral's everything," coincided Jerry, with the greatest solemnity; "stick to the moral in everything you do, and you'll be sure to find your way through the thickest wood in the world."

And so saying, this tippling philosopher took up his candle, and walked slantendicularly off to bed, leaving Mr. Joseph Linton jingling his money in his trousers' pocket, with a meditative air. What a pity it is that the morality of theory and the morality of action are so far opposed!

SONG.—MY ONLY LOVE.

(Written for an old Welsh air.)

They bear him to the cold, dark grave,
  That died for love of me;
And scornful words or calm disdain,
  Will rouse no more to agony
                My only love!

Once more, oh! look on me once more!
  I swear, by heaven above,
When most I scorned thy passionate prayer,
  Thou wert my only love.
                My only love!

Oh, would that I had sooner known,
  That *love* was life to thee;
That bitter words and glances cold,
  Would bear away from me
                My only love!

Thou dost not heed, thou dost not see,
  My bitter weeping now;
And all in vain my trembling lips,
  May kiss thy clay-cold brow,
                My only love!

My kisses cannot stir thy blood,
  Thou knows't nor joy nor pain;
And come what may, in life, for me,
  Thou canst not come again,
                My only love!

The Progress of the Nation, in its various Social and Economical Relations. By G. R. Porter, Esq. Second Edition, revised. Murray, Albermarle-street.

It is with great pleasure, we perceive that the most valuable work of Mr. Porter, a work without which no library can be considered as complete, has just reached a second edition. Valuable alike for the correct economical principles it illustrates and unfolds, and for the copious statistical information it contains, we can safely aver that the English language has not another work of the kind, which can for a moment enter into comparison with it. Under the various heads of Population,—Agricultural and Manufacturing Production,—Interchange, including internal communication and trade, external communication and commerce, etc.,—Public Revenue,—Consumption,—Accumulation,—Moral Progress,—the extent and condition of our Colonies,—we have all the information, collected from the most authentic sources, necessary for the full elucidation of the subject. So much for the work before us. Mr. Porter confines himself to the nineteenth century. To us, however, it has suggested a wider survey of the progress and the destinies of the nation, which we now propose to take :—

"Pomponius Mela, (we quote him second hand on the authority of Gibbon,) in narrating the war commenced by Claudius against the remote province of Britain, expresses a hope 'that, by the success of the Roman arms, the island and its savage inhabitants 'would soon be better known.' It was not long ere this wish, amusing as it may strike us now, was realised. The student of history can now trace the developments of men and things, which form the subject matter of the world's annals, and will see that a change has indeed come o'er the spirit of the scene,—that 'she who was named eternal,' has passed away as a dream,—that a religion, then known but by name; that men of alien manners, and blood, and tongue, have succeeded to the power and fame then possessed by Rome,—and that the obscure island, whose pearls attracted the avarice of the Roman soldiery, as they viewed its white cliffs from the shores of Gaul, is now linked with all of progression to which man's mind can aspire, and has a sway amongst the nations of the earth, of which Rome, in her palmiest days, never dreamed.

The eloquent pen of Gibbon has left us a vivid idea of the Roman Empire, in the age of the Antonines, an empire that

swayed the fortunes and lives of a hundred and twenty millions of human beings,—reckoning from the wall of Antoninus to Mount Atlas, two thousand miles broad, and from the Western Ocean to the Euphrates, three thousand miles long, comprising altogether sixteen hundred thousand square miles,—situate in the finest part of the temperate zone, rich in the possession of all the arts that humanize and bless mankind, whose merchants set in motion the looms of Babylon, and bought up the furs of Scythia, the amber found on the shores of the Baltic, and the silks and glittering jewels of the East,—an empire, whose sons, of unrivalled skill and iron arm, had made Rome the seat of commerce, the home of civilization, of polity, and of religion, the queen of cities, the mistress of the world. Paul, the apostle, conscious that a spirit was walking the earth, of which the Roman citizens had no idea, might see that the night was far spent, and that the day was at hand; but the latter might well be forgiven, if, with the short-sightedness, natural to man, he felt that the night of barbarism had already past, and that the day had already come,—he might be forgiven, if he fondly dreamed that Rome was eternal, as the seven hills on which she stood, or as the yellow Tiber that washed her marble halls,—he might well be forgiven, if he little thought that the time would come when her legions should turn their backs on a foe, or when the rude barbarian should climb her capital, and beard her senators.

Centuries of conquest were necessary, ere Rome could fight her way up to supremacy and power. There was a long time of struggle and of toil, before the mud cottages of Romulus were exchanged for the marble palaces of the crafty nephew of Julius Cæsar. What the Romans took centuries to do, was done by the inhabitants of the barbarous island of Pomponius Mela, in forty years. In one quarter of the globe, and at a distance of eight thousand miles, one hundred and twenty millions of men, whose manners and institutions remain what they were when Diodorus Siculus first compiled his account, whose earliest records carry us back to the world's dawn, whom the legions of the Macedonian failed to conquer, whom the hosts of Timour, and Nadir Shah, never thoroughly subdued, have yielded up to British supremacy, the vast extent of territory that stretches from the Himmalaya mountains to Cape Comorin; and this land, with a soil as rich as that of the Delta of the Nile, with a climate wooing the fruits and flowers of the earth to bud and blossom with a luxuriance, of which the inhabitants of this northern clime can but faintly conceive—this land, prodigal with pearls and gold—for thus sang the poets of remotest antiquity, and their more modern successors have re-echoed the same strain,—this land, separated from us by natural barriers, which we might imagine that no amount of skill, or cunning, or prowess, or all three of them together, could over-

leap, was won, not so much by armed hosts, as by a company of merchants, who went forth to trade, and in time to reign, on the shores of Hindoostan. The morality of all this may be more than questionable. On that head, we imagine christian men can have but one idea. We refer to the great fact of Britain's supremacy in the East, as a proof, not of her virtue, but of her power and skill. This island, of which Pomponius Mela speaks with such contempt, though in later times it gave to Rome many of her bravest troops, and more than one pretender to her purple, has done, by her merchants and adventurers, what the boasted legions of Scipio and Cæsar were unable to effect. Nor is this all. The English *mind* has become yet more potent than the English *sword*. Beyond the waves of the Atlantic, in the far distant West, one hundred and fifty millions, our sons and brethren, our rivals in the great work of the world's regeneration, speak our common tongue. We are not blind to the faults of America, but we have full confidence in its onward career.

So much for historical facts. Rome's greatness and Rome's decay, have become a household tale. Historians, from the days of Herodotus to Mr. Alison, look upon decay as the natural law of nations, as well as of men. They may think they are right; we think they are wrong.

The father of inductive philosophy has observed, and Mr. Alison, whose work on the History of Europe, praiseworthy though it be, on many accounts we should be glad to see replaced by an historian of more liberal views and brighter, and as we deem them, more philosophical, hopes, has quoted the observation as an authority,—that, in the infancy of a state, arms do prevail; in its maturity, arms and learning for a short season; in its decline, commerce and the mechanical arts; and the gifted seer, who preaches of heroism and truth to a race, but too much inclined to forget the one, and forsake the other, has denominated the age in which we live, a mechanical one. Thomas Carlyle is right: whether Lord Bacon is equally so, we more than doubt. If Lord Bacon be correct, we must look upon our national state as one of decline; we must embrace the melancholy conviction that England has seen her best days, that the sun of her glory and greatness is setting, never more to rejoice and bless the earth; and that, whatever may be the mental and moral light which, though long delayed, shall eventually cheer the eyes and gladden the hearts of emancipated men, the morning of England's resurrection can never dawn. Can this be true? Is England's career to be but a tale of the past? Another instance of vigour extinct, of departed glory, of greatness withering like the grass that perisheth, by the stroke of the destroyer, Time? This is the question which we now propose to discuss.

And first we observe, that to us the idea of decline and decay

appears altogether delusive and unfounded. If it be based on a comparison, instituted by some, between a nation and an individual, we feel that the analogy is more seeming than real, and that consequently the argument falls worthless to the ground. There is no parallel between the two. All that on which society rests, is to be derived from experience, and every hour gives birth to new principles, or at least to the new application of old and admitted truths. Society is one continued onward march. Each age is richer in truth and wisdom than the one preceding. Our grandfathers tell us that when they were young, people in the country always made their wills previous to setting out on a journey to London. Who can say that our present rapid mode of locomotion, may not, some time hence, seem equally worthy of ridicule, as that of the days to which we have referred, does to us? In economical science, we may never have another Adam Smith; in philosophy, another Bacon; in astronomy, another Newton; but our future political economists, and philosophers, and astronomers will find out and publish truths of which *they* never dreamed, inasmuch as they commence where Newton, and Bacon, and Smith were compelled to stop. The pigmy on the giant's back must see further than the giant himself. The developments of a nation do not correspond with those of an individual. About the same time in all, youth passes into manhood, and manhood becomes old age. "The days of our years are threescore years and ten, and if, by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow, for it is soon cut off and we fly away." But no man of common sense will be hardy enough seriously to affirm that he can point out corresponding epochs in the history of a nation. Internal strife, hostile invasion, removal of trade, the existence of institutions that frustrated the end for which all institutions should exist, some of these, or all of them together have in times past, produced the destruction of a political community. But surely such sudden extinctions differ widely from that gradual and inevitable decline, of which old age has ever been rightly considered the type. Venice fell into decay, because, in the fifteenth century, the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope diverted the tide of traffic and trade. The grass now grows in the deserted streets of Lubeck, because commerce finds elsewhere a more convenient home. Hamburg with its annual trade of twenty millions of pounds sterling, now stands first among the commercial cities of the Continent. The bar now forming at Schulau, may destroy the navigation of the Elbe, and Hamburg may be what Lubeck is now. Carthage fell, because it was blotted out by the Roman power. Sparta and Athens fell, because their thirty or forty thousand privileged citizens bore no proportion to the amount of slaves, so that when the hour of danger came, there were none they could lead forth to battle for their altars and

homes. Had their institutions been more just to the masses,—more in accordance with the rights of man, they would have weathered the storm by which they were laid low. For the same reason, Rome fell after twelve centuries of renown, while, as if to show how absurd is the analogy between nations and individuals, the vast empire of China has lived on for ages without the shadow of a change. Old age is by no means the necessity of a state. There are regenerating influences always at hand. Nations when they die, die by *felo-de-se*. To each one of them is given the choice of perpetual youth. It need never be ours,—

> "To see the sun how brightly it will shine,
> And know that noble feelings, manly powers,
> Instead of gathering strength, must droop and pine,
> And earth, with all her pleasant fruits and flowers,
> Fade and participate in man's decline."

Not unfrequently we have heard it said that England's Christianity will make her an exception to that general rule,—the inevitable decline of nations,—which we conceive to be based on an unreal and fallacious analogy. That religion is essential to the well-being of society, we freely admit, but we maintain that in no case can it be proved that a nation sank into decay, owing to its idolatrous religion alone. Symmachus, when pleading before Valentinian for the restoration of the altar of Victory, was just as correct in affirming as he did, that the old pagan creed had reduced the world under its laws, that its rites had repelled Hannibal from the city, and the Greeks from the capitol; nor can it be shown that religion will preserve a state in spite of mismanagement, ignorance of the science of government, party-strife within, or hostile attacks from without. Gustavus Vasa perished on the field of Lutzen,—yet he was fighting for the truth. Cracow is not more guilty than Vienna, yet how different are their fates! The religion of the Huguenots was no preservative from the sword of Louis XIV. It rolled not back the tide of conquest which that most inflated and superstitious of men boasted, ever attended on his steps, and ever reflected glory on his arms. While the drivelling James was playing a losing game in Whitehall, the husband of an English princess was in vain risking his Bohemian kingdom and crown, for the precious truths for which Huss died and Luther lived. We do not even find that a religious society, has, within itself, the elements of lasting life. It is temporary and shortlived as any other. Eternal in its principles, it may, in its developments, be shifting and changing as an April day. Everywhere beneath heaven's broad light, we may find the ruins of temples that were once glorious to behold. The lamp has gone out that once shone brightly on the dark corners of the

earth: and the places, where once the worship of Christianity was celebrated, are now dark as night, and silent as the grave. The churches that were planted by the labours, and watered by the tears, of apostles themselves, one after another, have languished and died; nor even were the seven churches of Asia, to whom the mysterious revelations of deity were made known, an exception to the general rule. They now live only in the records of the past. A religious society requires as the necessary condition of its existence, much more than a political one does. To the one, all men, by right of birth belong: to the other, but the serious and decided few. There may be a political society, and a religious one may not exist at all. So long as there are men and women, there must be the *former*. One generation passes away, but another comes,—the son succeeds the sire. A single generation may witness the death of the *latter*. It may live with the father, it may die with the son. One year it may find a Constantius on the throne, endeavouring to lend it regal aid; the next, it may find on the same throne a Julian, with the voice and aspect of a foe. If, then, we find that a religious society is subject to decay, it seems an indifferent argument to assert as some do, that a nation will be preserved simply because it contains such a society within itself: nor will the argument be strengthened by first considering what sort of a Christianity it is, on which these good people look with such complacency,—how much of it is a dreary sentimentalism in some, or in others, external and formal,—how destitute much of it is, in beauty and power,—how little of it regulates the heart, and is uttered or thought of in the daily business of life.

The idea we have thus glanced at, we consider not only as simply unfounded, but also as injurious in an eminent degree. A nation we take to be a political body, and like every political body, it has its conditions, necessary, not so much for its existence, as its well-being. These conditions are simple,—easily understood,—and, were it not that might has too often usurped the place of right, easily put in practice. They are, that good laws should be made and obeyed, that life and property should be preserved, that no abuses should be suffered to exist, that full scope should be given to virtue, industry, intelligence on the part of the people, that there should be justice between man and man, on the part of the government, and nothing more. Now, these conditions may be violated: there may be laws, in their principles and workings alike bad: there may be injustice, there may be monopoly and class legislation, and, at the same time, there may be much real, admirable Christianity existing in the land; but the beneficial influence of the one, will not, and cannot, counteract the deteriorating influence of the other, any more, than would orthodoxy of creed preserve the man who hourly violates the conditions of physical life.

While the empire of the West was crumbling into ruins, Constantinople was the very seat and fountain of religious excitement. In the time of Gregory Nazianzen, not a mechanic or slave existed but could dogmatise on the great mysteries of our faith. "If you desire a man to change a piece of silver, he informs you wherein the Son differs from the Father; if you ask the price of a loaf, you are told by way of reply that the Son is inferior to the Father; and if you inquire whether the bath is ready, the answer is that the Son was made out of nothing." To affirm that men may give up all political agitation, that they need not study political science, that a nation's Christianity simply, will preserve it from decay, were to maintain that a legislator may bungle as he pleases, that he may know as little of the science of government, and may be as unfit for his office as we can well imagine, and yet that all will be right, provided he be but a Christian man. This is the old cry that has been repeated by the advocates of every political abuse and glaring wrong, from the days of the Stuarts to the present. It was argued against Charles the First that he had invaded the liberties of the country; and the defence set up for him, was, that he was faithful to his wife, and attached to the doctrines and rites of the English church. Fifty years back it was said of George III., that he stretched the royal prerogative to a degree utterly at variance with the principles that seated the house of Hanover on the throne; and we were told in reply, that he made a point of reading the Bible, and went regularly to church. It was complained of the late Mr. Percival, that he was one of the most bigoted and narrow-minded men, that ever lived, that he saw but a little way before him, and that what little he did see, he saw wrong: and his partisans wondered at the unreasonable conduct of the friends of reform, who still kept up a clamour against him, though assured upon unquestionable authority, that his creed was Calvinistic, and that his piety was without a doubt. The profligacy of Chancellor Thurlow, who always stood up for high church principles, was winked at by men who could find no terms too strong to express their abhorrence of the licentiousness of Fox:

> "Whene'er of statesmen we complain,
> They cry, 'Why raise this vulgar strife so?'
> 'Tis true this tax may give ye pain,
> But then, his lordship loves his wife so!
> This law indeed, may gall ye rather,
> But then, his lordship's such a father!"

But to return to the sentiment of Bacon. Generalizing on his own principles, we have arrived at a conclusion differing from that legitimately deducible from his own remark. It is true that this

is an age in which "the mechanical arts do flourish," but we are far from believing that this is the period of England's decline. Already the mechanical age seems to be wearing itself out. This, Mr. Dawson and the author of the "Historical and Critical View of the Speculative Philosophy of Europe in the Nineteenth Century," though very different writers; alike testify. There are indications that a spirit is abroad and is walking the earth, more in accordance with God and man. When Lord Bacon wrote, but few of the principles of political science were discovered, and those few but partially known. Even so great a genius was not exempt from the errors of his times. It is true that he led forth the sciences from the home of bondage, (as Cowley, in his Ode to the Royal Society has finely remarked,) but it is also true, that, like the deliverer of the Jews, he died before he reached the promised land. The age in which he lived, was remarkable for an intellectual activity on some points, only equalled by its gross credulity on others. The powers of the human mind were concentrated on every conceivable subject but the right. The loftiest intellects were spell-bound, by the mysterious marvels of the illiterate and rude. Men's lives and fortunes were frittered away in search of the philosopher's stone, that was to turn every thing it touched into gold, and that was to prolong to an age beyond even that of Methuselah, the life of the fortunate possessor. Dr. Dee was reverenced as a philosopher, and a man of acute, and for those times, if not for all, polished intellect. Sir Walter Raleigh helped to bewilder a credulous people, by his wondrous accounts of nations of Amazons, of men whose mouths were in their breasts, of El Dorado, and its mountains of glittering gold. Over everything, a fervid imagination threw its gorgeous robe. At that time, romance had her home not only at the "Globe," and amongst players, but in all broad England: from the Land's End, to where now stands Johnny Groat's, she had "a local habitation and a name." The sciences, that required merely continued and patient observation, and accurate investigation, were considered as altogether unworthy of regard. Political science was completely misunderstood. Even Bacon looked upon the sumptuary laws of Henry VII, as admirable enactments,—laws which now even Colonel Sibthorp, or Mr. Ferrand would be ashamed to defend. Bacon was gathered to his fathers, but no Elisha was found to wear his mantle; then came the struggles of the English with their king, the splendid sway of the Lord Protector, the mad vices of the Restoration, and the glorious revolution of 1688. To these succeeded in France, the feverish splendour of the "*grand Monarque*," and at home, the troubled reign of him who realized more bitterly than most, the truth of the line:—

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Then came the age, neither of iron, of silver, nor of gold, according to classic fiction, but of lead,—when principle was sunk into profession, and profession was no better than a farce; an age, whose slander, and gossip, and tea-table talk will be remembered as long as the fame of the author of Otranto shall last; an age that admired the insipid dramas of Hayley, and that took its easy tone of morality from the letters of the well bred and licentious Chesterfield. Society appeared then to exemplify the fabulous reports that prevailed of that dead sea, beneath whose waters were entombed all that remained of Sodom and Gomorrah. There seemed no symptom of vitality or change. The seven sleepers might have fallen asleep when the first George came to the throne, and might have woke up in the reign of George the Third, only to find society in all its dullness, much the same; or, if change were perceptible, it was but as the small cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, which the casual observer would certainly overlook. Adam Smith thought that society had become, as it were, stereotyped, and that what then existed, would remain for ever the same. The writer of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," regretted that history would have to cease to record those moving incidents, which, in all times past, have given to its pages excitement's thrilling charms.

Thus wrote men, whose claim to wisdom had been confirmed by the universal suffrage of the *savans* of Europe; but, before the ink was dry, their sage predictions were singularly falsified. A change came, sudden as the lightning's flash. Without a note of warning,—without space for repentance,—the voluptuous aristocracy of France had to yield a terrible atonement for the wrongs done by their ancestors. In a moment, the fury of the storm, like an avenging angel, swept through the land. There was a shaking amongst the dry bones, a hurrying to and fro of armed men in the imperial halls of Versailles; the curls that clustered on the proud brow of the daughter of the lion-hearted Maria Theresa, in a night became gray. The blood of the heir of a hundred crowns was spilt like water; in laughter and tears, in frenzy and woe, with songs and sighs, with the dance and the dirge, was held the carnival of death. In that dark scene, there was much to shudder at,—much to deplore; but we must remember, that to its convulsive heavings and bitter throes, we owe the development of those great truths, of which democracy is but the embodiment and outward type. Geologists maintain that in place of the narrow strait that divides England from France, there was once solid land. However this may be, it is true that no great change takes place in the one country without producing an influence, either good or bad, within the other. To this remark, the present case is no exception. It was not long before the red cap of liberty was raised at home. From one end of England to the other, men

were worked up, and felt the deep emotions of a common excitement. Of course, the cry of danger was raised by pensioners and place-men, in church and state,—by the creeping things that spawn and fatten in the midst of political abuse. For a time, the cry prevailed; the principles of democracy,—we mean democracy as it first presented itself to the world, in the American Declaration of Independence, democracy as it is,—were almost stifled at their birth. The bigot railed and raved; he did more, he lied and persecuted to the death. Men's mouths were gagged,—men's hearts failed them for fear; the cloven foot of the informer was everywhere visible. Pitt sneered at Fox, on account of his library stuffed with the Vindiciæ Gallicæ and the Rights of Man. Priestley, by an infuriated mob, was driven from the land. Democracy was abhorred as an unclean thing. Considering what human nature is, we can readily believe that its hasty advocates themselves, did much to bring it into contempt. But we must also remember that some of them, such as Southey and Coleridge, made ample amends for their early zeal in the cause of the people, by the violence with which they urged on the government to prosecute all who were not turncoats like themselves. Their early devotion to democracy was a sin, it is true; but it was one for which the implacable hate they ever afterwards evinced, to all who would not creep, and fawn, and flatter, was considered by their masters as an ample atonement.

At length, the war for rotten boroughs was brought to a close. Legitimacy was again restored. Constitutions alien to the spirit of the age, were bolstered up for a little while longer. Sceptres were again placed in the hands of men who had neither the power nor the wish to use them aright. A Bourbon again trod the halls of Versailles. Poland became the prey of the Czar. Across the fair fields of the south, floated the eagles of Austrian despotism. Norway was handed over to Sweden. Prussia, for her share of booty, was satisfied with the Rhenish provinces, a slice of the duchy of Warsaw, and half Saxony; and, in defiance of the utmost diversity in religion, and language, and race, Belgium and Holland were united under a common king. But to this latter arrangement, there were insurmountable obstacles. Nature forbade the banns, and in 1830, the ill-fated union was dissolved. We came out of the struggle with the hearty hatred of the French, with the loss of 700,000 British soldiers, with an expenditure of £782,933,828, at the very least. But this settlement was not a work of spoliation. The Holy Alliance professed to act on Christian principles. In a manifesto published by Alexander, the contracting parties "solemnly declare that the present act has no other object, than to publish in the face of the whole world, their fixed resolution, both in the administration of their respective states, and in their political relations with every other government,

to take for their sole guide the precepts of the holy religion of our Saviour, namely, the precepts of justice, Christian charity, and peace, which, far from being applicable only to private concerns, must have an immediate influence on the councils of princes, and guide all their steps, as being the only means of consolidating human institutions, and remedying their imperfections." France, in 1812, embraced a population of more than fifty millions. It was the boast of Napoleon, that the Mediterranean would be but a French lake; but then Napoleon was an usurper, and the French were infidels. Castlereagh, and Metternich, and Alexander, blotted out Poland, and signed away nations and peoples, and acted the robber's part, under the influence of Christian principles. "The holy religion of our Saviour," so they said, was their sole guide. They were honourable men. They, whited sepulchres as they were, could walk up into the temple, and thank God they were not like the French, extortioners, unjust, etc. They plundered and oppressed in the name of the Lord. He, who with his winds and snows, had blasted the proudest legions that ever rallied round the eagles of Napoleon, could smile on them, as in the luxurious saloons of Vienna, they arrogated to themselves the right to partition out Europe, to bind freedom with chains, and to impede man's onward march.

Poets tell us, "all that is bright must fade." Wellington and Castlereagh had to leave the society of the serf lords of Russia, and the Austrian advocates of legitimacy and despotism. They had to bid farewell to the gay reviews of the Bois de Boulogne, and the re-unions of the Faubourg St. Honore, as they had bidden farewell to the glitter and glare of Vienna, the preceding year. Flushed with unparalleled success, they returned home. The Prince Regent in the speech from the throne, talks confidently of commerce, manufactures, revenue, flourishing at home, and of splendid success abroad. Notwithstanding the enormous sacrifices the English people had made, for the purpose of carrying on the war, Castlereagh, with his usual aristocratic impudence, could taunt them with "impatience of taxation." Horner's Memoirs, and Sir Samuel Romilly's Diary, yet show how dark, then, were the prospects of England's freedom. Peace dispelled the dream into which the nation had fallen. We then found that we were worse off than before, that distress, and poverty, and ruin, were stalking through the land, and were inflicting on us deeper ills than the swords and bayonets of France. We found that questionable military honour had been obtained at a price, which only madmen would,—which only Englishmen could—have paid, and that with a reckless expenditure abroad, there had been extravagance and abuse at home. Lord Castlereagh said, "it was a matter of indifference," whether they added to the national debt or not, while the Prince Regent in the recesses of his palace, gave

himself up to debauchery, without a parallel even in the history of kings. Well might Henry Brougham point his powerful invective against those, who "in utter disregard of the feelings of an oppressed and insulted nation, proceeded from one wasteful expenditure to another; who decorated and crowded their houses with the splendid results of their extravagance; who associated with the most profligate of human beings; who, when the gaols were filled with wretches, could not suspend for a moment their thoughtless amusements to end the sad suspense between life and death."* No wonder that England saw radicalism spring up in her bosom. The colliers, the weavers, the agriculturists, were alike destitute of food and work. It was in vain that a meeting was held at the London Tavern, at which the chair was taken by the Duke of Kent, "to take into consideration the present distressed state of the lower classes, and the most effectual mode of relieving them,"—that hand corn mills were recommended instead of machinery,—that men and women were sent into the fields to shell beans, or that soup was doled out. Reform of the constitution, remission of taxation, reduced expenditure, abolition of sinecures, these were the words imperiously uttered by lean and hungry men. Two-penny trash was circulated, Hampden clubs were organized, "weaver boys" became orators, and the aristocratic Sir Francis Burdett, a leader of unwashed artisans. Government appears to have endeavoured to infuse into the minds of the rich, suspicion towards the poor, by fabrications, or by exaggerating the wild talk of visionaries, such as Spence, the Yorkshire schoolmaster, into dangerous conspiracies against church and state. A few spies were found abandoned enough to lie for government reward, and a few heroic men were found resolute enough to die for reform; but it was in vain that these things were done, or that a bad name was given to the people's cause. The people were aroused, and this time ministers had no means of diverting, for long, the excitement. There was no new French republic to put down. Unluckily we were in a state of profound peace. Year after year witnessed the increase of the people's strength, till it was sealed by the three days of July in Paris, and at home by the success of the long struggle for reform. Since then, the young life of democracy has gone on obtaining victories, and wresting strong holds from a grasping aristocracy, and now it can defy the utmost efforts of prince, of priest, or of peer.

We may have been long in coming to our point, but we have at

* Mr. Knight, who in his "History of England during Thirty Years Peace," has reprinted this passage from Hansard, says that at this time there were fifty-eight persons under sentence of death in Newgate. The difficulty and inconvenience of assembling the law-officers at Brighton, and the indisposition of the Prince Regent, (his Royal Highness had the gout,) were the reasons assigned for this neglect.

length reached it. In our national history, greatness and the increase of the power of the people have gone on together, and as we see nothing to check the one, we may conclude that there is nothing to impede the other. From our long struggles, from our heavy continental wars, we have emerged with colours flying, and indomitable strength. In 1814, 1,779,632 tons of shipping were employed in the import trade of Great Britain. In 1844, the tonnage employed was 5,049,600 tons. In our outward trade there were employed in 1814, 1,730,808 tons; in 1844, 5,297,168 tons, being an increase of 3,566,360, so that, within the last thirty years, our import and export trade have employed nearly treble the amount they did in 1814. Again, the official value of our imports from foreign countries, in 1814, was £33,755,264. In 1845, it increased more than 170 per cent., being £85,281,958. During the same period, similar improvements took place in our exports. In 1814, their official value was £34,207,253, which, in 1845, had increased to £150,879,986. Again, while the population of Great Britain has increased in a ratio of 50 per cent., it being in 1811, 12,596,803, and in 1841, it having increased to 18,720,394, there has been at the same time a decrease of pauperism. The amount of poor's rates paid in 1811, was £6,656,105, being equal to 13½*d.* on the whole population, while in 1841 the amount had fallen to £4,911,498, or 6½*d.* per head, a sum less than half what was paid thirty years before. The few years that have witnessed the growth of the railway system among us, can testify how inexhaustible are our capital and skill. In this country, bills have passed for the construction of no less than 532 railways; of which 247 are main lines, and 285 extensions and branches. For this, a capital has been raised of £153,457,837. In 1845, 2,118 miles of railway were opened. In 1844, the number of passengers who travelled by railways, reckoning the separate journeys of each, was 30,363,052: the annual receipts, in 1845, for passengers, were £3,976,341, and for goods, £2,333,373, making a total of £6,309,714, a sum equal to the revenues of many second-rate states.

These are facts that defy the rhetoric and the lamentations of the united Croaker tribe to refute or gainsay. We have lived long enough to know what such men mean, when they cry that the constitution is in danger, or that we are on the eve of national decay. We know that the plain English of that cry is, not that the constitution, but the craft by which they live, is in danger. When Old Sarum was disfranchised, and the men of Manchester and Birmingham were permitted to send their representatives to St. Stephens, the cry raised by the party opposed to Reform, and re-echoed by their Tadpoles and Tapers, and hirelings of the press, was, that the constitution had received a death-blow;—and yet, since 1830, a wonderful progress has been made in the land.

When Cobden and the League were preaching free-trade, the agricultural mind could see in its ultimate issue, nothing but unmixed cause for despair:—agriculture would be ruined,—farms would be worth neither purchasing nor cultivating. This was said hundreds of times over by such men as Lord Ingestrie and Sir Charles Wetherall, and yet, since the settlement of the question by Sir Robert Peel, the former has been a large purchaser of land, and the latter while travelling for that very purpose, met with the melancholy accident which caused his death. For all we hear to the contrary, protectionist landlords are still receiving the rents that the six years of high prices, from 1808 to 1813 inclusive, made farmers willing to pay, and to maintain which, the corn bill of 1815, when prices had fallen to the average of the years from 1802 to 1807, and when rents should have done the same, was passed in a landlord's parliament. What such men dread, do in reality infuse into the constitution fresh vigour and life. They portend not national decay and death, but the reverse. The removal of one abuse, of one buttress behind which monopoly and class legislation have ignominiously skulked, is like stripping from the monarch of the forest the foul parasite by which his beauty is hidden and his strength devoured. From such operations, the constitution comes out with the elements of life in it more copious and active than they were before. It finds a wider base in the support and attachment of the people. It becomes more sympathetic with them,—it grows as they grow, and strengthens with their strength.

It is not true, then, that for us the future is more fraught with anxiety than hope. The theory is denied by fact. Commercially it is not the case. If we take even "Punch" as a test, we shall find that morally it is not so. There is a healthy progression in the mind of the people. They who assert otherwise, wrong the truth that, for eighteen hundred years, has been audible to men. Not only is it given to the poet, but to the student, and the workman, and the man of business, and the world, to

> —"read the doom of distant time,
> That man's regenerate soul from crime
> Shall yet be drawn,
> And reason, on his mortal clime,
> Immortal dawn."

We rest our belief in England's progress, on the rise, and growth, and ultimate triumph of the principles of democracy within her. Of the fact itself, no one can have a doubt. Dr. Alison, the most laboured of modern historians, draws from it conclusions melancholy in the extreme. The more philosophical De Tocqueville sees not England alone, but all the nations of the earth, verging

towards a common and universal democracy, as surely as the tide of civilization and life is now rushing from east to west. It is not difficult to perceive why this should be so.

The fictions about unknown continents, by which our fathers were amused and deceived, have been for ever dispelled, by increased geographical knowledge. Almost every nook and corner on earth's surface has been explored and noted down. There are now no hordes of warriors to burst forth, like a volcano, scattering fire and death from the forts and fastnesses of Germany. There can be now no new revelation to proclaim to man a sublimer destiny than that which the Bible unfolds. We may conclude, then, that, with what of right there yet exists in the world, it will be left to our children to battle against the wrong. How that right has developed itself, and what direction its future developments bid fair to take, the reader will have already surmised.

They were a wonderful people,—those northern nations. They had conquered Varrus and his three legions,—they had contended with Cæsar,—they had given the title of Germanicus to the first Roman of his age. Even now the Scandinavian longs for the voluptuous South, with its olive gardens and vineyards, with its blue sky and its unclouded sun, as did their fathers, as thicker and thicker they clustered, like bees, round the ill-fated walls of Rome. Those Saxons loved war even more intensely than their descendants do gold. Death for them had no terror. It but translated them to the Walhalla, where met in triumph the godlike and the brave. The sketches given of them in Tacitus and Cæsar, show how indomitable was the war spirit they breathed. It is said that Ulphilas, who translated the Bible into the Mæso Gothic version, left out the "Kings," on account of the wars there enumerated. When Clovis heard of the sufferings of our Saviour,—how he was reviled, and unjustly condemned, and ignominiously slain,—he furiously exclaimed, "Had I been present, at the head of my valiant Franks, I would have revenged his injuries." Yet, from the northern wall of China, there poured forth hordes of savages, before whom trembled Hermanric, who ruled from the Baltic to the Euxine, and his Goths. They were different in appearance from those with whom they came in contact. With broad shoulders, flat noses, small, black, sunken eyes, their presence excited unmixed disgust. They were compared to the mis-shapen figures, the Termini, with which the Romans were wont, not to adorn, but to encumber their bridges. An origin was assigned them, which rendered them objects of still greater disgust, and fear, and scorn. That they were the offspring of witches and fiends, born in the deserts of Scythia, was the tale which the Goths tremblingly, but readily, believed. Against this fresh eruption, the decaying strength of Rome could oppose but an ineffectual barrier. Soon they became as familiar with the walls of Rome, as they had been with those of

China. It was not long before they claimed the land of promise as their own. "Furious Frank and fiery Hun" divided the spoil between them. Every land that had rejoiced under the mild despotism of Augustus, became subject to their sway. They fused into one. They regenerated men whom luxury and civilization had emasculated. With them we got in Europe the NEW BLOOD.

But the great ruler of the world had fixed the hour of a yet more potent change. Through many an age, the Jews had testified the sovereignty and verity of their Jehovah. In the drama of the world's history, Palestine was now called to act an important part. From "the fair humanities of old religions," men's minds had become estranged, through the experience of their utter worthlessness. To those great questions relative to this world and the next, to which man's universal heart has ever sought to find a clue, they returned answers unmeaning, delusive, and vague. The masses of men, and more especially the educated and informed, saw

> "No God, no heaven, in the wide world,—
> The wide, grey, lampless, dark, unpeopled world."

Every where unbelief, shallow, sensual, withering, prevailed. At its voice,

> "The oracles are dumb,
> No voice or hideous hum
> Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
> Apollo from his shrine
> Can no more divine,
> With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving;
> No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
> Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell."

The Jews themselves had become dead to the great truths their religion embodied. They had sunk the substance in the letter,—the spirit in the form. The Roman Augur was not more bereft of the inspiration of Deity than had become the Hebrew Levite. The temples were thrown down; the sacred fire had ceased to burn; the priests and worshippers were no more. Then came the NEW CREED: the truth which the Son of God preached with wondrous power, and sealed with a yet more wondrous death: the truth that came home to men's hearts, and rectified men's lives: the truth that, linked with men of Teutonic blood, seemed at once miraculously to sway and regenerate the then known world, and whose banner, still associated with the same energetic race, flutters in every breeze, and floats on every sea. With these

commenced the concluding portion of the world's development. From this union has resulted an indomitable destiny. Against it no extent of territory, no swarming population, can stand. Witness in Europe the Sclavonic race, and China in the East. The old world had done its work. Greece fed and fired the human intellect. Government, social organization, law, came from Rome. A yet nobler mission pertained to the Jew. Wonderfully does each nation pass away when it has performed the part assigned it: and it seems the prelude to the great gathering in of the harvest of the earth, that half of Europe, all America, and Australia, are peopled by a race German in blood, and Christian in creed.

Among the nations, foremost for its Christian creed and German blood, is our own sea-girt home; and the former, asserting as it does man's equality, the nothingness of earthly distinctions, the common judgment awaiting the wronger and the wronged, the mighty and the mean,—sanctions and refines the democracy which had its birth beneath the forests of beech that bordered on the shores of the Baltic. Priestism may have frowned upon the common weal, may have identified itself with a class; but Christianity, properly understood and rightly applied, must of necessity have a contrary effect. Only the historian of a party, as Mr. Alison, we regret to say, certainly is, can assert that it is obnoxious to democracy: or, because "suffering is essential to the purification of the human heart," can for a moment defend the imperfection that more or less attaches to all present political arrangements. The clash of conservatism with the onward march of democracy is by no means to be deprecated as an ill. Humanity has shone brightest in the hour of its darkest struggles. It would require the most profound ignorance of history for a man to class the contest that gave the victories of Marathon and Salamis to the Greeks; that decided for ever the fate of Carthage; that roused up in the middle ages the lion-hearted followers of the crescent and the cross; that threw down the Bastile, and took a fearful, but a righteous, revenge for the wrongs of centuries: amongst the least illustrious annals that occupy and illustrate the annals of the world. By such struggles is the character of a nation strengthened and matured: by such struggles is the chaff winnowed away.

Such struggles we have had: such we may yet continue to have. With a debt of eight hundred millions, like a millstone around our neck; with a population increasing at the rate of one thousand a day; with six millions of Catholic Irish, ever ready to steep us in civil war; with large masses in our midst, degraded by ignorance, and vice, and want;—no man can have the hardihood to deny but that there may be breakers ahead. Rather from the elements of discord around us we may conclude that we shall have storms to weather, severe as any that have awakened the energy and heroism of our countrymen in days gone by. From the past we can best

discover the future. The historian acts in some degree the part of the prophet. There is order, and law, and unity in the world's development. Not by accident is modern history so rich in the possession of the new blood and creed, for want of which the glory of Athens, Corinth, and Rome, passed away as a dream of the night. Nor that England may perish does that new blood course through the veins, and that new creed fructify in the hearts of her sons. To the student of history it is given to read the beginning of the end; the final struggle of right with might; the defeat of the false; the triumph of the true. For that we are now preparing. With Tennyson we believe

> "That through the ages an increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widened by the circles of the suns."

We have now arrived at the close of our historical survey. Two acts seem to compose the drama of time. With ancient history closed the one; where the other shall terminate is alone known to Him "who sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and before whom the nations are as the small dust of the balance." The analogy that would lead us to talk of the youth, and manhood, and decay, of nations, as if they were men, is totally false. Decay has been the result, not of old age, against which no skill of the body politic could avail, but of causes, the results of which might have been foreseen and provided against. Peopled cities, it is true, have become solitary wastes; thrones and sceptres have mouldered into dust; the crowded streets of ancient capitals,—the busy haunts of man, where beauty thrilled, where riches dazzled, where luxury enslaved, where science taught, where idolatry debased, where rival factions armed and harangued, contended and won, are silent and deserted as the grave. But we see no reason to believe that in Paris will be renewed the fate of Palmyra, or that St. Paul's will remain, like the Colosseum, a melancholy memorial of the past.

It is then to our democracy, of Christian creed and Saxon blood, that we look, as that which shall preserve England from decay. It is on the elevation of the people that compose a nation,—their growth in manly principles and deeds,—that our sole hope of its prosperity is based. In no other class of men than those forming the democracy of our land, do we see the elements of vigour and life. There have been, there still are, among our nobles, many who shed honour upon the coronets they wear; but our poets of most far-spread sympathies; our philosophers of widest grasp; our seamen of most indomitable energy; our scientific men of greatest skill: from the days of William Shakespeare to those of Elihu Burritt, have sprung from the people. Our steam-engines; our printing presses; our railways; our canals; our electric telegraphs; our cotton-mills; our manufactures; our works of art; our marble

statues; our stately homes and halls,—these, lasting as the sun's golden light, or the air's balmy breath, are the splendid gifts of democracy to the progress and civilization of the world. These are what the *man*, in his might and majesty, has done. In democracy, then, we see adaptation to future times. Its institutions are the great school in which man learns hardihood, heroism, self-government, and self-reliance. There is a vast difference between a slave and a free man; but a Brazilian slave does not differ so much from a Finland serf as does a citizen of Vienna or Berlin from one of London. Give the former his cup of coffee, his cigar, and his theatre,—he is content; the latter must have his freedom to think, to speak, and to act. In Copenhagen, no foreign newspaper is permitted without leave of the government first obtained; it is true, it can boast the finest ballet in the north of Europe, but its trade is wretched, and, to an Englishman, to go on its scant and silent exchange seems a farce. The more of power and responsibility the man has, the more the man within is developed and matured. This is a great fundamental truth, substantiated by the experience of every age and clime. In this truth, democracy finds its true sanction, and of it, it is the legitimate result. Such a democracy, accompanied with religious feeling, with sound restraint, with the development of much that is best and highest of man's powers of head and of heart, is now striding like a conqueror through the land. Of its progress, of its result, there can be no doubt. It were easier to beard the lion in his den than to attempt to repress the onward movement of the mind of the people, or to say to them, "Hitherto shall ye come, and no further." Man will assume a loftier bearing than that he has worn heretofore, "cribbed cabined, and confined," as he has been by institutions formed when there was no law but that of might. Even Mr. Warburton, the last, and certainly not the least able, writer on America, confesses that, up to a certain point, its institutions are more favourable to the education and development of the people than those of any other country; and his testimony is not the less true on account of the prejudices that cleave to that brilliant sketcher of men and manners, whether he write from the pyramids and palm-trees of the East, or whether he sojourn for a time across the Atlantic in the far distant West. The establishments which some have considered as bound up with our very national existence, may live only in the history of the past. An hour may come—Dr. Alison says it must come, and bewails it accordingly—when a total change may be effected in the government of this realm. Time, that has watched with its calm, unsleeping eye the decay and death of so much to which men have clung, and for which they have fought, may witness the gradual decline, one after the other, of the three great powers,—the church, the aristocracy, and the crown,—that have hitherto been too ready, though they are not now, to unite against

that people, for whose benefit, and by whose consent, they profess to exist. But England will never die, her sun will never set, her glory will last till a new heaven and a new earth shall close the destinies of time; for to her will be given the boundless strength of a democracy such as yet the world has never seen. Of her it may be said, in the glowing language of one of the most gifted of her sons, that she

"needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep."

J. Ewing Ritchie.

THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

BY MRS. ABDY.

The sweet Sabbath melody floats on the breeze,
The vale with the heath's purple blossom is bright,
There stands the old church, overshadowed by trees,
Whose foliage is bathed in the sunbeam's warm light.

From meadow and upland the peasants repair,
And, freed from the toil of the week's busy hours,
Pursue their calm way, while the soft summer air
Scarce waves the light bough of the woodbine's pale flowers.

They enter and hear, undisturbed by a doubt,
Of Zion's blest land, of redemption from sin.
How hushed is that valley,—all quiet without!
How holy that church,—all devotion within!

By seasons like this,—peaceful, tranquil, and still,—
Perchance to the Christian a foretaste is given
Of the spirit's glad flight from a region of ill
To changeless and glorious Sabbaths in heaven.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Rail; its Origin and Progress. With illustrative Anecdotes and Engravings. By Peter Progress the Younger. London: R. Yorke Clarke and Co., Gracechurch Street.

Give us the writer, whose good-humoured pen describes all things with the sweet colouring of kind optimism. There is a way of looking at things, by which objects of every description are adorned with the welcome glow of sunshine. Peter Progress sitting *in banco* over black engines, black tenders, black trains, and black rails, could not help seeing them all brilliant, as it were, from the gilding blaze of the furnace, and varnished by the japanning moisture of steam and smoke combined.

We like also very much the scientific manner in which the origin of stage coach, and every mode of travelling is traced out. It should give the present generation a vast amount of triumphant satisfaction to see what drones our forefathers were in every thing that had regard to locomotion, in comparison with ourselves. The time which our great grandpapas used to take for the performance of a journey from London to Bath, is more than sufficient now to go from London to Paris.

Like the clever writer of this useful little pamphlet, we think that the originators of such inventions as rail-road travelling, gas-lighting, steam navigation, etc., cannot be too well known to the public, and can never be too well rewarded by their country. England ought ever to be grateful to Mr. Gray, the original projector of the Liverpool and Manchester line.

The descriptive part of the book gives the reader a perfect insight into the arcana of railway constructions. Amount of costs, parliamentary expenses, law charges, gains and losses,—every thing has been taken into consideration; wood-cut illustrations complete the details.

A class of people, whom it has been a fashion to cry down and to revils, here have justice done to then. The *Navies*,—hard-

working, stout-hearted labourers, ready to undertake the most herculean tasks, and able to perform them, are spoken of honestly and without prejudice. They have been, they will ever be, the rough blocks on which helpless science, be it ever so profound, is compelled to raise its gigantic dreams.

Those who are contemplating further railroad ovations will do well to peruse a section of this work, entitled, "*How to carry out a railway.*" By so doing, they will avoid committing blunders for which shareholders, soon or late, visit the delinquents with everlasting grudge.

We close these sixty pages of our iron times with a satisfaction and pleasure, which we can safely declare never to have been experienced in the most palmy state of the golden age. He who, as a railroad traveller, wishes to speed on, reaping useful instruction as he goes, should carry "*The Rail*" in his hand, and read it.

Memorials of the Dawn of the Reformation in Europe. London: Thomas Nelson.

"THESE 'Memorials,'" says the author, "are designed to exhibit in a just and impartial light, the power of truth, as exhibited in the records of nearly every nation of Europe. The leading narratives embody biographical sketches gathered from rare and authentic sources, of some of the noblest precursors of Luther; while those lighter and less earnest assailants of error, who have been depicted in the *Pasquils* of the Reformation, cannot but be regarded by every thoughtful student as affording remarkable evidence of the finger of God controlling the purposes of men, and working by their means, the accomplishment of his own providential designs." Our author has well fulfilled the intentions here expressed. Much of instruction may be gathered from his volume, which we cordially recommend.

A Treatise on Diet and Regimen. By William Henry Robertson, M.D., Physician to the Buxton Bath Charity. Fourth Edition. Re-written and much enlarged. London: John Churchill, Princess-street, Soho.

THIS new edition of Dr. Robertson's valuable work is worthy of public support. The sound information it contains, is conveyed in a manner that the unprofessional reader cannot fail to understand; we know no work that can challenge a comparison with it. Those who from necessity, are compelled to study diet and regimen, and few of us can long, with impunity, overlook the subject, will do well to procure the work for themselves.

Caldwell's Musical Journal. Edinburgh: Caldwell and Brothers. Nos. 1, 2, 3.

WE owe an apology to the proprietors of this publication, for not noticing it before. It is edited by Mr. Guylott, a name that ranks high among the composers of the day. It is cheaply got up, and is a work of sterling worth. Now that the long winter evenings are coming on, and firesides become attractive, Caldwell's Musical Journal we trust will not be forgotten,—a cheaper or better work of the kind, we have never seen.

THE BURIAL AT SEA.

A STRAY LEAF FROM A LOG BOOK.

"Nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze,
Where for a monument upon thy bones
And aye-remaining lamps, the beeching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells."

Pericles, Act III. Sc. i.

I BELIEVE there are few more impressive ceremonies than a burial at sea; and yet I would not that any friend of mine should sleep his last sleep among the unknown caverns of the mighty ocean. It is a satisfaction, although a melancholy one, to know the exact spot where the mortal remains of those we have loved in life are deposited. To repair to the old churchyard, when the dreary winter months have passed away, and plant the earliest flowers of spring upon their graves. To meditate and weep there. To think of the past, and hope for the future,—the earnest, heartfelt hope of all who well and truly believe that they may be re-united at that day, when the sea and the dry land shall alike give up their dead. All this is comfort; but once sunk beneath the surface of the ocean, and—

"Ever drifting, drifting, drifting,
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main,"

how shall we mark the spot where the body lies?

I have never seen but one burial at sea. It was that of a young

and lovely child. The story, dear reader, is a short and simple one, and you shall have it in a short and simple way.

It is now some five-and-twenty years ago, that, one wet and miserable looking night, in the month of March, I stepped on board the "Rajah" East Indiaman, then lying at Gravesend, on my first voyage to the city of palaces,—meaning thereby, Calcutta. I was then but a young shaver, literally and figuratively, a sort of half man, half boy, consigned, with a quantity of other merchandize, to a well known firm in Calcutta, to be by them initiated into all the mystery of cultivating the indigo plant, and the acquaintance of a select circle of elderly gentlemen, who had each gained a fortune and lost their health from long residence in the East. My heart being a little full, at parting with a fond mother and loving sister, I did not feel much inclination to undergo the ordeal of an introduction to my fellow voyagers that night, and therefore slipt quietly off to my hammock, and (I am not ashamed to make the confession,) had a good wholesome cry. Early next morning, I was awoke by the shouting and bawling consequent upon getting the "Rajah" under weigh. Dressing hastily, I hurried on deck, and found those who were to be my companions for the next four or five months, taking their last fond look of Gravesend. These consisted of an elderly gentleman, and his son, a very excellent young man, both connected with a flourishing mercantile house in the East. Two military officers,—one for the Cape, the other for Calcutta. A trio of young cadets, fresh from Sandhurst, going out to join their respective regiments. A Mrs. Edwards, a widow lady, and her son, a darling, rosy-cheeked, light-eyed little fellow, about four years of age. These, with myself, Captain Hamilton, our commander, and Dr. Campbell, a young Scot, who acted as surgeon for the ship, completed our party. From the first moment of my introduction to the above circle, I felt a peculiar interest in our lady passenger, and her glorious little charge. Methinks I see a roguish twinkle in some bright eye, that may next month be scanning this passage in some shady retreat of dear, delightful, old England, or amid the mountain fastnesses of the north; but whether at Cowes or Cairndhu, Coblentz or Killarney, I hereby declare, upon the honour of an author, there was nothing of the tender mingled with my admiration of the fair widow. I was much too young for that.

Mrs. Edwards might be a woman about thirty-five years of age, certainly not more; but grief and care had made sad inroads upon a once handsome countenance, and her rich dark hair, folded simply under her widow's cap, was slightly, but prematurely, mixed with grey. Her face wore a constant air of melancholy, as if the very heart and spirit within her were fairly overcharged and weighed down by some past sorrow and suffering. She was still a good-looking, gentlewoman, and, when a girl, I am sure she must

have been very, very beautiful. Her history I knew not, further than this, that she was the widow of a once eminent and wealthy merchant in London, who had been unfortunate in business. Loss followed loss in rapid succession:

"His ships had all miscarried, his ventures failed;"

until poor Mr. Edwards found himself encompassed with difficulties, from which it was utterly impossible he could then extricate himself. Unable, like most men, to bear up against these reverses of fortune, he, in a moment of despondency and madness, put a period to his own existence. Thus left wholly unprovided for, Mrs. Edwards was now proceeding to Calcutta, at the earnest solicitation of an unmarried elder brother of her own, who had some years previously settled there, where he now held an exalted and highly lucrative situation in the Company's civil service.

I have already said that I felt a peculiar interest in this unfortunate lady and her only child, and these snatches of her history, gathered at different times from the conversation of Captain Hamilton, who had been intimately acquainted with her husband in their more prosperous days, certainly did not lessen it.

I have never seen a more exquisite instance of maternal affection than the love, the exquisite love, of this poor lady for her only son, in whom her whole heart and soul seemed to be centred. I could not wonder at it. He was indeed a noble little fellow, of whom a mother might be justly proud. Long before the "Rajah" had cleared the Channel, he had established a complete dominion for himself in the fore part of the ship, and I verily believe the honest fellows who composed the crew of that vessel would have gone through fire or water for their pet. Sailors must have something to make a pet of. It does not matter particularly what it is. A bear would do just as well as a boy. They are not by any means difficult to please, and in this instance their whole available stock of affection was pretty equally divided between our little hero and a large black dog of the Newfoundland species, that went by the name of "Lascar." It was a sight to gladden one's heart to see little Edwards, full of health and spirits, romping about the ship under the shadow of the great sails, his long fair hair lifted with every breath of air that came sweeping along the deck, now tumbling over the dog, between whom and himself an unlimited amount of confidence had been established, and anon the dog tumbling over him in its clumsy gambols. Now screaming with delight while engaged in a game of blind hany with half a dozen of the sailors: anon worn out with excess of joy, his tiny head resting on some old seaman's knee, albeit redolent of pitch, and stiff with salt water, while the "ancient mariner" would pour into the delighted boy's ear some marvellous story of the deep, probably

some thumper concerning that bugbear of the ocean, the Flying Dutchman, whom it is incumbent on every true sailor to swear roundly he has seen at least once.

> "I have treasured all
> His childhood in my heart, and even now,
> As he has slept, my memory has been there,
> Counting like treasures all his winning ways,
> His unforgotten sweetness."

These happy days were but of short duration, and sorrow came at last, for in six weeks or less after we had passed the Goodwins, our little favourite fell ill, dangerously ill. I recollect well the night we first heard of it. The day had been somewhat rough and squally, with a disagreeable drifting rain, and a pretty heavy sea running. We were seated round the table after dinner, and I know not how it was, but this day in particular a most unusual and unaccountable dullness and want of good fellowship seemed to reign over us, and if you are inclined to be dull and meditative, at any rate, there is no place half so well fitted to engender such a feeling as the cabin of a ship on a squally night. Every thing combines to make it so: the whistling of the wind among the cordage; the eternal creaking of the timbers and rudder chain, as the vessel rolls, now to one side, now to the other; the continual sound of rushing water; nay, the very lamp overhead, as it swings to and fro with every motion of the ship, seems to cast a sickly and uncertain glare on everything around.

I was deep in an attempted game of chess with Major Ellis, but we very soon began to find that the sea when fretted by the wind was no respecter of persons; for royalty was never hurled from its throne with less ceremony than upon the present occasion: castles tottered and fell, and the major was just in the act of picking up a bishop who had tumbled at his feet, when Dr. Campbell came into the cabin, and told us he had just been seeing little Edwards, who was very feverish and unwell. In answer to the numerous inquiries as to what it was likely to prove, etc., the medico stated that in the present stage of the disease it was impossible to say what it might turn out; but that he had given him some medicine, and hoped it might pass quietly off during the night.

But that night passed, and two or three nights more, and still the boy got worse and worse. It was a very bad case, the doctor now told us, of scarlet fever. Oh! how shall I describe the anguish of poor Mrs. Edwards, as day after day, and night after night, she watched by the side of her suffering boy, his little patient flushed face half hidden among his golden ringlets, as he lay with his head nestling in his mother's bosom, s hifeverish arms

clasping her neck! I frequently looked in, to ask for him, and I shall never forget the look of agony, of utter hopelessness, that overspread the face of Mrs. Edwards, as she shook her head despairingly at every fresh inquiry. Speak, she could not,—her heart was too full for utterance. Many and many were the heartfelt prayers that ascended to heaven from the poor widow, prompted by all the earnest fervour of a mother's love, that God in his goodness would see fit for a little time to spare her her only son, her only hope and comfort in this world. But it was otherwise decreed.

It was the fifth day after the child had been seized, and a lovelier never broke upon the face of the vast ocean. All trace of storm and tempest had disappeared, and it seemed as if heaven itself rejoiced in the prospect of so soon receiving the pure and spotless soul of our little friend. It was yet early, and I was pacing the deck slowly backwards and forwards in no very happy frame of mind, for the boy's illness had thrown a complete gloom over the ship, when the surgeon came up the companion, and told me that the little fellow was fast sinking. "If he lives for another hour," said the kind-hearted Caledonian, with tears in his eyes, "it will, in all human probability, be his last. God keep his poor mother, and give her strength to support her through this trial." "Amen!" I ejaculated.

In less than the time specified, the boy had breathed his last.

"As long as there's life there's hope." It is an old saying and a true one; for in bending over the sick-bed of some cherished friend, and eagerly watching every pang and death-struggle that agitates the sufferer's frame, the mind is busily engaged in devising the means whereby we may alleviate their pain; but it is only when the eyes are closed in death; when every pulse has ceased to beat; when the "wheel at the cistern" is for ever still; and the frame, so lately struggling with life and death, lies prostrate and vanquished before you, death being the victor: it is only then that all hope in this world is indeed gone, and a blank of appalling magnitude appears to the survivor's imagination, a chilling sense of loneliness and desolation, which nothing but the presence of the departed spirit could serve to banish.

Such was the substance of my reflections as I gazed that night on the lifeless remains of Charles Edwards. His mother would not leave the body for an instant. The whole livelong night she sat with his little clay-cold hand clasped in hers, while ever and anon she would press her scarcely less pallid and death-like face to his, and utter a sigh so heart-breaking in its sorrow that it almost made my flesh creep. Once, and once only, did I venture to speak a word of comfort, but the poor widow only looked in my face, and pointing to the body of her son, said, "To-morrow it will be all buried with him."

That morrow came, and with it came the usual preparations for performing the last rites over the remains of our little fellow traveller. Captain Hamilton read the service, and during the progress of it I observed more than one hand drawn hastily across an eye from which nothing but the strongest feeling of sorrow could possibly wring a tear. "We commit the body of our dearly beloved brother to the deep." The words were little more than uttered, when a slight plunge was heard; a few bubbles floated for an instant on ths surface of the water, typical, I thought at the moment, of the brief career of him who had caused them; and all that remained of our little friend lay many fathoms deep beneath the blue waves of the ocean. The dog Lascar, with extended feet, gazed wistfully for a few seconds on the water, whining piteously, and was only prevented from jumping in after his lost playmate by one of the sailors, who held him by the collar.

I ventured at this moment to look up at Mrs. Edwards. She stood pale, motionless, and silent: not a tear or sigh, not a word or groan: but with eyes fixed on the spot where the body of her child had disappeared, she stood more like a figure cut in marble than any thing of flesh and blood. It was some minutes ere any one attempted to disturb her reverie, or offer a word of consolation, and when they did so, she only answered with a faint smile, and turned away.

In less than a month afterwards, we had the same mournful ceremony to perform over her own remains. The poor sufferer's heart was literally crushed—broken.

ROBERT IRVING.

TIME-HONOURED THINGS.

Written after having read, in the work of an American writer an expression of regret that America contained none of the "time-honoured things" that rendered England venerable.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

"TIME-HONOURED things" old England boasts;
Her ancient realm's by such o'erspread.
The plain where met embattled hosts;
The tombs that hold her mighty dead;
The Druid mound; the Saxon keep;
The wastes where feudal tyrants sleep;

The old monastic piles, that grace
Her richest nooks by stream and glade;
The shrine, in whose worn steps we trace
Where reverent pilgrims knelt and prayed;
The ancient wells; the crosses lone,
With lichens wild, and moss, o'ergrown;

The proud cathedrals, chilled and changed;
The hamlet churches, quaint and grey;
The old baronial halls, estranged
From the dim uses of their day;
The legends, dear to place and time,
Linked with all these, in many a rhyme.

"Time-honoured things!" can these alone
Supply the food thy spirit craves—
The mingled records carved in stone;
The rubbish-heaps of thrones and graves?
Draw rather round thee, where thou art,
"Time-honoured" records of the heart!—

The faith divine; the courage pure;
  The love, and hope, and action, free;
That keep one course, unchanged and sure,
  Whatever change on earth may be;
The earnest thought, that great and small
Includes in its one grasp of all.

The high, calm, trust, that murmurs not,
  Bearing th' appointed burden on;
The frank care in another's lot,
  Loosing its own bonds one by one;
The eagle thought, the eagle strength,
That rends e'en death's dark thrall at length;

The deep, keen sense of human wrong,
  That to the brave soul proves a stay,
Making its own true purpose strong,
  To bear the weak in mind alway;
The noble scorn of pomp and pride
With man's sole glory unallied;

A purer faith; a prouder trust;
  That light whereby the spirit sees;
Shall pierce for thine each cloud of dust,
  Where'er on earth thou meet'st with these;—
"Time-honoured things" that well may be
The honoured of eternity.

ÆSTHETICAL CRITICISM.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHATEVER tells upon the human heart and modifies the human character cannot but be worthy of our notice. Whatever one man has looked upon as true, that, though it were scouted before, has henceforth a claim on every heart, and an utterance, that, to the best of his ability, every one should seek to understand. The shapeless block of wood that I, in the sunshine, may look upon with indifference or scorn, my brother, living in the dark corners of the earth, may view as the very personification of his idea of God; it may be to him the symbol and outward sign of the highest majesty and might, and as such he may gaze on it with wonder, and approach and worship it with awe; and I have not the feelings of a man, if I can pass it, and look upon it as I should look upon a common block.

In the wild, and bleak, and mountain fastnesses of Scandinavia arose a religion as wild as her wildest glens, as uncouth and shapeless as her ice-bound and rudest rocks. A religion that told how the cow Audrumbla, the symbol of the atmosphere, licked the earth in its chaos state, or the giant Ymir; and how Bur was born, that is, how the earth emerged from the sea, how his children, Odin, Viel, and Ve, air, light, and fire, put an end to the chaos; or, in the language of the northern cosmogony, slew the giant Ymir,—how his blood made the sea, his flesh the earth, his bones the mountains, his teeth the rocks, and his brains the clouds,—how the tree of human life sprang up and grew. How there are agencies that defy the power and pride of man, giant destinies against which the human will is powerless as water spilled upon the ground, is symbolized in the prose Edda, by the fate of Thor and his companion Loki; where we read, how, when Loki in the contest eat all the flesh, Logi, or devouring flame, eat bones and all,—how Hijalfi ran a race, and was beaten by the dwarf Hugi, or thought,—how Thor endeavoured to empty the drinking horn, but in vain, for it was the ocean that baffled him,—how he wrestled with an aged and decrepid dame named Hela, but was beaten by her, for Hela was death. Why, all this mysterious yet graphic personification of the elements of nature, this witnessing the Godhead

in everything strange and wonderful around, the Norseman standing upon the mountain ridge and believing himself standing upon the bones of the giant Ynin, was the Norseman's best and fairest theory of the beautiful and divine. It was his best, and what more can the sternest of us require? It was nursed in a land of snow and storm, of mountain and of mountain mists, and has an earnestness and sincerity about it which the more graceful mythologies of Greece and Rome had not,—

> "Wild the Runic faith,
> And wild the realms where Scandinavian chiefs
> And Skalds arose; and hence the Skald's strong verse
> Partook the savage wildness."
>
> SOUTHEY.

Next to a man's theory of the divine is his theory of the beautiful, and the latter depends much upon the former, in an age when a man believes not in divinity, when rites are forms, and religion is a lie—there is a tone of heartlessness and flippancy tainting the thought of the age, or man and the literature in which that thought is embodied. Witness Voltaire and his criticisms on Shakspeare and Addison,—his preference of Cato, and its inanities, to those splendid achievements of human genius which have rendered familiar as household words the ambition of Macbeth,—the unhinged, yet busy mind of Denmark's royal son,—the love, strong as death, of a Juliet and Romeo,—the tragic tale of Othello, and the sorrows of King Lear. Witness much of the French drama. Witness the age of the Restoration, when Dryden remodelled and popularized Milton, and Sir William Davenant, in an age of play-going and play-writing, selected and re-cast the Tempest, in the form of an opera. Witness the age that was startled from its sleep by the fervent zeal that made Methodist and enthusiast for the first time, synonymous terms; when Whitfield and Wesley lit up with the truth the darkest corners of our land; when Mason and Hayley, and Warton and West, were looked upon as models of perfection; when prose had sunk into the art of writing correctly, and saying nothing all the while, and verse, while it showed that the writer was a tolerable grammarian, knew something of geography and history, had the names of the three graces and nine muses by heart, yet wanted the "vision and the faculty divine," without which no man may wear the poet's world-honoured name.

We shall find that true criticism and true feeling go hand in hand; that they are both effects of the same cause, and always co-exist; that as grammar, in its highest and proper sense, is right reason, so æsthetical criticism is right feeling; that it is the heart bowing to the beautiful, however that beautiful may be expressed: whether it may be wrapped in rant, as in Marlowe's Tamerlane;

encumbered by pedantry, as in Ben Jonson; almost forgotten in the clap-trap of circumstance and accident, as in the dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher; too much modelled upon those of Calderon, known to the student of Spanish literature as comedies of the cloak and sword; or gushing out, clear and sparkling, like living water, as in the dramatist of all time and place, who has won for our land a prouder trophy than any that her gold could buy, or her arms could win;—whether it may have eluded the drama altogether, as it did when Chatterton was writing his forgeries, and Gray and Collins were composing their matchless odes; still,—wherever its inspiration can be traced,—to detect it, to own it, and to publish it, has been the part of æsthetical criticism. Kaimes and Blair, especially the latter,—men who viewed it as an art—would correct and laud, would lay down rules, till our literature should be barren and dull as a straight road over some dismal heath; but as a science, it has principles which defy the rigid letter of the law. It is essentially Catholic; it would make the production of no time or place the Procrustean bed, by which to measure and regulate the production of all other times and places. The great fundamental article of its belief is, that a sham cannot live: that whatever may have floated upon the wave of time, so as to come within our reach, must have had in it something of reality and life. The age may have given it a motley and fantastic garb; euphuism, and alliteration, and affected wit, and quaint conceit, may have disguised it: but the fact that it is—that it has not ceased to be, when so many things that were are not—that when I read it, it makes me feel, in spite of its grotesqueness and antiquity; tells me that there is in it beauty, vitality, truth. Beneath the gay dress of a harlequin, or the cowl of a monk: beneath the fustian of a peasant, or the purple of an emperor, there are the same hearts, that, true to their common humanity, will meet, and swell, and throb with common sorrows, and hopes, and joys. Given the same cause of joy or sorrow, and, in spite of the fustian or the purple, the peasant and the emperor have a sameness of feeling and of heart. The *homo sum humani nihil a me alienum puto* of Terence, is the spirit of æsthetical criticism. Nothing that my brother has written or can write, how that heart of his has felt, what it has taken for the beautiful in thought, or the graceful in language; all this claims my study and respect.

Take the school-boy debate of Boyle and Bentley, the English managers of the question relative to ancient and modern learning, for it was a *pons asinorum* to many a learned controversial head as well; for instance, Fontenelle and Boileau, in France. Imagine Sir William Temple, a statesman and a philosopher, gravely writing to prove the authenticity of a performance which the reputed author had never written, and which he (Sir William) had never

read,—a mere question of words. What is true and beautiful in the remains of antiquity is so not because it was written by Cicero or Virgil, but because of its conformity to that which was the same eighteen hundred years back that it is now,—that is, man's universal heart. Whatever conforms to that, whether written in the time of Homer or now, has on it the stamp of excellence, and is true: and whatever does not, is false. Truth, reality, nature, relatively to composition, as to every thing else, are in the end the same. The snatches of old song, with which Ophelia made vocal her watery grave; the old song that Barbara sung, and that Desdemona "could not choose" but sing, that fatal night whose morrow looked on her lifeless clay, and that of her lion-hearted lord; Christopher Marlowe's simple ballad,

"Come live with me and be my love,"

which good honest Isaac Walton called "old fashioned poetry, but choicely good;" the heroic lay of "Chevy Chase," which moved the heart of the chivalrous Sir Philip Sidney, so that, to use his own language, "I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet, and yet it is sung by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style"—a ballad, indeed, so full of beauty that the fastidious Addison, the man who carried the doctrine of the unities to an extreme, who gave to Cowley, to Roscommon,

"The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease,"

to use the words of his brother critic and cotemporary, Pope, that lavished praise he denied to Chaucer, (*vide* Addison's account of the greatest English poets, in the first volume of his miscellaneous works) was compelled to yield it the homage it required; the lyrical poetry of such men as Herrick, and such as we find ferating here and there throughout the whole of the Elizabethan drama, at this time they tell with a power on the human heart equal to that with which they at first impelled the poet who wrote them, and woke up a response, a fellowship of feeling and of fire, in the bosom of the first man who heard them sung. Even in spite of time, though the very men who wrote them might, if set down amongst us, be looked upon as men of a strange land and uncouth tongue, do they carry with them the stamp of nature, of truth.

It is not the rule of the formal pedant or plodding critic, who is generally fortunate to exemplify, as a writer, the faults which, as a critic, he condemns; as some good natured men learned when they tried Blair's Sermons by Blair's Lectures, and found them wanting. It is not whether the unities are kept or not: a paltry question, since it is easy to imagine a change of place, or time, or

any thing else. It is not whether the drama drags its slow length along the required number of acts, or whether the novel gracefully expands itself into the three octavos which custom requires. Many a drama and novel that had these requisites, and more, the trunkmaker has appropriated to himself. It is not conformity to the criticism of an age; for that being but the age's theory of the beautiful, must be one-sided, and consequently short-lived. The critics of an age have exclaimed "divine!" over many a poem, and written "immortal" on many a work, whose names and writers are alike unknown. Life, reality, are the only conditions of existence. To the highest beauty, truth is an essential requisite.

On right principles, what is not true cannot be called beautiful. Look at Cowley, some parts of Pope, and even Shakspeare (for we cannot quite go along with Professor Ulrici, and deny that our sun has spots) some of Dryden, his heroic plays and those of his eager cotemporaries and better rivals. The only thing Dryden's heroic plays want is truth. As a mere writer, no man can vie with him; his language has the rare merit of being harmonious and yet at the same time free from monotony: unlike the too smooth versification of Pope, who, though more praised than Dryden, is in reality his inferior. What makes bombast? not the mock heroic, as the Rape of the Lock; but sheer bombast where you often have fine language and imagery, and versification not at all deficient, and yet the whole insupportable, but its want of truth; it is strained, unnatural, and unreal.

It is in the mind that beauty has its dwelling, and not in the critic's page. The conception of beauty is the heart owning a fellow-feeling with something from without, and kindling up with it. As is a mirror to the outward world, so is the beautiful to the heart that cherishes it: of the beautiful, as a whole, one principal division is a national literature; and, above all, the national idea of literature in general, and its own in particular. This modifies, more than any thing else, the productions of an age, as a glance at our own literature will teach. To the life and permanency of any work, it is essential it should be in accordance with the heart of man, which is everywhere the same. Such being the case, the rules of the professed critic, in the majority of cases, are wrong: they are but that man's theory and nothing more. The French critics object to the ghost scene in "Hamlet;" they say it is a violation of the unity of action: but who else objects to it? Obviously, then, much of what has been called criticism must pass away, new elements have been called into being, man has learned that his heart is to go forth, in love and good-will, to his fellow-man; that life is many-sided, and that if man's feelings are to be roused, or man's passions to be depicted, it must be by one who can see beauty in the mixed splendours of the rainbow, or the chameleon's varying hue: by one who can admire, alike, the grass we

tread, or the towering oak. Even critics are opening their eyes to the fact, that it by no means follows, that because the Æneid contains twelve books, therefore, anything else having the required number of twelve books, should be an epic poem, or a poem at all; and your isolated criticisms,—your criticisms of a certain time and place, have another fault, they induce a one-sidedness in the critic. You take some standard, be it French, English, Italian, or what you will; and whatever does not agree with your self-elected standard, you pronounce to be worthless, and throw it away; which is but another mode of telling half the people in the world, they are writing nonsense; and what right has one man to say this to another, granting that his sanity be not suspected? Alexander the Great, from malformation, was forced to wear his head on one side,—out of politeness, his courtiers did the same. It was as natural to him to have his head on one side, as it was to them to have theirs upright; what was natural in him, was gross affectation in them. Not altogether dissimilar, has been the case with some critical Alexander, whether he sat in his dirty garret, in Bolt court, or discussed poetry and coffee, with a band of gay Templars at Wills, or whether, as in these more modern and enlightened times, he amazed a crowd of literary ladies and elderly gentlemen, in the lecture-room of the Institution in Albermarle-street, with criticisms, borrowed, though quite unconsciously, from Germany, and with blunders that might have been his own.

Now, by æsthetical criticism, we understand every thing opposed to this,—whatever is not partial, one-sided, local; the listening to the written thought of man, in every age and place of his existence, and owning its merit, so far as we conceive the man, to the best of his ability, wrote it from the heart. To the bigot, every god but his own, is an impostor; every creed, but his own, a lie. Strange is the jargon of foreign tongues; but the man who can understand them, can find sense, and harmony, and beauty, in all; the discord, even of a Babel, is but,—

"Harmony not understood."

THE MISSING SHIP.

WHAT is it that they look upon with sad and troubled eye,
And the watcher, from his tower, to see, doth vainly try,
And on our quays, and in our streets, there gathereth fast the crowd,
And many a sigh and fervent prayer is offered up aloud?

What is it makes the maiden mourn, as restlessly she lies,
And gushing tears of sorrow dry the fountain of her eyes,
And bitterness of heart hath chased away the red lip's smile,
And withered is the blushing rose that richly bloomed awhile?

What is it makes the mother, in the wildness of her dream,
Clasp to her heart the form of what her long lost son doth seem?
And the manly sire, who long hath learnt to stem the tide of tears,
Yet in the watches of the night the well-known voice he hears?

And why doth she, the lonely, the widowed, wake to weep,
And watching for her absent one, refuse the needed sleep,
And frantic with the strongest love, that woman only knows,
Bend down unto the dust beneath her bitterness and woes?

And whither sails the bark, that bore this goodly crew,
Careers it gaily on along the waters blue,
Or has it sped its way unto some coral isle,
And sad and weary there rest they themselves awhile?

Or angrily did it, the earth encircling sea,
With giant voice call forth its strength and majesty,
And with its gaping wave dash all these living men
To some lone, rocky bank, and glutted, leave them then?

Or, angrier still, did it, in the fierceness of its wrath,
Ride forth unto its work of death, with crested crown of froth,
And springing on its prey, as tiger from its lair,
Did it hide them in its endless depths, and leave none living there?

The God who rides the mountain wave, who sails along the storm,
Who tinges e'en the thunder-cloud with th' brightness of his form,
In all the fulness of his might, to them that God was nigh,
To help his struggling creature, man, to hear his children's cry.

And though above the once lov'd form may sweep the silent wave,
Yet ocean's deepest caves confess his presence then to save,
And faith can give to man, in death, a victory o'er the grave.

R.

THE GLEE-SINGER'S LAY.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Oh! 'tis sweet to glide o'er the silv'ry tide,
And list the song that beauty sings,
Of the old romance, when the sons of France
Held tourney in the courts of kings:
When the youthful knight won from maiden bright
The flowry' scarf her fingers wove;
And the trumpets' sound made her young heart bound
With pride, to hail her victor love.

Oh! 'tis sweet to glide o'er the silv'ry tide,
With friends we love, to share our joy,
While our fancy clings, with its roseate wings,
To scenes remembered when a boy:
And to list afar, when the vesper star
Looks out on wood, and castle wall,
To the choral strain, from the holy fane,—
Oh! this is sweeter far than all.

GERALDINE O'DONNEL.

" One day there came a man to Themistocles, and proposed to him an art of memory. He answered bitterly, 'Give me rather the art of forgetfulness.' "

" 'Tis all in vain, it may not last,
The sickly sunlight dies away;
And the thick clouds that veil the past,
Roll darkly o'er my present day.
Have I not flung them off, and striven
To seek some dawning hope in vain;
Have I not been for ever driven,
Back to the bitter past again?"

PLUTARCH says, "chance sometimes turns poet, and produces trains of events, not to be distinguished from the most elaborate plots which are constructed by art;" another author of the present day writes thus, "if we draw our models from real existence, they appear to us to possess few of the attributes of the probable. What is so poetical as sorrow, what are more eloquent than the tears that fall internally, and gather upon the heart?" I can enter into the spirit of these observations, for during a protracted pilgrimage, I have witnessed such extraordinary passages in human affairs, and even in *this life*, I have seen the plots of more than one strange history unravelled, and acted out, that the only thing left for me to marvel at, is the want of faith, the incredulity of mortals.

Because they cannot comprehend, they disbelieve; or attempt to reduce all things to a science of philosophy: oh! poor contemptible human learning and wisdom, which cannot yet tell in the midst of all the boasted wisdom and learning of this world, whence "the wind cometh, and whither it goeth." Nay,—look on the humblest leaf of the way-side tree, or hold up our own hands with their exquisitely wrought machinery, and marvel we *must*, but comprehend we *cannot*.

Truly it hath been affirmed, that incredulity is generally a proof of ignorance; and is not life itself a mystery? never to be solved until death comes at last; death—the crowning and most awful mystery of all.

Mind, imagination, feeling;—words of mysterious, inexplicable import, impossible to define, therefore how utterly impossible to

attempt bringing within a formal code of the mere explanation of terms!

If I were an individual, distinguished or known in any way, venturing thus to say, how much I laugh at the puny attempts of human reason, unless accompanied by single hearted faith, I should bring upon myself the thunders and derision of all learned philosophers, the author of the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation" included: but as my insignificance and obscurity protect me, and I am of as little import as the harmless fly buzzing past, (reverently excepting that I have an immortal soul to be saved,) the old goose may cackle and gossip on her way across the lonely common, to the clumps of sturdy furze around, and with nature's breeze to scatter her words on air.

So I will gossip on in the best way I can, with truth for my basis, and some singular passages of human life for my theme: human life, which is as much a mystery to me now, in my advanced age, as it was when I first entered on the scene of action.

Within a few miles of a much frequented town in France, there formerly stood an old chateau, a ruinous old place it was, with the remains of better days very faintly to be discerned: the situation was picturesque, and the grounds had once been beautiful and romantic in the extreme; but now were in keeping with the desolate abode; bridges were broken down, weeds reigned triumphant, and with the exception of one small gay French garden, surrounded by an invisible fence, with the noble forest trees for a background, the dark shadows of which so exquisitely threw out the brilliant colouring, there was nought to tell of care or civilization: yet the chateau was inhabited by an Irish gentleman, the Count O'Donnel by name; whose family consisted of his elderly maiden sister, and a daughter; his only son, a naturalized Parisian, and an officer in the French guards, being usually absent.

The Count O'Donnel's history was a too common and usual one; princely descent, extravagance and waste for ages, ending at length in the almost utter ruin and destitution of this unfortunate representative, who had assisted but too sedulously in completing it.

A retreat to the continent was the last alternative from debt, and disgrace; and accompanied by his faithful friend and sister, the quaint but simple-hearted and worthy Lady Bevoine, he found a refuge in this home of ruin and decay, the possession of a friend who gladly gave this shelter, such as it was, to an O'Donnel; who, too proud to be beholden entirely even to a tried friend, compromised matters with his vanity and independence, by agreeing to disburse a nominal sum yearly; and there he had resided for years,—or rather between the adjoining town already named, and the chateau,—a confirmed gamester, heartless and soul-desolated;

and unfortunately so *fortunate* in play, that he was encouraged and confirmed in the continuance of it, as being the only means of ekeing out a subsistence, with any thing like the remains of former luxury.

It was here that I first saw Geraldine O'Donnel, in the spring of early youth, as wild, wayward, and spoilt a child, in every sense of the term, as it is possible to imagine. She seemed to belong to the picture of faded grandeur; she seemed to tell of the long line of native princes, whose blood flowed in her veins; and, to exemplify at the same time, the ruined chieftain's daughter; her education had been utterly neglected in all useful branches, save for a very short time, when she had been placed in a French convent; but she was one of those beings, on whom a common-place education would have been lost; many superficial people would have termed her accomplished; but superficial people did not know that with her, music was a part of life, she was music itself; her dancing so fairy-like and aërial, in perfectly surpassing grace, was but the escape of a buoyant spirit to the regions of melody and song; in that gay and sunny land, amid vine-hung bowers, on the moonlit greensward, many an evening have I witnessed with delight her elastic step, and listened to the uncontrolled flight of her ever gentle but wild spirits.

Her careless father so long as he saw his child happy, and knew she was under the superintendence of the kind Lady Bevoine, concerned himself very little about her: the confirmed gamester has nought of human feeling left; though even he, I think, must have felt some degree of pride, in contemplating the excessive loveliness of his child; had he contemplated her *mind*, he would perhaps have paused ere he had left its entire guidance to one so weak, though so well-intentioned as his sister. Lady Bevoine was a walking chronicle of Irish pride, legendary lore, and devoted attachment to her nation and race; and well had she imbued her niece with the like attributes; but ah! how far different the consequences manifested themselves, from the different temperaments of aunt and niece. Geraldine O'Donnel with an imagination of the most vivid cast, united the sensitiveness of the harp, which the passing breeze too rudely touches, and causes to reverberate; but I soon found, for I loved and watched her, that there was an under and hidden current of pure devotional feeling,—the religion of faith born with her; fostered it is true to the best ability of the Lady Bevoine; but, strange contradiction, fostered with the wildest superstition, and the most unbending pride, when aught occurred to call in play the memories twined around the past, so connected with the present.

Jocelyn O'Donnel, the count's only son, came to the chateau whilst I was there; he was what I had expected to see him, from education and position; a worldly man, with the code of honour

and policy for his rule; a selfish egotist, and anxious for the aggrandisement of his sister, by marrying her advantageously.

During his sojourn, how sweet the scene that comes o'er my chequered visions of memory! and well may it be imprest there, Geraldine gave a fête; it was the summer time, and many young people met together, and danced beneath the spreading trees to the sound of joyous music; *she* was the life and soul of all, and when I gazed on her, I could not help thinking how hard it would have been, to check her bounding mirth, in the lands where more of form and cold propriety reigns; but the thought also crossed my mind, that such extreme lightness and careless laughter *never lasts*; that it is but as the passing glorious sunshine of early morning prime, soon to set amidst the dark shadows and storms of the overcast advancing day. I could not help feeling this all the time I remained at Marly, and I often wondered how the stern realities of life, and reverse of spirit would be borne by Geraldine O'Donnel.

But I knew her better afterwards, and I had been but a superficial observer after all; her sweet impertinences had a fascination for me, and often when her brother addressed a rather harsh word, or rebuked her, I knew she felt it most painfully; but the spirit of pride, or what shall I call it? winning audacity, overcame all exhibition of outward emotion, though tears in her soft blue eyes were chased away by the giddy laugh of apparent folly.

A wood of dark old trees bounded the ruinous gardens of Marly, and also as I have before said, the brilliant parterres, the especial care of Geraldine: close by this exclusive little domain, on the evening in question, the picturesque fête was held; and tables spread with fruits and flowers, tastefully and fantastically decorated, were sheltered beneath a slight temporary awning, partly attached to the overhanging branches.

I saw the figure of a most venerable looking man, enveloped in a kind of Eastern costume, and with a snowy beard reaching below his waist, emerge from this wood, come forward, and silently glide into the midst of the gay assemblage. Some young voices exclaimed, "It is Raphael the astrologer,—let us have our fortunes told." They gathered around the singular looking being, but he continued serious and immovable, until Geraldine O'Donnell laughingly asked him if he would predict *her* fate.

The old man fixed his eyes solemnly, and I thought sadly upon her, and beckoned to her to follow him; this she did to a distant part of the gardens, where partly hidden by the abundant foliage, we could still discern them: and then the jesting, the curiosity,—the delight of the guests and the good Lady Bevoine, must be left to the fancy of those who may have witnessed similar little episodes; but they staid so long, that all became impatient, and had it not been for Lady Bevoine, the conference would have been

broken up long before; but as it was, dancing and music diverted their attention.

The astrologer came back no more:—where he went, or how he came, I never knew, nor I believe did any one else; but Geraldine returned, white as alabaster, and with an expression of mingled awe and sadness in her eyes; her laugh was forced, and no persuasions could ever induce her to breathe one word to mortal ears of what had transpired; until years after these events, when she confided to me the knowledge, which had been hidden from all others.

I traced a change in her from that evening; what it consisted in, was unfathomable to my comprehension, and I left Marly soon after, and returned to England. Geraldine wrote to me sometimes, and a few months after my departure, her aunt died, the intelligence of this loss being conveyed to me by Geraldine in the following words,—

"Last evening at Marly, the Lady Bevoine O'Donnel breathed her last. Geraldine will write again when she has obtained the mastery of her sorrow." The date is unimportant at this great distance of time.

This communication was from a young and ardent girl,—and I began to know her character better; long afterwards I received another letter, of which the following passage is an extract. I am not pretending to detail a regular history, but as I best can remember, to sketch all, rudely though it be, the outlines of a bygone drama. Thus the extract ran:

* * * * * * *

"So you see, dear Ann, how wretched I am now, at Marly, and how much I wish to get away from it. But how is this to be done, when papa will not hear of it, and Jocelyn is so careless about my likings or dislikings? Why I will tell you,—and start not my worthy Ann,—change I *must* have, or I think I shall die: the lonely hours, the desolate gardens, the howling woods,—think of all this; I really can bear it no longer; for you know I have few companions, papa does not like intimacy with the people at H———, and truly we have few equals there, though many superiors in the hateful money part of the affair. Aunt Bevoine used to say, the daughter of a long line of Erin's princes, must of necessity be much *alone*. Again I say, start not Ann, after all I have thus foolishly indited, when I tell you that *I have* a change in prospect, for I am thinking of marrying. You will naturally ask where the grandee or wandering knight of chivalry and gentle blood has fallen from, a fitting mate for the most potent Princess Geraldine, as *she*, you know, and papa, and Jocelyn too, so often called me.

It is fated, it must be; he is of a very rich family, there is nothing positively disagreeable about him, and Jocelyn evidently writes as if he wishes for it; papa does, for he has already told me so, though he has been very much absent of late, and very cross when at home. In short it does not much matter, I must fulfil my predestined doom, and it will be a change, will it not? Ah! I see you shake your dear sagacious head, and speak of the solemn ties and sacred duties involved; I know all this as well as you do; and then you will be asking me if I am in love with my proposed husband? now my sweet demure friend Ann, what *have* discreet young maidens to do with love? I marry with the approbation of my relatives, my heart must remain an unexplored page, except to Him who made it,—may He have mercy upon me, for I need it."

* * * * * * *

By and bye I saw the marriage announced in the English papers, of Henry Worthington, Esq. to the only daughter of the Count O'Donnel, at the chapel of the British embassy in Paris. It sounded pompously, and read well; but I had been behind the scenes, and knew how to separate the glittering tinsel from the real sparkling ore. I knew that Henry Worthington, the son of a wealthy plebeian, had married the daughter of an Irish noble, a ruined gamester; that he had married her for her surpassing beauty, intoxicated by her singular fascinations; but I knew also from those who were well conversant with the circumstances, that he had married against the express wishes of his family; forgiven, it is true, because he was a favourite child, and also that the past was irrevocable; more than this *I feared;* that on his part it was literally the intoxication of passion, soon to pass away, and what then? Would he find out the treasures of mind and imagination —the lavish treasures of tenderness and affection, the morbid sensitiveness concealed beneath the veil of lightness and frivolity? Would she suffer him to find these out? Was there not a shadow of mystery attached to her? I knew she had married without loving him, this wayward, passionate, high-spirited girl, just seventeen, to marry for *change,* as she said, despite all feeling!

It was an enigma which time only might possibly solve,—and time *did* solve it, even in this world,—but I must not anticipate.

I ascertained many particulars concerning her,—indeed, her own letters told me much of her secret heart and life; but in her innocence she knew not this, for her innate refinement of mind revolted from the bad taste implied in all domestic confidence, falsely so called. It was from other sources, unknown to her, that I gathered information, for I was anxiously and painfully interested about her future life.

She came to England with her husband, after a somewhat lengthend sojourn in Paris; she had for ever bade farewell to the old chateau of Marly,—to all the scenes and associations of her gay, rejoicing days; for, after his daughter's marriage, the Count O'Donnel determined to lead a bachelor's life in Paris, and gave up the domain, which had afforded him and his shelter for so many years, to its former solitude and decay. Father and brother both in a measure forgot her,—she was provided for,—and no longer *their* care; her aunt Bevoine, the kind, indulgent and loving, slept in her foreign grave, and she had no other friend on earth but me, to confide her hopes and sorrows to. Confide, did I say?—alas! would she had confided her sorrows to me,—*hopes*, she had none.

Well, as I have already said, she came to England with her husband, and he took her direct to Liverpool, where his family resided; his father, reputed to be very wealthy, and engaged in extensive mercantile pursuits, had elder sons joined with him as partners in the firm,—Mr. Henry Worthington, as a junior, filling a subordinate department.

This was Geraldine's first visit to England; she had left her own unhappy land in infancy, and of course she knew nothing of middling English society,—such as it is in this country; nor could she, poor thing! brought up as she had been, have fancied, in her wildest dreams, the scenes she was fated to enact her part in.

The bright illusions of thoughtless girlhood,—the careless, spoilt child's fairy dreams of futurity,—all rudely dispelled at the first collision; the shock must have been terrific.

The chilling reception, as of an unwelcome guest, in the house of her father-in-law, first wounded, then startled, and finally ended in something approaching disgust: the want of refinement, good taste, and gentle breeding, being even more evident, in thus greeting a stranger and a foreigner in their own home, than even the selfishness, egotism, and cold feeling evinced towards her. They evidently expected she would be dazzled and awed by all their showy display of riches;—house, table, fine apparel, equipages,—all were displayed and discussed in turn: but the daughter of the impoverished noble,—brought up amidst faded grandeur and desolation,—detected at a glance the utter want of true courteous bearing, and polished suavity of manner. She had ever been accustomed to consort with her father and her aunt, and her pure and classic taste,—Nature's refinement, the loveliest of all,—revolted with absolute loathing from the vain efforts and over-strained manners and pretensions, of her new relatives.

She thought of Marly, and the summer evenings, when she had sat at the feet of the good Lady Bevoine, listening to the tales of other days,—of the chivalrous deeds of her ancestors, and the glories, pomp, and magnificence of the strong hold of the O'Donnels;—and the ruined noble's daughter felt her cheek flush with

anger, her lip curl with derision, and her blue eyes glance contemptuously on them all:—this sealed her fate with them. But when she spoke of her father and her brother, and of her own green native isle, and words of scorn were breathed against them, and she was taunted and slighted,—if not openly, yet covertly, therefore more despicably,—*then* it was all the passion of her soul silently fell on her bursting heart; and the first lesson of hypocrisy she had ever learnt, was taught her by the noble pride of combating with, and enduring, sorrows which she knew to be incurable.

Her husband loved his family, thought them very superior people, was immersed in business; and the novelty of possessing a young and lovely bride beginning to wear away, Geraldine learnt intuitively that she stood alone, a stranger in a strange land; and,—far worse than this,—with a lonely heart amidst a crowd.

I look over her letters to me at this time, and I cannot sufficiently admire her guarded speech, and scrupulous silence, upon all points wherein she would have failed in her duty, had she freely discussed them; but all other topics she touched lightly on,—though, alas! I could too well trace the change gradually effecting in her once open, buoyant nature; yet the old impertinences now and then broke forth, and I could in fancy hear her ringing laugh, and see the mimic mood,—but even that was subdued,—for they had taught her *fear*. A vein of mystery also ran through them all, which no imagining of mine had as yet been able to solve; I knew that she had formed no previous attachment,—for love, with her, would have been life or death,—and I in vain attempted explanation; she evaded all.

From one of her letters addressed to me at this time, I make the following extracts:—

" * * * * This is the way I pass my days, dear Ann:—sometimes I wish you could see our house; it is called the country, where we reside, and there is a garden; but I know not how it is, the flowers do not look clean or happy in it. We live in a row, and all the houses are so exactly alike, I always fear mistaking our own. But our domicile has been freshly painted, and the blinds kept in scrupulous order and exactitude,—even pulled down to corresponding panes of glass, in each separate window,—and the brass knocker is *so* bright, and the flight of steps are *so* spotlessly white,—and it pleases Henry to have it thus; so of course I go about, and look and pry everywhere, with a bunch of keys in my basket, and an apron on, to see that all things are in due order. Our servants do not seem to mind me much, so I put a cap on in the morning, to make me look older and more matronly; and I try to appear very sagacious, when the cook speaks to me about sauces, &c.,—for Henry is particular about these matters,—but I fear she has detected my ignorance, and feels contempt for me in

consequence; however, Mrs. Worthington calls, sometimes, and, as they were recommended by her, and stand in great awe of that dignified lady, it comforts me to think they cannot go very far wrong, without her knowing it.

"Mrs. Worthington thinks it right, that I should make a set of shirts for Henry; and she has made me a present of cotton, a pair of scissors, needles, and many other useful things; she superintends the cutting them out, for the complication of band, and gusset, and seam, almost deprives me of reason. This is very kind, you know, dear Ann, to a poor ignorant young thing like me; and when I see her in a rich velvet gown, massive gold chains, and bright pink ribbons, snipping and cutting away, all the time speaking of the necessities of the poor, the virtue of economy, and the duty of being a thrifty housewife, I cannot sufficiently admire! How was it that aunt Bevoine never thought of teaching me to work,—ah! those naughty idle days of the old chateau of Marly! I might have made linen for Jocelyn's whole band of soldiers, during the hours I was chasing the butterflies, amid the sunny flower-beds, or dancing by moonlight on those merry evenings!—however, peace to the beloved dead,—the Irish lady of the olden times had doubtless different thoughts to the English merchant's busy wife. So I stitch and stitch for hours together, and my fingers bleed, my needles break, and then I weep; how silly it is to weep, is it not, dear Ann? when all is pre-ordained, fated, and destiny must be acted out; *mine* might have been a fearful one,—I tremble to think of it. * * * * I gave my first tea party a few evenings back; it was thought proper I should make a decisive effort to learn propriety of manner, and to command respect; but, dear Ann, I behaved very badly, and deserved to be scolded. Papas and mammas came, and their sons and daughters; the elderly ladies had on marvellous head-gear, and some of them had very defiant manners, and looked severely upon me; the papas talked about the price of things so extraordinary by name, that I dare venture on no repetition,—but I was informed they were mercantile terms: the young ladies played and sang;—if I did not wish to be amiable, Ann, I should say they struck my poor piano, and made a sepulchral kind of noise, for words were not to be distinguished; and the young gentlemen, with very shining hair, very stiff cravats, and *very* vacant countenances, stood beside the piano, with white gloves on, and turned over the leaves of the pretty song books, murmuring, 'thank you,' or 'how sweet!' whilst others, not musically inclined, lounged near the door, whispering and laughing in an under tone together. One young lady tried very hard to be intimate with me; she is romantic, I am told, and composes poetry; she is said to be a lover of nature, too, and she spoke of 'darling old ruins,' and 'sweet sketches,' and of the 'ancient monastic times;' she wore a rosary, though not a catholic,

and would be a nun, if she could only manage it; I could not help thinking it would be a comfortable vocation for her, there would be little danger of broken vows or excommunication.

"Dancing wears the carpets out, and also makes a dust; so that is forbidden: besides, I cannot fancy these beings dancing,—they look so stern and solemn when they come to drink tea, and seem so afraid of crushing or soiling their dresses; and in short, dear Ann, though I am a matron, and settled down, as the saying is, how often I do long to bound away in a giddy aerial dance, to the sound of our graceful merry music!—*our* music, I heedlessly say, forgetting the land of my childhood is far away. Then, again, when in the midst of these very good and worthy people, all intent on money-making, or dress-making, or gossipping, or vieing with each other in some way or other, *then* do my thoughts turn to the flowery grave of my dearest aunt Bevoine; in my waking dreams I fancy that she is alive again, I hear the voice of watchful tenderness, I hear her call the Princess Geraldine, and read her fortune, and promise her a future of unrivalled brilliancy; how to be accomplished she knew not, but her predictions could not fail, winning old lady! with her gentle fun and frolic. But frolic days are over, and I awake to flutter about in my cage: 'Oh, fie! Geraldine!' I hear you say, dear Ann; and, 'Oh, fie! Princess Geraldine,' I say to myself, 'thus to call my home a cage!'

"But farewell! the shirts are waiting to be stitched; the cook is waiting for orders; and I put my hand on my foolish heart, and say, 'be stern, be still, be heroic.' Do you remember how I teased you with my favourite quotation of 'how many persons were walking under great umbrellas when reason was rained down from heaven?' Sometimes I am tempted to think I must have used an unusually large one on that occasion, and then, at others, my vanity soothes and flatters me into believing the tiniest of all tiny parasols protected my exalted head from the intellectual storm. Farewell, once more. Surely I was born under the star Soheil,—the one genial star that nightly rises over the heads of the people of Zinghe, and to which they attribute the unfailing cheerfulness they enjoy!

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Such was the general tenor, varied, of course, according to circumstance, of the letters which from time to time I received from Geraldine. I often traced in them the signs of inward conflict, and the most singular powers, combined with some fatal impression and inherent superstition; and my thoughts wandered back to the summer fête at Marly, and to the astrologer emerging from the dark woods and so mysteriously disappearing. It seemed weak to do this, and it also seemed unfair to attribute such a weakness to

this wayward, but quick and gifted creature; to the world it would seem unfair, but what has the world ever been to me? I have had a world and a code of my own, and faith only is wanting to receive the inexplicable with reverence. There was much I lamented and disapproved in Geraldine's conduct and disposition; her ignorant and foolish pride, her tendency to ridicule the faults or follies of others, combined with her poetical and sensitive nature, laid her open to continual uneasiness and reprehension, for others did not know, or would not remember, as I did, the many excuses to be urged on her behalf. They had not been at Marly; they had not known the Lady Bevoine, or the Count O'Donnel and his son: they only saw her in the midst of matter-of-fact influences and cold proprieties, and they forgot the wild but beauteous flower of the sunny land will not always bear transplanting, even to the sheltered culture of a northern clime.

Time passed on, and glad I was by and bye to hear that a fair son had been given to Geraldine's embrace: glad I was to hear of the father's joy; and that the babe, more beautiful in its cherub innocence than ever earthly babe was before, was hailed by all the family with delight. I thought of the new life for Geraldine,—new hopes and cares—and I pictured to myself, if it were possible to do so, her passionate thrilling love and devotion towards her first-born. All the strong affection of her nature concentrated on this one sweet object! it was almost fearful to contemplate.

How great, then, my astonishment and consternation to find she obstinately refused to perform a mother's office in nurturing her babe; turned from it; rejected it; never received the precious little "immortal" save when obliged to do so; and it was evident even to common lookers-on *struggled fiercely against loving it!* How long this lasted I know not, but altercations, and many distressing scenes there were, the indignation of all the ladies of the Worthington family being legitimately aroused. Well I knew Geraldine's indomitable resolutions, and that nought like this would turn her from fulfilling them; therefore, when I heard of the baby's illness almost unto death; of the young mother's frantic agony; of her rushing to its little couch as if overcoming some fearful obstacle; of the revulsion of feeling she involuntarily gave way to (*gave way to*, I say, because I looked beneath the surface for hidden links); of her lying night after night on the floor, in utter abandonment and self-recklessness, beside the sick infant's bed; of her convulsive tears, prayers, and anguish of soul: *then*, for the first time, there flashed on my mind certain convictions and discriminations, which afterwards proved to be nearly correct, wild and improbable as they were.

But all was apparently right at length; the babe recovered; the mother idolized, and was a patient wife, resigned to her husband's will in all things, save where her child was concerned: with

that she could brook no interference from mortal, to the unutterable indignation of her mother-in-law, who reasonably said she could know nothing about the bringing up of children. However, instinct with Geraldine supplied the place of experience—marvellously supplied it—for with the mother's supreme all-worshipping love, what a change was wrought in her disposition and spirit! The love and the change seemed to go hand in hand; a watchful sadness, a prayerful melancholy, which gave the idea of some continual urgent danger threatening her son, and which Geraldine, by unceasing devotional supplications, and ever present knowledge, might ward off.

Fourteen years passed away; her letters to me during that period breathed only of the young Jocelyn O'Donnel, as her child was named—his extreme beauty, fascinations, gifts, goodness, and, above all, his love for her—there was something to me quite appalling in the way she wrote, almost impious, for surely the creature was placed in her thoughts, poor, poor, thing, before the Creator who fashioned the clay.

It was the first, the only great passion of her life,—the first time she had tested her own strength of feelings and energy of mind. She would never part with him; no entreaties were of the least avail; nought but absolute force could have effected it. Under her own unceasing superintendence, with every efficient aid and assistance that money could judiciously procure, she had brought him up thus far: and well did the sweet boy repay all her efforts. Noble, manly, and generous, in mind and spirit, the young Jocelyn combined within himself the advantages usually obtained by a public education, with the refinements and thousand graces only taught in a private, elegant, and happy home.

He was a fragile and delicate plant, but with all the aristocracy of bearing which betokened the blood he inherited, on the mother's side, from a long line of chivalrous and noble ancestry.

Geraldine's father was dead, and her brother, who had succeeded to the empty title, had risen to high rank in the French service, and married a wealthy heiress, with both a kindly heart and powerful connections to recommend her. About this time it was that the dreadful reverses occurred, which reduced the opulent family of the Worthingtons to ruin: it was at the time when there was a universal panic and consternation reigning in the commercial world, and many others were reduced to a similar situation, from the unparalleled crash.

To them it was worse than death,—it was disgrace and penniless misery; and when something like organization arose from amidst the smouldering ashes, the sons, it was found, had to begin life anew, but on a very different, and far humbler scale; and the daughters of the family, who were all unmarried, had to assist in supporting their parents.

And Mr. Henry Worthington, the husband of Geraldine, the father of this princely youth, thus reduced to comparative beggary —how felt he? I know not, for I thought but of Geraldine and her son, and *she* thought but of that beloved son, in her agony and desperation of mind. She had lavished all earth's gifts with unsparing hand, to make him a home above the earth: she had desired to render his destiny somewhat different from all other earthly pilgrimages.

Oh, sin of idolatry! which ever bringeth its own punishment, sooner or later. But she was steeped in reckless forgetfulness, and let me remember this, she dared not think but of his ever present welfare. Then wherefore her prayers? Strange contradiction! when she believed from the irrevocable decrees of eternity that his doom was sealed. It may have been, she prayed for pardon and comfort on her *own* account, and it would be blessed to think so.

What the consequences of this reverse of fortune would have been, I cannot imagine; but at this juncture, most providentially as it seemed, the Count O'Donnel urged his sister to visit France with her son, to complete his education there, the expenses attending which he generously offered to defray, until such time as Mr. Worthington's affairs might look brighter. Amiable and tender persuasions were added by the countess, and Geraldine hesitated not for one moment: it was for the benefit of her idol, her all. She gained her husband's consent, and in a very short time revisited once again the land of her childhood's happy days.

Had she been childless, well assured I am that Geraldine would never have deserted the unfortunate; but she thought not of *self*; indeed, I am quite inclined to believe that had her destiny permitted her remaining amongst them, the love which she could not accord in prosperity would have shed its genial warmth to illume their adverse days, for she had a true woman's heart.

About twelve months from this period I received the following letter from Geraldine; I transcribe it literally, without adding or taking away, therefore it is a record of real life, a record of the human heart. It was dated from Paris.

"From amidst these thronging haunts of the busy crowd, whence all of human suffering or joy has probably been witnessed, beats there one heart so overcharged as mine, yet at the same time so resigned, prepared, and calm?

"It has come at length—the bitter doom predestined for me—and the time has also arrived when I will no longer keep silence, and in bidding farewell to you, dear Ann,—my early friend, my tried and valued monitor,—I feel that to your affection I owe the only explanation I can offer of my wayward actions and singular fate.

"My son, my only child, is dying: he has not many weeks to

live. I shall not survive him; and, feeling certain of *this*, I regain serenity and calmness. His decline has been gradual, very gradual and unnoticed, — unnoticed by all save the *mother's eye*. I marked it, long, long ere the physician could do aught but smile at my nervous fears. I have ever felt as if in the presence of an angel, a wandering angel, tolerating earth and earthly ways, but whose abiding city is not of this world. Could you but see his lovely, tender eyes fixed upon me, ever anxious to save me from agony, by repeated assurances that he has no pain, that he is happy, most happy; could you but see his transparent, long, white fingers, entwining around mine: could you hear him call me his own beautiful mother, for beautiful I have ever been to *him*, and winningly ask me to sing the songs I loved in youth, to tell him of the old chateau, the gay flowers, and the happy hours of my careless childhood: oh! *then*, Ann, you would indeed give me credit for rare strength of mind and resolution of purpose, for I sing to my dying boy; I tell him many a tale of by-gone days; I speak to him of his approaching end, of his dear and blessed Redeemer, our only hope, our only comforter; and he knows this far better than I do, for his heart is in heaven, save that portion of it which is mine.

"But I am sustained, because the time of my release is at hand. I feel it impossible, morally, *utterly impossible*, that I can survive him. This is no vain burst of grief, because I am perfectly resigned and calm. You see, dear Ann, I dwell upon this, and repeat it often, for I have a better knowledge of myself than any other can have; and it is to bid you farewell, for we meet no more in this world, it is to thank you for the untiring friendship and tenderness of years, that I now write this; and also, in few words, because I have no explanation to offer, to unfold the mystery of my life. Soon, all will be fully explained, and dark shadows will be cleared away.

"You remember the astrologer in the woods of Marly; my doom was sealed, Ann, from that fatal interview. I have never doubted the truth of the dread prophecy, though I have more than doubted the guilt I incurred in listening to it. But He is merciful, and the follies and frailties of youth are more pitifully looked on by the Pure and All-perfect than by fellow-erring mortals. Thus the prediction ran, soon, you see, to be finally fulfilled.

* * * * * *

"'Give not thy heart when thou givest thy hand in marriage, or sudden and violent death will bind the widow's coif around thy brows, ere summer flowers twice return.

"'Receive the child whom heaven will lend thee for a while as

thou wouldest an angel-guest: for thus only may bereavement be sanctified unto thee.'

"'And now what can I say, Ann? my life's history is thus unfolded to your pitying heart. Long and prosperous be my husband's future career! Fervently do I pray for this, and that brighter days may shine upon him when I am mouldering in the grave.

"I have indeed unheeded the latter part of this fearful prediction, and I am about to pay the penalty.

"Sometimes, in broad day, when I look forth and see the actual breathing world around,—realities, and matter-of-fact, every-day occurrences, in their common routine going forward,—I ask myself, *can it be thus?* are such things permitted? and then I seek the couch of my beloved child, and I remember, the words have gone forth from Him who cannot err, 'Thou shalt make no idol;' I remember the solemn vow broken even at the foot of the altar where I swore to '*love*,' as well as to 'honour and obey,' and I bow to the justice of my doom. I no longer marvel at the suggestions of the evil one, embodied in the likeness of that white-headed seer. The chastening hand I bless and adore; and as earthly things are passing away, so may the things of eternity become brighter and more visible."

* * * * * * *

I said I would fully transcribe Geraldine's last letter, but I stop, only because the holy names and aspirations which follow are too sacred to be placed here; I dare not even with awe-struck reverence indite them on the same page with other details.

I was fully prepared for all that followed. The next accounts, many weeks afterwards, were forwarded by the Count O'Donnell, containing the information of his nephew's placid departure, and alas! alas! also of Geraldine's.

He said, in his cold measured language, that "she was found dead the next morning after her son's decease, stretched on his couch, and clasping the corpse in her arms."

He decorously spoke of his own grief at the double calamity: he dwelt also on his lady's deep affliction, and the shock she had sustained. I believed both, for I thought it strange that any one should not have loved Geraldine.

Mr. Henry Worthingthon, when I last heard of him, was prospering in worldly possessions, married again, and surrounded by an increasing family.

Long ago Geraldine and her son have been forgotten: I cannot but think it merciful that she was taken with him, for what would life have been to her, when *he* was no more?

They were buried in the same grave at 'Père la Chaise.' I have

seen the spot: a garden of sweets it is, shaded by the beautiful cypress.

The Countess O'Donnel often came there, tended and adorned the grave; but long ere this, amid new interests, she, too, has ceased to remember the dead.

C. A. M. W.

THE ONLY CHILD.

There stood a stately castle upon the mountain side,
With sombre towers and battlements, of stern and warlike pride;
A cold forbidding pile it frowned, for nature aided art,
But not more coldly stern, I ween, than its lordly owner's heart.

No wandering minstrel entered there; no pilgrim, staff in hand;
No Christmas revelries were crowned by mummer's frolic band;
But time was marked by the daily sound of mournful chiming bells,
With clash of steel, and the heavy tramp of watchful sentinels.

O heavy time! O weary hours! for the sweet and timid bird,
Whose thrilling notes, in the old grey tower, at eventide were heard,—
A foreign bird, with drooping head, full wofully it sings,
Pining for free green forest glades, and liberty's blest wings.

The noble earl has caged it fast, that bird of other skies,
From sunny climes and joyous scenes he brought the lovely prize;
The tender one was all too cold: no nest or bosom nigh,
Where it could warm a panting heart, or breathe out each soft sigh.

But years passed on: there came a sound of childhood's merry cry,
With a mother's wrapt and mystic song of cradle lullaby.
The dismal tower was joyous now, the lonely home was blest,
As the lady clasped her only one unto her sheltering breast.

Few may imagine that mother's love; 'twas a fearful sight to see
The human heart preparing thus its doom of agony!
The voice that said, "No idols make," *will* make its dread law heard
By many a tortured suppliant, writhing beneath the word.

Her only one, her gifted one, her beautiful and good.—
She would have spilt most cheerfully for him her life's best blood!
The spirit crushed and blighted, with nothing else to love,
Alone could worship wildly thus, and sin 'gainst God above.

Why tremble so, pale flower, at thy love's wild strange excess?
Why shrink in stricken terror from the thoughts no words express?
Forebodings cast their shadows, as ye meet that fond dark eye,
Ye murmur, "God is merciful: my child he *will not die.*"

* * * * * * *

Sadly o'er the distant plains, faintly down the mountain side,
Tolls a heavy muffled bell, telling one has lately died;
From the ancient castle tower roll those deathly sounds, appalling,
On the heart and on the ear of the thoughtful pilgrim falling.

One heart is numbed, *one* ear hears not, within that lonely tower,
Yet there the shrouded corpse is laid, in the lady's secret bower,
Upon a couch of snowy white, as if outstretched in sleep,
Poor mother! sit not thus like stone: 'twill ease thy pangs to weep.

Turn not that stony look so oft upon the placid smile;
Clasp not the hands so icy cold in thine own hands the while;
Gaze not so tearlessly upon the closed beloved eyes,
That never looked but love on thee, and hushed thy plaintive sighs.

No tear, no sigh, no sign for him, thy beautiful, thine own?
Thine agony hath passed away, thy heart hath turned to stone.
She smiles, and mutters vacantly, "He cannot, must not, *die.*"
Mercy for that poor mother, from the pitying Lord on high!

C. A. M. W.

THE GOVERNESSES' BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

"There are many persons that have nothing left them but misery and modesty; and towards such we must add two circumstances of charity:—First, to inquire them out; second, to convey our relief unto them, so as we do not make them ashamed."—JEREMY TAYLOR'S "*Holy Living*."

ON looking over the "Times," yesterday, my eye caught an advertisement headed thus, "GOVERNESS and COOK WANTED." At first I supposed it must be a satirical *jeu d'esprit* against society, for tolerating the present position of governesses; but on a careful perusal I found that it was a sober matter-of-fact affair; that the satire was quite unintentional; and that the thrifty advertiser, in order to save a few shillings, had contrived to make one paragraph serve, for the lady, with every desirable accomplishment, who was to educate his daughters, and for the cook, who was to minister to his stomach. This is carrying economy beyond the bounds of propriety, and the decent observance of the outward forms of society.

"Order is heaven's (*and earth's*) first law, and this confess'd,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest."

Without placing the governess very high in the social scale, we certainly think she is sufficiently above the cook to free us from a charge of over-nicety or scrupulousness in objecting to such a juxtaposition of the two.

The advertiser, we think, would have no right to complain, if the governesses who answered his advertisement should prove to be no better educated than a waiting woman. And yet, I will venture to say, this unconscious satirist is one of the loudest in the outcry against those who profess to teach what they know little or nothing about. He is not, perhaps, aware that it is he, and such as he, who help to bring the class of governesses into disrepute, by tempting ill-taught and ill-bred women to offer themselves as teachers to any who will take them. Such persons can afford to teach for a paltry salary what it cost them no money or pains to learn, and they do not feel insults which an educated lady, who knows what is due to one who performs the duties of her office conscientiously, could not submit to.

After thinking about this advertisement, my mind reverted to Miss Becky Sharp, who makes so distinguished a figure in Mr.

Thackeray's bitter-biting and supremely talented satire called "Vanity Fair." It is not to be denied that Miss Becky Sharp, or, as she is now called, Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, is a young woman *comme il y en a beaucoup;* if you make a slight deduction from her cleverness, which is extraordinary. Nor has the author shown less than his usual discernment, in making her begin life as a professional governess. There are doubtless not a few accomplished, shrewd, unprincipled, designing women, who start in their career as governesses. These make the class feared, and disliked, and suspected, as much as the ignorant vulgar ones make it despised. But women of the Miss Sharp kind never remain governesses long. Their genius would be cramped, and their ambition ungratified, in such a position; they leave the odium of their name upon the class in general, and soar away into a higher field for the exercise of their ingenious spirits.

When we have made allowance for the incompetent and the unprincipled, there will still remain a large number of excellent and admirable women in the class of governesses, who suffer many evils in that position, some of which are caused by the impossibility of keeping the incompetent and the unprincipled out of their ranks. Any one who has had an opportunity of observing the nature of a good governess's life must be aware that it is more full of hardship and trials, and more barren of enjoyments, than that of most women in the middle ranks of society; and such an observer will rejoice to hear of any effectual exertions to lessen the hardships, and multiply the enjoyments, of the governess, by extending to her that kindly sympathy and timely assistance of wh ch she stands in so much need.

The Governesses' Benevolent Institution (as yet in its infancy) has already done much towards alleviating some of the evils to which we allude. The readers of "The Metropolitan" may, perhaps, wish to know more of this institution than can be gathered from the occasional advertisements concerning it which appear in the public papers: a brief account of it is therefore given here.

Like almost all benevolent institutions, this one owes its existence mainly to the exertions of a few disinterested and philanthropic individuals. Indeed, I believe that the chief merit of its foundation is to be attributed to a lady, who spared neither money, time, nor intellectual and bodily exertion, to compass her object. Such unselfish and energetic exertions, in a noble cause, will have their reward. Even now, she is enjoying the rapid success of her darling scheme, and the consciousness of having been a powerful instrument in the good work.

In the year 1843, the institution was established, as its directors declared, in a printed prospectus, issued at the time, "to raise the character of governesses, as a class, and thus to improve the tone

of female education; to assist governesses in making provision for their old age; and to assist in distress and age those governesses whose exertions for their parents or families have prevented such a provision."

We are now near the close of 1847, and without troubling the reader with the minutiæ of official reports, we will endeavour to give a clear, general idea of the way in which the professed objects of the institution have been carried out, from its foundation to the present time.

The first object specified in the original prospectus is, "To raise the character of governesses, as a class, and thus to improve the tone of female education."

It is evident from the nature of this object that it must be a work of time. You cannot "raise the character" of a class of persons very much in four years. You cannot make sumptuary laws, by which ignorant or unprincipled persons shall at once become well-informed and well-principled, or shall cease to affect to be what they are not. You cannot, by the aid of the largest money subscriptions, raise the character of governesses, as a class, or their position in society, *immediately*. Yet, even in four years, a little has been done towards this object. The institution sanctions only those applicants for its assistance who are found worthy to be assisted, and recommended to situations. And, if no governesses could get engagements but those whose conduct and character had been inquired into by some such competent authority as this institution, the class of governesses would be raised in a very few years to such a point that a marked improvement would soon after be perceptible in the tone of female education. In furtherance of this object, the Committee have very recently established a college for the examination of governesses, and for granting them certificates of qualification. This is, by royal permission, named the Queen's College. My readers will, doubtless, concur in the opinion of the committee "that the governesses of England cannot be permanently benefited, until the qualified members of the profession are able to produce some satisfactory evidence of their merits; and the less competent can obtain an adequate and orderly preparation for their work."

In this respect, England has been far more negligent than Continental countries. In France, for instance, every lady who takes up the profession of a teacher is required to produce her diploma or certificate of qualification, from some official examiners. As this has not been the case here, French milliners, *soubrettes*, shopwomen, and various kinds of ignorant and unfit persons come over to England, as governesses, where they get good salaries in noble families, and teach their pupils very doubtful morality, and indubitably bad French.

The second object of the institution is "To assist governesses

in making provision for their old age." This object has been pursued in three ways: first, by establishing a provident fund,—"Provident Annuities purchased by ladies in any way connected with education, upon Government security, agreeably to the Act of Parliament." Upon the subject of which Provident Annuities the Committee says:

"Benefit Societies, such as those formed by the working classes, cannot be arranged for those who work with the mind; and thus the Institution can, *at present*, only assist the provident governess by relieving her of all *trouble*, for which her occupations leave her small time; and by paying the necessary expenses attendant upon contracting for an annuity. The Committee hope, however, that the public will enable them to do more than this.

It is manifest how desirable it would be to lighten the payments, by which governesses secure deferred annuities; but it is equally manifest, that no offer to do so can be made from an uncertain and fluctuating income. The advantage must be offered to *all* impartially; whilst the Committee cannot guarantee to make certain payments at certain times, when they may not have the money to do so.

"It must remain for the known liberality of this country, *by large benefactions*, to enable the Committee to form such a fund as will authorize them to encourage the forethought of the less affluent governess, by offering to meet her annual payments by a corresponding payment for her future advantage. A lady has recently given £100 to this fund, feeling its importance in determining the character of the young governess, and in assisting her future prospects.

"This branch of the institution has been very successful. Any lady can have the tables of rates and other particulars forwarded to her on application to the secretary at the office; and, if she will consult any member of the Stock Exchange, or other gentleman connected with monied details, she will learn that she cannot otherwise have such terms with such security.

2. It is proposed to extend the advantages of this fund to the smaller savings of younger ladies; carrying out, however, still the one principle of the institution, of entire safety to the depositors.

"Any amount will be received from any lady, and the trouble taken off her hands; but an account will be kept for each at the Savings' Bank in Montague-street, Russell-square, one of the best and most cheaply managed banks."

The other two modes of assisting active governesses, and enabling them to provide for old age, is by providing a Home* for them during the intervals between their engagements, where, for

* No. 66, Harley-street; where, and at the Office, 32, Sackville street, all further particulars can be obtained.

a comparatively low rate of payment, they can have the comforts, and the rest, and medical attendance, necessary to recruit their exhausted health; and by giving them the benefit of a registration free of expense.

"Books being provided at the home, with lists both of vacant engagements and disengaged governesses, the nobility and gentry find the benefit of such opportunities for selection; whilst the immense connection of the society affords great advantages to the governess, without the slightest expense."

The third object of the institution is "to assist in distress and age those governesses whose exertions for their parents or families have prevented such a provision." This has been done by affording "temporary assistance to governesses in distress, privately and delicately, through the Ladies' Committee.

"To shew the necessity and value of this assistance, it may be sufficient to state one or two cases in which it has been rendered.

"A lady of much talent, whose sight had become affected, (a not uncommon mode in which governesses are at once thrown out of employment, even in the full vigour of life,) and whose medical attendants told her that nothing but sea air could benefit her, was found languishing for this unattainable remedy; the closeness of her lodging and the poverty of her diet affecting her less than the seemingly total absence of hope. She was assisted to the sea in a cheap neighbourhood.

"Assistance is often rendered in a similar manner—the means afforded for rest and medical aid; or for change of air, to perfect convalescence.

"The daughter of a physician, who had been a governess all her life, till incapacitated by paralysis, became afflicted with cancer, requiring operation, whilst her whole income was £20 derived from a day school, and her only *time* would be her brief holidays. Her expenses were paid to London, and she was placed at the Sanatorium, till the operation had been performed by one of our first London surgeons, and then her expenses were again paid to place her at home to resume her labours.

"A governess was compelled to leave her situation by an illness, which consumed all her little savings. On her recovery, her testimonials secured her the offer of an engagement, for which she could neither pay her travelling expenses nor renew her wardrobe. Both were provided, and she is happily and usefully occupied.

"The following extract from the first report illustrates yet further *how* these cases arise:

"A reference to the Case Book gives the continually recurring and affecting detail—

"'Is obliged to maintain an invalid sister, who has no one else to look to.'—Cases 6, 31, 34, 78, 81, 83.

" 'Entirely impoverished by endeavouring to uphold her father's efforts in business.'—Cases 8, 68, 92.

" 'Supported her mother for nearly twenty years.'—Cases 52, 75, 97, 98.

" 'Incapable of taking another situation from extreme nervous excitement, caused by over-exertion and anxiety.'—Cases 23, 53, 74.

" 'Her sight affected from over-exertion, never giving herself any rest, having a mother dependent on her.'—Cases 18, 61, 62.

" 'Supports an aged mother, with a heart affection.'—Case 42.

" 'Had saved a little money, but lent it to a brother who failed.' —Case 73.

" 'Supported both her aged parents, and three orphans of a widowed sister.'—Case 65.

" 'Her father died, leaving his family unprovided for, and they have been entirely supported by her exertions.'—Case 25.

" 'Has helped to bring up seven younger brothers and sisters.' —Case 58.

" 'Helped to support her mother and educate her sisters.'—Case 56.

" 'Educated two younger sisters and a niece.'—Case 51.

" 'Her only remaining parent still dependent on her.'—Case 40.

" 'Supported both parents with the assistance of a sister.'—Case 38.

" 'Had the entire support of both parents for nearly twenty years.'—Case 30.

" 'Supported her mother for fourteen years.'—Cases 21, 29.

" 'Devoted all her earnings to the education of her five nieces, who all became governesses.'—Case 93.

" 'Saved nothing during twenty-six years of exertion, having supported her mother, three younger sisters, and a brother, and educated the four.'—Case 41."

The sum which is given into the hands of the Ladies' Committee, weekly, to be used in the relief of such cases of distress, is very inadequate to the demands upon it. I have been told by a lady of the committee that a very much larger one would be necessary to enable them to give relief in all the cases of real and unavoidable distress which come before them every week, and which, for want of funds, they are obliged to turn away, or to relieve from their private purses.

This Ladies' Committee, by the way, deserves the thanks of all those who take an interest in the institution, for the unwearied exertions which they take upon themselves. Much of the laborious part of the work falls, necessarily, upon them. The gentlemen may order what is to be done, but in such an institution as this it is the ladies who must do it.

There are two other branches of this third object of the institu-

tion, viz., the Elective Annuities, and the Asylum for aged governesses. The first of these, the Annuity Fund, goes on very well, although it is much to be regretted that the Annuities are so small. On this subject we quote the following, from a report of the institution.

"Elective Annuities to aged governesses, secured on invested capital, and thus independent on the prosperity of the institution.

"It is necessary that a capital should be raised, from the interest of which annuities may be given; as to profess to grant annuities from annual subscriptions,—from a fluctuating income, which any change of public opinion, or accidental circumstances, might destroy,—would be to risk disappointment to the aged annuitants at (perhaps) the most painful and inconvenient time. Eighteen annuities have been founded by the investment of £9000 in the 3 per cent. consols: and it is intended to elect at least two in each succeeding May and November, should the funds be received. The candidates, who must be governesses above fifty years of age, require to be approved by the Committee.

Two annuities were founded in an interesting manner. The Bishop of Durham, feeling for the unsuccessful candidates, offered £50 to meet a similar grant from nine other parties; and in a fortnight the amount was raised. A similar offer was afterwards twice made by a lady, and similarly met.

"To carry out this design, — the establishment of *permanent* annuities granted from funded capital, — the Committee invite benevolent individuals of large fortune to found annuities bearing their own name. Fellowships and Scholarships are thus founded for those of the other sex who labour with the mind, and surely we should not be forgetful of those whose minds labour to mould the characters of English wives and mothers.

"Donations of stock or money, sufficient to establish an annuity, —£500, £750, £1000,—will be funded in the names of trustees; the annuity bearing the founder's name, and the patronage, if he wish it, reserved to him for life. The Committee will be ready to enter into arrangements with parties interested in particular individuals, to found annuities of any amount on the payment of a certain portion of the necessary capital, the first presentation to be in the donor. The foundation of two annuities on this principle is gratefully acknowledged: one founded by will; the other by a living friend. Two annuities of £30 and £20 are thus founded for ever; the first annuitants being known to the founders. How many, in providing for their family governesses, might thus at the same time secure a benefit to numbers!

"It has been suggested, that the amount of the present annuities is painfully small; but the Committee trust that the public will enter into their principle of *perfect safety to the annuitant*, and also into the difficulty of making yearly investments to meet fresh

annuities of even this amount. They are anxious, however, to meet the general wish, and they will be ready to raise any annuity from £15 to £20 on the receipt of £100 from any individual for that purpose: one of the annuities created in November has been thus enlarged.

"An early and valuable friend of the institution has suggested, that, as the number of governesses is computed at fifteen or twenty thousand, an annual shilling from each would create an *additional annuity yearly*. Each year would provide a permanent annuity for another aged governess.

"The Committee have accordingly prepared small receipts for one shilling each, in sheets of twenty, forty, etc., which they will be ready to issue to any one kindly undertaking the office of collector. The accounts for each year will close on the first of March, that the Committee may know what amount of annuity can be given from the collection.

"These annuities can be styled 'Governesses Annuity, No. 1,' 'Governesses Annuity, No 2,' etc."

The other branch of assistance to aged governesses, viz., the Asylum, was for a long time only talked about: for the best of all reasons, that there was not money to build it; and until the other portions of the institution were established it was thought better to defer this. But very recently the Committee have issued a circular in which they declare their intention to *begin* the edifice forthwith. In this circular they say that "the necessity of a home becomes more and more pressed upon them, and they yield to the conviction, that, the plan once begun, there will be no want of funds to finish and support it."

A piece of ground has been bought at Haverstock Hill, for the erection of the asylum, and Mr. Wyatt, the architect, has kindly given a plan for the building, which is to begin immediately by erecting "the rooms for general use, and apartments for four or six aged governesses; whilst a sum of £150 will at any time enable a donor to add apartments for two more."

My readers will, I think, be glad to hear a few words which may be aptly applied to this subject; they occur in the beautiful work quoted at the head of this article. Let it be remembered that Jeremy Taylor was no mere school divine, or theoretical philanthropist. He was a man of great worldly experience, and of sound practical judgment in secular matters. He was a capital man of business, besides being a high-bred gentleman, a great scholar, a pious and enlightened Christian, and the most eloquent and poetic of British divines. He says,—

"In giving alms to beggars, and persons of that low rank, it is better to give little to each, that we may give to the more, so extending our alms to many persons; but in charities of religion, as building hospitals, colleges, and houses for devotion, and sup-

plying the accidental wants of decayed persons, fallen from great plenty to great necessity, it is better to unite our alms than to disperse them: to make a noble relief or maintenance for one, and to restore him to comfort, than to support only his natural needs, and keep him alive only, unrescued from sad discomforts."

Besides the efforts that are being made in other ways for increasing the fund for the building and endowment of the Asylum, the Committee have decided (at the request of many friends of the institution) to have a fancy sale or bazaar in May, 1848, which, it is believed, will produce a considerable sum. Although the custom of having bazaars of this kind does not seem to be very wise, or even unobjectionable, yet, as many persons take delight in them, who would not exert themselves otherwise in this cause, the Committee have found it expedient to make the little vanities of their well-wishers serve to forward a great and good object. Perhaps this doubtful question of fancy sales for charitable or political purposes, is one of those to which Rochefoucault's maxim may be fairly applied,—

"*C'est une grande folie que de vouloir être sage tout seul.*"

As there *is* to be a bazaar, we therefore recommend all fair ladies whose fingers would otherwise be employed in the manufacture of trifles for themselves and their friends which are not necessary for them, to make, and forward the same to the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, for the May bazaar, and they will have the satisfaction of knowing that the cost of the articles will be applied to a noble purpose.

"Contributions of every describtion, — painting, sculpture, *bijouterie*, books, etc., etc., will be thankfully received at the Home for Disengaged Governesses, 66, Harley-street, or at the Office, 32, Sackville-street."

A lady who takes a great interest in the welfare of the class of governesses has lately sent the following suggestion to the institution, which is worthy the attention of the mothers of families, and all persons concerned in the management of young people.

"It has occurred to a friend of the Asylum for Aged Governesses, to suggest that a savings box might be established by the youthful members of any family circle, the heads of which might be disposed to favour such a plan.

"In schools and families where an interest is exerted in behalf of the object proposed, such a mode of collection, while in the aggregate capable of effecting much, would press but lightly on the individual, since all that is proposed by this plan is, that the box be established to receive some of the *many small* sums inconsiderately expended, both by young and old, on trifles, for want of the previous reflection, 'I can do without it.' The writer knows that

large sums have thus been collected, even to the surprise of the collectors themselves, without any other object than to show how much may by this means be *saved* in a single year. If to this lesson be added the honourable application of the amount so accumulated, a source of higher satisfaction is secured to the youthful contributors.

"Stamford Hill,
" September 8th."

The writer was asked, the other day, whether the candidates for the Annuities and for the Asylum for Aged Governesses must be of the established church. The inquirer was a dissenter, and a person of great benevolence, and also very anxious to promote the interests of governesses generally. The writer could not answer the inquiry. As this question is likely to be put frequently to the friends of the institution by dissenters, it would be well that the Committee should state distinctly whether or not they think it right to make a religious qualification necessary for those who are to be assisted by the institution.

I have already exceeded my allotted space in this rapid sketch of the present state of the institution, and will now take leave of my readers, with the assurance that they will find, upon personal inquiry into the institution, that this little account is the reverse of an exaggeration.

One word in conclusion. There was a time when scarcely any lady *nursed* her own child; and now scarcely any lady educates her own daughters. Let us hope that another half century will produce a change in the present plan of employing resident governesses in families; and that our granddaughters will find fashion and a sense of duty conspire to make them governesses to their own children, as those powerful agents conspired to make our grandmothers perform that earlier office of nurse to theirs. Women have yet much to learn in order to do all their duty as mothers.

J. M. W.

MADEMOISELLE DE LUZY DESPORTES.

(A Letter to the Editor of the Metropolitan Magazine.)

"JUSTICE! JUSTICE! JUSTICE!"

MY DEAR SIR,

In forwarding to you an article on the subject, "The Governesses' Benevolent Institution," I am in some appre-

hension lest your readers should share the general feeling which prevails just now, and be inclined to turn away in disgust from the title. A well-known authoress said to me the other day, while conversing about the projected bazaar for the benefit of the before-mentioned Institution, "*Oh! governesses are at a discount, now, on account of that horrible Praslin affair in Paris.*" I ventured to say then, what I repeat now, that the prevalent feeling against the governess in that frightful tragedy, seems to me to be very unjust.

It was natural enough that on the first news of the crime, the popular sympathy should be so strong in favour of the murdered duchess, that any person who was known to have caused quarrels between her and her murderer, should be looked upon with suspicion by the public. But it was not for her judicial examiners to allow their private prejudices against her to prevail in a tribunal of justice, and thereby to give strength to the general hastily conceived, and, as it seems to me, erroneously conceived opinion, that Mademoiselle de Luzy Desportes was guilty, if not of conniving at the murder of the duchess, yet of having for years carried on a criminal intercourse with the duke; and this under the same roof with the duchess, and while constantly surrounded by her young pupils, the children of the woman whom she was injuring so grossly. This conduct is of too vicious a character to be lightly imputed; and, it would have been well, had Mademoiselle de Luzy's examiners supposed her to be innocent until she was proved to be guilty. But they not only supposed her to be guilty, but, as far as is evident from the reports of the examination, given in the *Times*, they seem to have been averse to allowing her the opportunity of proving her innocence. The insulting, not to say *brutal* tone, of the questions proposed during the greater part of her examination is a disgrace to the Chamber of Peers. While her replies do honour to her *temper*, at least: to say nothing of their distinct straightforwardness and utter freedom from prevarication. I know nothing of Mademoiselle de Luzy, but what may be gathered concerning her from a careful and dispassionate study of the whole account of this awful matter as given in the public papers; and after reading her examination, I came to the conclusion that she was innocent of all but that with which she charges herself, viz. seeking her own worldly interest, by remaining to complete the education of her two elder pupils; and thereby earning the promised pension. If we consider the destitute condition of governesses in their old age, it is not easy to pronounce Mademoiselle de Luzy very criminal, for bearing yet a little longer, the trials, difficulties, and dangers of her position, as governess to the children of the Duke and Duchess de Praslin. She could not have anticipated any result beyond the usual disagreement between the parents of her pupils,—a result which would have taken place had

she resigned her situation to another; while such a step had she taken it would have been a disadvantage to her pupils, (for no one seems to have disputed her superior qualifications for her situation,) while it would have given her the pain of parting from those young creatures, by whom she seems to have been much beloved.

It has been said that it looked ill in Mademoiselle de Luzy, to throw blame upon the murdered duchess in her replies to the questions asked her concerning that lady. The dead,—and especially the murdered are sacred. But how far are they sacred? From unkind or harsh reflections upon their memory. Yes. But surely not from the revealings of the torch of truth. There was no bitterness, no unkindness in the words of Mademoiselle de Luzy concerning the duchess. They were not words of praise, of admiration, or of affection, but they were the truth, as gently and as delicately uttered as it was possible to be, in the circumstances. The extracts from the journals and the letters of the unfortunate duchess are much more than sufficient to bear out all that Mademoiselle de Luzy is forced to say against her. In justice to the living, the faults of the dead must not on this occasion be suppressed. Had the extracts and letters been published anonymously as coming from a living woman, no rational person could read them without pronouncing the writer to be of a lamentably ill-regulated mind, a prey to violent passions, and an irritable fancy,—passionately attached to her husband, and indiscriminately jealous of him; her children being quite secondary to him in her affection. And had any sensible person been asked whether such a woman, were *fit* to direct the education of her children, or likely to inspire them with love and respect, what answer would he have given? There is but one possible, I apprehend.

Doubtless the duchess had much to provoke and to increase the display of the faults of character, in the conduct of her husband, whose affection she had lost. But intentional provocation from Mademoiselle de Luzy it does not seem *probable* that she could have had, although the very existence of that lady in her houshold, must have been a sad trial to her patience; for Mademoiselle de Luzy seems to have been her superior in mind, character, and accomplishments, and as surely as water will find its level will *mind* do the same. It was a painful thing for the duchess to find that her children's governess was mentally and morally her superior, and that with the unerring instinct of childhood, they felt the fact and behaved accordingly. Poor, poor mother! But is the governess to blame for this? If she had a heart, she too must have deplored, while she had very little means of remedying the evil: for those who have tried the experiment know how impossible it is to make children respect those who, by their own conduct, do not command respect.

With regard to the connection between Mademoiselle de Luzy and the duke, I add these few words. Either it was criminal,—or it was not. In either case she might have gained ascendancy over his mind, for she is, (there can be no doubt of it,) a remarkably clever woman, and no man can live in habits of daily intercourse with such a woman without being influenced by her. There seem to me to be several reasons in favour of supposing that Mademoiselle de Luzy exercised over the duke no influence but that of a highly esteemed and thoroughly trusted friend; *one of the opposite sex*, indeed, which circumstance often adds to the strength of the friendship, without making it at all criminal even in thought.

In the first place the Duke de Praslin had, we are given to understand by his unhappy wife's letters, amours elsewhere, and it is not probable that he would select as his mistress, a person who was not beautiful nor very young, and who was inconveniently under his wife's observing eye. We all know that it is not uncommon for women who are engaged as governesses in families to become mistresses to the fathers of their so called pupils. But in these cases the mistress soon takes care to leave her arduous and wearysome situation, and to obtain an establishment of her own. In the case of Mademoiselle de Luzy, supposing she had a criminal *liaison* with the duke, she certainly must have lost her intellect at the time, or she would not have remained in the house with the duchess and the children; subject to the ill treatment of the former, and to constant contact with the latter; which must have been a continual source of annoyance and self-reproach to her, and a very probable means of one day recalling the duke to a sense of propriety and duty.

The duchess herself has frequently declared in letters written in her calmer moments, that she does not believe there was any criminal *liaison* between her husband and Mademoiselle de Luzy.

Finally, the best proof of her innocence seems to me to be in the internal evidence afforded by her replies on being examined. No woman, however talented, could have gone through such an examination immediately after the shock of that terrible tragedy, as Mademoiselle de Luzy did, and be guilty of the crimes imputed to her. She has been, I firmly believe, most cruelly injured; and I shall be obliged if you will insert this letter in your Magazine, as it may turn the attention of others toa careful consideration of her case, who may have more power to set the public right in this matter, than

Yours, very truly,

J. M. W.

Old Brompton, Sept 20th, 1847.

P. S.—On laying aside my pen just now I took up to-day's *Times*, and the first thing I read was an announcement of another examination of Mademoiselle de Luzy and the steady denial on her part of the charges brought against her.

The public is also informed that she has received a letter from a young English lady who was formerly her pupil; and that the letter is full of expressions of affectionate sympathy for her in the painful circumstances into which she has been thrown. It is added that Mademoiselle de Luzy was much affected at sight of the well-known handwriting, and that she was employed half the night in replying to the letter.

Does not this little incident tend in some degree to confirm the view of the case taken above? A heartless and depraved woman would not surely be so loved by one who had an opportunity of knowing her well.

YE ARE WISER THAN YOUR DAY.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Ye men of soaring talent, who courageously explore
Tracks in the mystic realms of mind, unknown, unsought before,
Knowledge unfolds her secret stores your labours to repay,
But ye win not earthly homage,—ye are wiser than your day!

Ye do not proudly seek to dwell in solitary might,
Fain would ye guide our feeble steps to share your dizzy height,
Fain would ye light our clouded path by intellects pure ray,
But we shun your proffered service,—ye are wiser than your day!

Your wild pursuit of knowledge, had ye lived in ages back,
Had yielded to the schooling of the dungeon and the rack;
Our good old ancestors in these, possessed a certain way
To tame the daring spirits who were wiser than their day.

And even in these degenerate days, the light unfeeling jeer,
The taunt of scornful unbelief, the cold and caustic sneer,
These Lilliputian arrows can with puny art dismay
The free and noble spirits who are wiser than their day.

In future times, your projects to perfection may be brought,
The mine that you discovered, may by meaner hands be wrought,
And then, perchance, posterity, may, after long delay,
Vouchsafe to laud the spirits who were wiser than their day!

Why is it thus? why should we boast, with inconsistent pride,
That truth and knowledge through the land advance with giant stride,
And yet thus wilfully evince repugnance to their sway,
By turning from the spirits who are wiser than their day?

Oh! may the doubts soon disappear, by baleful envy nursed,
Soon may a nation pant to slake its intellectual thirst,
Soon may the many join the few, who eagerly survey,
The progress of those spirits who are wiser than their day.

Come, ye I love and cherish, come and join this genial band,
(Ever amid its foremost rank may I be found to stand,)
List to the mighty voice of truth, the rousing call obey,
And aid the glorious spirits who are wiser than their day!

THE UNFOUNDED SUSPICION.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

CHAPTER I.

"THERE was a merry fellow who supped with Pluto three thousand years ago, and the conversation turned on love, and the choice of wives. He said he had learned from a very early tradition, that man was created male and female, with a duplicate set of limbs, and performed his locomotive functions, with a kind of rotary movement as a wheel: that he became in consequence, so excessively insolent, that Jupiter, indignant, split him in two; since that time, that each runs through the world, in quest of the other

half; if the two original halves meet, they are a very loving couple: otherwise they are subject to a miserable, scolding, peevish, and uncongenial matrimony. The search, he said, was rendered difficult, for the reason, that if one man alighted upon a half that did not belong to him, another did necessarily the same, till the whole affair was thrown into irretrievable confusion." I have been induced to quote this quaint and curious account of the theory of marriage, from a conversation lately held on the same really momentous subject, with a friend, whom I candidly consider a most unreasonably dissatisfied wife; having, in my opinion, found exactly the half suited to her in every respect.

"I can but wonder," she exclaimed, in a pettish, angry tone, "why girls, who do not absolutely want a home, should be so eager to get married; yet, it appears the whole and sole study of every foolish giddy thing, the instant she is emancipated from the thraldom of the school-room, to captivate some arbitrary lord of the creation; and resign to him her liberty. Alas! alas! how little is she aware of the greater, the more unendurable slavery she thus voluntarily embraces; the tyranny she is submitting to,—the coldness, neglect, indifference, and ennui, which await her through the tedium of a hateful and wearisome existence; for among all our mutual acquaintances, how few, even tolerably happy couples, do we know.

"There is something, I am convinced, in the institution itself, which requires immediate reform and modification; it being now only an odious state of bondage, for our unfortunate and ill-used sex."

"Do not so sweepingly condemn one of the holiest and best institutions ever founded, for the present and future felicity of God's ungrateful creatures," I replied with some degree of warmth. "Blame, rather the terrible abuses of its divine laws,—blame the motives which too frequently induce youth, beauty, and innocence, to sacrifice itself to age, profligacy, and disgust,—blame the avarice, the ambition, the vanity which produce the lamentable results you deplore. Blame, in short, the parents who remorselessly immolate their offspring at the shrine of pride and ostentation, exulting boastfully in the gorgeous chains which bind the victim to the desecrated altar,—gilded manacles, that gall deeper than iron,—rose-wreathed garlands, whose blushing blossoms conceal the venomous serpent, the cankering rot!

"These are the causes of the many miserable and uncongenial unions, of which we are but too sadly cognizant; but, where no such fatal disparity exists, where the age, fortune, and pursuits are equal, where the purest affections of the heart are alone consulted, I *do* aver, and defy the most chilling scepticism to contradict my assertion, that marriage then comes as near to perfectibility as is permitted for mortals' enjoyment on earth."

"Granted.—But, where will you find the disinterested pair?"

"In our young friends, the Hamiltons."

"Ah! I forgot them,—they DID appear, certainly, to love each other."

"Yes, fondly and fervently; every one admitting, that when George Hamilton and Margaret Wilmot, became man and wife, their marriage had indeed been made in heaven, so truly and perfectly were their ideas in accordance."

What I here advanced in favour of undoubted and permanent happiness being found in the marriage of two purely attached hearts, was strictly and simply true; for never had I witnessed more complete felicity, than in the instance above cited.

George, endowed with a warm and manly affection, tempered by firmness and good sense, held in check, without a shadow of severity, the little waywardness of Margaret's otherwise generous, tender disposition; who, conscious of his superiority of understanding, without a feeling of mortification or oppression, submitted to his mild corrections, or rather expostulations, with the obedience of a child, being the first to see and acknowledge her errors, and promise to amend them.

Brought up from infancy together,—their fathers being partners in the same profession,—their mothers old and most sincere friends, the fondness of childhood ripened in maturity, into the more exquisite and enduring passion of love; so, that long before they were united, their tacit betrothment was acknowledged and sanctioned, by all who had their welfare seriously at heart. Margaret had, consequently, imbibed with the earliest rudiments of her education, a thorough conviction of the noble and amiable qualities, the unspotted integrity, undeviating rectitude of principle, and christian benevolence of her destined husband; hence, her love for him was intense, absorbing, almost reverential, the one cherished thought of her guileless bosom. She had no wish but what he could gratify, and every motive and action of her life had reference to his comfort and happiness.

Day after day glided on in calm and unruffled serenity, not one adverse cloud appearing, to darken the bright horizon of domestic joy. Fortune, the handmaid of prosperity, seemed to scatter only blessings in their path.

George had for some time succeeded his father-in-law, in the most extensive and fashionable medical practice of a large and populous neighbourhood, which was yearly increasing, so that he was enabled to indulge Margaret in all her innocent ambition; their house and grounds, therefore, soon became unequalled for neatness and beauty; Margaret's pretty green-house contained the rarest plants; her carriage, dress, and entertainments, were pronounced unique, evincing taste and elegance in the highest degree; for a marvel, none envying, but all approving, whatever

the Hamiltons chose to do. In truth they disarmed envy, by their unpretending kindness, their liberality, and delicate consideration to conciliate the good will of every person with whom they came in contact; a line of conduct which never fails to reconcile the most opposite dispositions, and one which they invariably pursued; particularly Margaret, who, distrusting the capriciousness of her own mind, was guided in everything of importance, not only by her beloved George, but also by a dear and most valued friend, whom she possessed in Mrs. Walker, the wife of the clergyman of the parish, a highly educated and intellectual woman, who, having no family of her own, and seeing a chance of sweet Margaret Wilmot being spoiled by the blind indulgence of her weakly adoring parents, coaxed her to the parsonage, and gently, and gradually instilled into her ductile mind those sentiments which render woman so truly admirable, by teaching, that self-sacrifice is the most acceptable above, the most estimable below.

To her, the young wife flew in every apparent emergency, either of pleasure or pain, and by her decision she religiously abided, knowing, from long experience, that it was ever right, for its basis was founded on justice.

CHAPTER II.

"Give me my home, to quiet dear,
Where hours untold and peaceful move;
So fate ordain I sometimes there
May hear the voice of him I love."—*Mrs. Opie.*

One morning, after George's departure for his customary round of visits, Margaret tied on her bonnet, and taking her netting, hastened to the parsonage, intending to spend an hour or two there.

"Well, my love, what has brought you so early?" said the benevolent old lady, ceasing for a moment, in her delightful daily task of giving out to her maid the necessary comforts for the sick and aged of her numerous pensioners.

"Why, I want to consult you on a very, *very* important affair," replied Margaret, gaily; "one, however, you *must* acquiesce in, for I have set my heart upon it."

"No *must* for me, my dear Margaret," rejoined Mrs. Walker, gravely, "you know me too well, to suppose I shall agree in anything that can be even remotely injurious to you. I am not to be bribed out of my conscientious opinion, because your foolish little heart is set on some imaginary pleasure or other. But come! follow me into the drawing room, and make a clean breast at once, I am quite in the humour to hear confession, and to absolve too, if needful."

"The fact is," resumed Margaret, as soon as they were alone, "there is to be a magnificent ball, on Wednesday evening next, in aid of the Infirmary; now George, although the best and most complying creature in the world, literally detests such scenes, and talks of sending an extra donation; but it really is incumbent on him to attend it personally, for the sake of his profession, and I have the most becoming dress ready, so do, pray, help me to persuade him to go."

"If he requires persuasion, my love, be advised by me, and abandon the project; for what real gratification could it possibly afford you, if, conscious that your husband only went to satisfy you? that if left to his own option, he would joyfully have remained at home? Of course, he is the first, the only object you wish to charm and delight, the first, the only one whose admiration you prize and covet? How could he do so with more heartfelt satisfaction, than by his own fireside, rendered cheerful by your natural vivacity and lively conversation?

"Nothing, believe me, is more disadvantageous to beauty, or dangerous to affection, than for a young wife to enter such a scene of artificial gaiety, with a countenance, perhaps, yet flushed with the fever of excitement,—a bosom palpitating with the scarcely subsided storm of argument, a voice rendered faltering and uncertain by the inward reproach, that she had triumphed at the expense of her husband's comfort, and an eye quailing beneath the upbraiding glances he darts upon her. Whilst he, sullen and morose at being compelled to yield for the sake of peace, and predetermined not to enjoy himself, views everything with a prejudiced eye, his giddy wife the most; and begins seriously to reflect on the cares and vicissitudes of the married state, and wonders how many similar scenes he shall have to encounter in its mortal pilgrimage.

"You are amazed that I should treat so light a subject with such solemnity; but, having your future interest and happiness so deeply at heart, I take this opportunity, once for all, to abjure you to make your home the principal seat of your felicity. Let its narrow limits bound your every inclination; let your smiles form its radiance and loveliness: your sweet contentment diffuse placidity around.

"Oh! how vast is the empire of woman over the small space,

of which she can either be a beneficent spirit, blessed by every lip, or a domestic tyrant, feared and dreaded by all! Choose, my beloved Margaret, between the two:—be a solace, joy, comfort, a dear and precious example, to your household; a pattern of all that is good and excellent; the landmark of your husband's love; his shadow in the heat; his refuge in the storm; his ministering angel; his christian guide:—or be, but yet, God forbid! a rebel to your nuptial vows; a wasteful stewardess of your husband's property; a destroyer of his peace and honour; a bad wife, and worse mother; a pleasure-seeking, unprincipled being; condemned even by your thoughtless associates; envied or abhorred by those who dare not take so high a flight of indecorum; and shunned, avoided, stigmatized, by the better thinking.

"You have taken a solemn responsibility upon you. You must, therefore, be all and entirely the wife, fond, gentle, and submissive; or the bane, sorrow, and misery, of your husband. Marriage admits of no compromise, no half-measures of duty and affection.

"I am afraid," continued the benign old lady, stooping down to kiss the fair upturned brow of the beautiful girl, who sat, with mute reverence, at her feet, like Paul at Gamaliel's, to learn wisdom, "that you think I have very obsolete and prosaic ideas on the subject; but I am one of an almost bygone school of moralists, my dear, and glory in avowing my antiquated faith and veneration in that holy bond, which too many modern fashionable wives consider a mere form, and too trifling to engage a moment of their serious attention; but, as I said before, it is the contrary of trifling, it is the most awful of earth's compacts: one, whose rigid observance or violation involves generations to come in pride or disgrace. The ceremony, I confess, by the mutations of time, has been deprived of much of its primitive and impressive simplicity. For instance, in what is called the Salisbury Missal, the lady pronounced a more general obedience than in the present day.—'To be BONERE and BUXOM in bed and at the borde;' that is, cheerful, agreeable, and complying. Not, like the ignorant creature, who, coming out of Lincoln cathedral after being married, said, 'she thanked God, the troublesome business of LOVE was now at an end between her and her husband.' On the reverse of this must the true wife act; marriage, with her, is only the commencement of love, that love which is daily and hourly tried, and yet which, like pure gold, becomes the brighter for being so tested."

"I did not think," said Margaret, at last venturing to speak, "that so simple an affair as a ball could have led to so serious a disquisition on matrimony. How could I possibly imagine there was any harm in wishing to go to it? George has never taken me to one since our marriage, and this is for a charity, too."

"As for that, I can easily reconcile your benevolence to your

absence, my dear; let George send the donation he proposed, and you add to it all the expenses you would incur by going, and rest assured the poor sufferers would benefit more by the additional comforts the price of your dress would thus procure them, than by your presence. And as to your other charge against your husband, for his apathy in preferring his home to such things, there I can satisfy you also. Ah! you may shake that pretty, incredulous head; but I will make you hang it down with shame before I have done. Do you not remember, Margaret, now more than two years since, when you were staying with me, whilst your parents went to the sea-side, that you were engaged to join a gay party, and were actually dressed for the same charity ball, when George came in to spend the evening with me? although he was not then your declared lover, nay, not suspected of more than the friendship induced by long and familiar intercourse, that you suddenly expressed a disinclination to leaving me, notwithstanding the care you had just bestowed on one of the loveliest and most becoming toilettes, never looking more beautiful or more fascinating in your life? You would have created quite a sensation, I am positive, had you gone; but you HAD created a sensation in the only bosom you then desired to charm, which was visible in all poor George's undisguised admiration of you. How his deep expressive eyes, flashing with uncontrollable delight, followed your every movement! how his cheek flushed with emotion, when you carelessly expressed your capricious resolution of remaining at home! how his hand trembled as it, for a brief instant, rested on yours, as both attempted to open the door at the same time! and how you hurried away to conceal your blushes and smiles, and to change your splendid costume for a simpler one! You thought my poor old eyes saw nothing; but I observed all, that is, as far as I could for the TEAR that dimmed my best Scotch pebbles; even to the white japonica you had retained so coquettishly in your bosom on your return, and which, either your design, or accident, caused to fall from its congenial resting-place. With what eagerness George snatched it up! and then, as if conscious he had been too precipitate, he offered to return it, with affected composure, while you, with as well affected indifference, told him he might keep it if he liked. If he LIKED! Why, Margaret, the brave and gallant Raleigh did not feel a more intoxicating thrill, when he spread his azure and pearl-embroidered mantle over the obstructing pool in Greenwich Park, to save the dainty foot of Elizabeth from its unloyal soil; nor our own equally gallant Prince Albert, when, with the chivalric promptness of a Roland, or a Bayard, he slit the breast of his coat, to place there the graciously bestowed bouquet of our sweet and lovely queen.

"You will feel surprise, perhaps contempt, that I, a grey-headed woman, can enter so warmly into the innocent subtleties

of your hearts; but I still remember my own girlhood, with all its doubts, hopes, and fears, its dear and varying alternations. Do not despise me, then, for my apparent romantic weakness, for it shews a freshness of the heart to be able to still sympathise with the young; it shews that all is not blighted and ARID within, there not being, in my opinion, a lovelier or more fragrant flower blooming under God's sun than the lily of affection, the affection which expanded then for you and George, and which, I fervently trust, will only fade in the grave.

"Have I not proved my point? Have I not made you blush, and droop that pretty head, darling? but not with shame. No! praised be the Almighty, there is no occasion for that.

"What a delicious evening that was, Meggy! How you watched our game of piquet, sometimes laughing without a cause, then rallying George on his want of skill, whom you utterly confused by your mischievous mirth! How the hours fled unheeded away, bringing the little social supper, and my own still idolized husband from his precious books!

"Could any ball in the universe equal the pleasure of that evening? Confess in the sincerity of your guileless heart that it was one of the very happiest of your most happy existence."

"I do! I do!" exclaimed Margaret, flinging her arms round the neck of her venerable friend, "oh! what should I do without such an adviser?"

"Ask guidance from above, my dear child; *there* assistance will never fail you.

"Let me once again exhort you to check in time, and for ever, the vain and restless desire for all such dissipating and unworthy amusements; or the appetite, the more indulged, the more will crave for them, until, at length, every one you cannot attend will become a source of disappointment, regret, domestic contention, and unpleasing controversy. Stimulate, rather, by your example of *home* felicity, those who have not yet entered into the silken bonds, for by so doing you will increase virtue, and promote good; for, as Voltaire justly remarks, 'the more married men you have, the fewer crimes there will be. Examine the frightful columns of our criminal calendars; you will there find a hundred youths executed for one father of a family. Marriage renders a man more virtuous and more wise. The father of a family is not willing to blush before his children.'

"With this redeeming opinion, on my favourite subject, of the atheistical philosopher, I think I will finish my matrimonial homily, my sweet Margaret, thanking you for being one of the most patient auditors ever garrulous old woman had the good fortune to meet with."

Margaret rose smilingly, and after affectionately embracing her,

tripped away with a light step, and lighter heart, inwardly rejoicing that she had not tormented her dear George to death about such a foolish thing as a ball.

CHAPTER III.

"It is jealousy's peculiar nature
To swell small things to great; nay, out of nought
To conjure much, and then to close its reason
Amid the hideous phantoms it has formed."
Young's Revenge.

MARGARET prided herself in nothing more than her punctuality at the breakfast-table. It was, indeed, a delicious meal, lounged over with indolent luxury, for, by rising early, she, as it were, forestalled time, gaining at least an additional hour of George's society, who always, if possible, remained at home until the post-bag arrived, to catch a peep at the papers, and learn the welfare of absent friends.

On one occasion, however, he had been summoned to the surgery by his compounder, for a particular prescription, before the letters were brought in.

Margaret looked them over with a careless indifference, most of them being evidently ones of mere business; but at one she started,—grew pale; her brow became contracted, her breath short, she absolutely trembled with agitation, as, turning it over and over, she endeavoured to recall to mind the delicately written female hand, and the simple name of Maria which was on the small heart-shaped seal. But no! she was entirely at fault; she could not recollect one friend or acquaintance who bore that appellation.

"Maria!" who could the mysterious being be? Not a patient: she would have used a common impression, most certainly, not her name; that always implies a dearer, a more familiar, intercourse; it is intended to awaken tender remembrances, to recall the past, to remind the person addressed of the existence of one

wishing still to be thought of, gently, fondly, enduringly. Oh! what heart can be insensible to the magic of a name?

"Maria! Maria!" Stop! have I never heard that name among the governesses in the neighbourhood? among my own domestics? As if her high-minded George would so compromise his reputation. It was in vain she racked her tortured brain; no one of the name responded to her jealous surmises. The name was an ordinary name enough, yet it was now invested by her with all the poetical and harmonious euphony of a Laura, an Angelica, a Beatrice, a Leonora. It was a "Maria" who so cruelly disturbed the matrimonial repose of the amiable and most highly endowed John Paul Richter. And it is a "Maria" who has now for ever destroyed the calm current of her own conjugal felicity.

After distracting herself by these painful and unsatisfactory conjectures, she resolved to summon resolution to await the return of her husband to solve the mystery, endeavouring, in the mean time, to recover her usually serene and tranquil look.

She therefore laid all the letters addressed to George by the side of his plate, placing the lady's most conspicuously on the top of the packet, determined to be guided in her suspicions by the manner in which he recognized the billet, fatal to her, as the one which awakened the vengeance of Althæa, who remorselessly consigned to the flames the letter on which, according to the Parcæ, the life of Meleager depended.

With an almost audibly throbbing heart, she heard the quick bounding step of her husband approaching, and bending over her tea-cup to conceal her confusion, she saw him resume his seat and glance over the letters, thrusting the one on which so much doubt and misery hung unopened into his pocket, while, with a crimsoned cheek and averted eye, he hastily broke the seals of the others, reading their contents half aloud, to divert his wife's attention from his too evident trepidation of manner. Margaret affected to be the dupe of the shallow artifice, keeping up the appearance of the most perfect unconsciousness with admirable fortitude; until George, having finished his now unpalatable breakfast, hurried from the room, too much pre-occupied by his own thoughts to bestow the parting embrace on his beloved wife,—actually the first omission of the kind since their marriage.

Margaret was wounded to the heart's core by this act of neglect; but recalling her woman's pride to her aid, she exclaimed, scornfully raising her beautiful head, "so much the better! I should certainly have resented such an insult, had the hypocrite dared to have proffered his Judas kiss to me.

"I was NOT mistaken. No! no! what woman ever is in such dreadful treachery? There is a fearfully intuitive knowledge innate in her bosom, which whispers of unmistakeable infidelity.

"Who would have imagined it possible? Oh! how cruelly,

how basely, have I been deceived! Who can this creature be, who has thus seduced him from me? How long can he have known her? Perhaps months, perhaps years; perhaps she knows, and sports with, my innocent affection, glorying in the greater charms, or greater arts, which have allured the heart I fondly and entirely fancied was my own alone!"

Margaret, instead of seeking to distract her attention from this overwhelming, and most unexpected, calamity, by her usual cheerful avocations, sat brooding over her wrongs, her injuries, her husband's faithlessness; recalling, with pertinacious exactitude, every little incident of their married life bearing upon the point in the slightest degree, until she became absolutely ill.

She thought, with an exaggerated horror, of the facilities his profession afforded him of being from home. "How many, many, of those hours I imagined were devoted to the mitigation of pain and anguish of suffering humanity, have doubtless, instead, been spent in the profligate society of the hateful Maria! I, who always pitied him, when detained, as I blindly conceived, by some anxious wife or mother who still feels *hope* whilst the kind doctor is seated by the dying bed, was forgotten; while he only delayed his return to his own tame uninteresting fireside, to enjoy, as long as decency would permit, the blandishments and fascinations of his unknown and adored mistress."

Sick at heart with these contending feelings, Margaret hurried to her room, where, flinging herself on the bed, she gave way to a passionate flood of the bitterest, the very, very bitterest, tears she had ever shed. She sought not the assistance of her old and tried friend, Mrs. Walker, in this saddest of all exigencies. She shrank with sensitive sorrow and mortification from imparting, even to her, the perfidy of which she was the victim. "No! she would endure her anguish in silence; it could only last for a time; it must break her heart ere long. Besides, could the commiseration of another, however dear, however respected, console her for the dereliction of her still most beloved George? Could she be pitied, except at the cost of censuring him? and compassion at that price, she felt, would be indeed too dearly purchased; for how could she submit to listen, even from the lips of friendship, to the blame of him whom every one had hitherto praised, and her own fond proud heart the very most.

"Oh George! when, led by a reproving conscience, you come to weep over my premature grave, you will say, you *shall* say, in testimony of my memory, 'The wife I abandoned and forsook,—the wife I drove *here* for shelter and peace,—the wife, whose heart my base and wilful treachery broke, was a pattern of love and *forbearance!*'"

CHAPTER IV.

"Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not:
It is not to be sported with."—*Addison's Cato.*

When George returned home, later than usual, fatigued in body, and worn in mind, from a tedious and critical medical consultation, he was struck with the silence and gloom which pervaded his abode, even whilst taking off his great coat in the hall.

Where was Margaret, with her bounding step, and radiant face, hurrying to meet him? Where was his baby—his boy, with its neat nurse-maid, leaping and crowing, to behold papa again, just lisping out the heart-thrilling welcome from its puzzled and rosy lips, young in its delightful scholarship? And where were the preparations for the social dinner: the savoury viands ascending from the kitchen; the musical clatter of plates; the warm glow penetrating from the blazing dining-room fire; the bright reflection of its well-trimmed sideboard-lamp; and all the appliances and means, to boot, of a superior domestic establishment? All was dark, cold, and desolate.

"Where is your mistress?" inquired George of the page, who brought him the candle, to dress.

"Ill, in bed, sir."

"Ill! what, Margaret, *my* wife! impossible!" and brushing past the astonished boy, who had never seen his master so excited before, he darted up the stairs, three at a time, when pale, and breathless with the exertion and agitation together, he stood by the bedside of the precious invalid, totally unable to speak for some moments. At length he said, in a voice of inexpressible tenderness, 'How feverish you look, my dear Margaret! Who could have imagined you would have been taken so suddenly ill, so well as I left you, this morning, love?'

As if he, daily and hourly surrounded by human suffering, should have wondered that his fair, blooming wife should also be the prey of indisposition.

"Do, pray, *pray*, tell me how you feel."

"Oh! it's of no consequence."

"No consequence? how you talk! It is of the greatest, the most vital, consequence; for what would become of me if you should be really ill? O Margaret! I shudder at the idea."

"Go to Maria for consolation," thought the indignant Margaret; but she said nothing, literally confounded by the consummate art with which the arch deceiver played the part of the anxious husband; groaning in the anguish of her jealous spirit, at his hypocrisy.

"Oh! what pain you appear to be in," continued George, "if you do not tell me what causes it, I shall go distracted."

"I should have imagined your own guilty and reproaching conscience would have supplied you with every information, without adding to my torture by these distressing questions," replied Margaret, with all the tragic dignity of outraged innocence.

"Conscience! guilt! what! do you fear I have conveyed contagion to you, my beloved? I solemnly swear, I have not one case of fever among all my patients."

"Fever!" exclaimed Margaret contemptuously, "as if ever I have evinced any childish timidity on the dangers incident to your profession? No, George, no! would to heaven, it was only that, for, though it did cost me my life, I should die happy in the assurance of your unchanged love, your regret, your——;" here tears completely choked her, and she could not proceed.

"Have you not that assurance now? do I not love, adore you? do I live for any one on earth, save you and our blessed babe? have I not been undeviatingly kind and affectionate, since the moment I called you mine? O Margaret! my own, as dear, as loved as ever, I protest, my sole dread has been, that I twined you too strongly around my heart, and that God would snap the sweet bond asunder, to punish me for my exclusive worship of the creature in preference to the Creator. For you, have I committed this great sin, and now my reward,—suspected, reviled, taunted and despised!"

"Hush! hush, for mercy!" exclaimed Margaret, starting up in bed, "or I shall expect the vengeance of heaven, indeed, signally to visit such duplicity. Do not add falsehood, blasphemy, to your other crimes; you cannot impose on me by them. I did intend to have borne all uncomplainingly, but your voice, so like its old tone of tenderness, its old tone of truth, in those awful asseverations of attachment, betrayed me from my purpose, compelling me to expose all the foolish fondness of my heart, to furnish new matter of mirth for you and your *friend!*"

Poor George was completely bewildered; he began seriously to fear, that the most terrible of all earthly calamities had overtaken him,—that, in fact, his wife was mad:—gazing, therefore, on her burning cheek and dilated eye with intense commiseration, he burst into tears.

"Then you do feel contrition, George?—you are grieved at having injured one who confided so fully, so holily in you?"

George, adopting the present humane system of yielding to the

whim of the insane, replied,—" Yes! even for occasioning you an imaginary sorrow, I do, and ever shall feel the bitterest contrition, the most poignant remorse. But, if your reason has not quite deserted you, do, I implore you, explain of whom you are jealous, of whom you *can* be jealous?"

" What!" cried Margaret, in a tone of unfeigned astonishment at what she considered this new proof of audacity; " would you have the barbarity to tax me with madness, to screen your own faithlessness; and by depriving me of reason, deprive me of the power of justice;—for who would vindicate or avenge a raving lunatic?—This is too much for patience to endure. Will you deny that you carry on a secret intrigue with Maria, sir?"

" Maria!—Maria who?—I do not know any one of the name, that I can immediately recollect."

" What! not your correspondent of this morning?—the lady who wrote the letter you had not the courage to open before me? —Oh, you have a conveniently short memory, indeed!"

" O, Margaret! Margaret! is it possible that you do really suspect me of infidelity?—How *can* I convince you to the contrary?"

" By shewing me the letter."

" What! will nothing less than that satisfy you?—Suppose, by doing away with your most unfounded doubt, I plunged you, myself, and our child, into irretrievable misery and disgrace?—could you bear that?"

" Yes! yes!—anything, rather than this horrible suspicion."

" Oh! my dear angel wife, let me abjure you to pause; remember, there is a species of curiosity so fatal, if indulged in, as to lead to ruin and despair."

" Your mysterious and sinister cautions only augment my desperate desire; the very, *very* worst reality cannot equal what I imagine. George! this is no common intrigue; you are involved in some terrible act of turpitude you wish to conceal. Oh, let me know what it is; be assured of my ready forgiveness,—my devoted love to aid you to repair it,—my silence, to save you from exposure. Speak! speak! I am still your wife, your true and best friend!"

" Dearest! believe me, it is no intrigue, and, I trust, no crime, I claim your indulgence for, but an overwhelming misfortune; yet one I could cheerfully struggle with, were it not for you, and our infant."

" Think not of me; think not of your child, he is happily too young to feel or suffer from calamity; in the shelter of his parent's arms, he must still find all the felicity necessary for him! And for me, George, do you think me such a summer butterfly, that I must fold my gaudy wings, and hide from the first cloud of adversity that dims the sunshine of our love? No: in its stern winter, will my affection only glow the warmer, to light and glad-

den you, when everything else is veiled in the darkness of affliction. Speak, then! test me to the utmost, you shall find your pampered, spoiled little wife, no vain boaster."

"To for ever destroy any yet remaining suspicion, to make you fully and clearly comprehend my painful state of embarrassment, and to win those unfading proofs of the divine love of woman, I must revert in some slight degree to the past.

"You recollect, doubtless, the shock I experienced, when the fraudulent bankruptcy of Hayward and Weston occurred; but you did not know, you could not guess, why it occasioned me such agony of mind. Now I will tell you.—When poor Andrews was on his death-bed, and I, and his old and most valued friend, Hayward, were seated by it, the latter was apparently lost in unutterable anguish, at the prospect of shortly losing one whose society he had so long enjoyed, whose friendship he so highly appreciated, and whose prompt assistance had rescued him from more than one pecuniary dilemma.

"Like most men, he had delayed the arrangement of his worldly affairs, until the last and most important moment of life, the brief space from time to eternity, when nothing should interrupt the solemn shadowing forth of the grave. All was therefore hurry and confusion; and in default of a more intimate acquaintance, who had disappointed him, he implored me to become joint trustee, with Hayward, assuring me, I ran not the remotest risk, that it was merely a nominal form of law, and that my security was in the well-known wealth and respectability of the firm.

"I did not oppose the wishes of the dying man, of course; and pledged myself for the amount of twenty thousand pounds, which was in the bank at that time, promising to see it duly made over to the widow and orphans, whose welfare still bound him to life and suffering. He died resigned, nay, even content, in the sweet and soothing conviction, that the beloved ones, clinging to the last to his fond and faithful heart, would never know a want. He died, satisfied in the integrity of the friend, who, kneeling *there*, and grasping his almost death-cold hand, swore to be a husband and father to the distracted creatures, frantically sorrowing at the dissolution of him they literally adored.

"Judge my consternation, when, on the investigation of his affairs, after the failure, I discovered that the villain had actually forged the widow's signature, empowering him to sell out the whole property, and that in consequence of his not being able to obtain his certificate of bankruptcy, I was liable for the full sum. O, Margaret! never shall I forget the horror of that moment! the anxiety I have, and still endure, to keep the secret from transpiring!

"It has been my constant study ever since, as far as lay in my power, without exciting suspicion, to provide for those forlorn and

desolate beings. At first, my bounty was received with the deepest, the most humble gratitude, as the emanation of a benevolent heart, —I was blessed in their prayers, as their saviour, their friend, their guardian spirit, keeping at bay starvation and misery; but now, whether self-betrayed by my over-care to conceal the truth, or, some person has informed Mrs. Andrews of the claims she has on me, I know not, but that which was received as a favour, is arbitrarily demanded as a right, accompanied by dark insinuations, and inuendos, alarming in the extreme; for every hour I expect the storm-cloud to burst, which will sweep me from the face of honourable society, as the robber of the widow and the fatherless.

"O, would I could learn whether she really is acquainted with the peril threatening me, or whether conscious guilt alone makes me fear it?"

"Whether she is acquainted with the terrible fact, or not, is of no consequence," replied Margaret, as soon as George had finished his sad recital; "it is enough that you know it, that I know it. O George! my own George, pay the money, lose not a moment, let not the sun set again on your conscious shame and misery."

"But you, Margaret! how will you submit to the privations such a sum abstracted from our annual income must necessarily entail? how will you submit to the exultation, or the affected pity of those, who have long envied you, and rejoice to see you brought down to their own level? How will you submit to the loss of those luxuries so long enjoyed as to be considered mere essential comforts, your carriage, your greenhouse?"

"And do you think, now that I know their fearful cost, that they would any longer afford me either pleasure or gratification? that in a carriage purchased at your peace of mind, your honour, I could feel ease or enjoyment? that I should not rather feel as on the rack of torture, rending every sinew, and crushing every bone of this indolent frame? that in the flowers, not watered by the refreshing dews of heaven, but by the withering tears of the widow and orphan, I could find either fragrance for the scent, or beauty to the sight? no! no! a thousand million times, no!

"And as to the sneers of the world, what are they? a phantom to alarm the weak and infirm of purpose, not to frighten the strong and determined in rectitude and uprightness. Let them talk, let them point at me, let them brand me as the thoughtless extravagant wife, who, but for his stern resolve, would have brought her husband to ruin. All, all this, and worse, is trifling, contemptible, hateful, unworthy of one serious thought, compared to your honour, your reputation, your love: you do not know me yet, George, the energies of my soul have never been elicited, the strength of my affection never roused. Hitherto, I have only been the spoiled child, the petted wife, indulged in every caprice, dress-

ing for your admiration, and thinking only of the preservation of that beauty it was melody to hear you extol. But was that being a wife? was that fulfilling God's design, when he created woman to be the helpmate of man? No! but now I know my duty, taught it at your expense, my blessed husband; and I declare, and call upon the saints and angels to witness the oath, that I will for the future be a wife in the fullest sense of the word, in your weal and in your woe, aiding, assisting, comforting, consoling, bearing all with patience. Even from this hour; being ready to slave, beg, starve, clothe myself in rags, and lie upon the bare floor for you, if needful; to enable you to discharge this debt, to pluck this thorn from your pillow, and the rankling one from your lacerated heart; glorying in the cross which permitted you to walk among your fellows once more, with the loftily erected head of innate honesty; defying one voice to cry shame upon you, one voice to heap execrations on your name!"

"My wife indeed, my friend, my saviour," exclaimed George, straining her passionately to his throbbing bosom, "my noble, glorious Margaret, the money shall be paid before I again close these eyes, that I may once more sleep in peace by your dear side!

"Oh! Thou;" he continued, more fervently, sinking on his knees, and drawing his unresisting wife down too, "thou who now hearest the sacrifices this precious one is about to make; for justice sake, suffer her not, in thy great mercy, to undertake more than she can accomplish; strengthen and support her, until this tempest be passed away, and under thy blessed providence, the sun of prosperity once more illumines our hearthstone.

"Oh! not for myself do I crave anything; but for the wife of my bosom, the child of my heart, our first-born, I do implore thy gracious aid; O father of all good, that, when looking back on the past, when this present trial, softened and mellowed by the hand of time to a scarcely remembered regret, I may not be compelled to say, in the bitterness of unmerited poverty, that, 'He that is surety for a stranger, shall smart for it!'"

"Fear not for us," said Margaret, in a subdued tone, folding him in her arms; "remember the holy assurances of the divine psalmist, and let them inspire you with fortitude and hope, 'I have been young and now am old: yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.'"

SONG.

THE BRIGHT SUNNY DAYS OF OUR YOUTH.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

We loved in the season of truth,
In the bright sunny days of our youth,
When our hearts were as gay as the chime
Of the bells, in our own happy clime:
By the green woods of Greta so gay,
Where the wild river dashes its way,—
Oh! dost thou remember the song,
Thou would'st sing me, those bless'd shades among?
In the bright sunny days.

We loved in the season of truth,
In the bright sunny days of our youth;
And my heart, though its sunshine is past,
Cannot choose but love *thee* to the last:
Though I see not thy features for years,
They will shine on me still through my tears:
Though I hear not thy voice in the throng,
'Twill come back in thine own early song,
In the bright sunny days.

MARMADUKE HUTTON;

OR,

THE POOR RELATION.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH.

CHAPTER XVI.*

"You would scarcely think," said Sir Charles Courtenay, nodding good-humouredly to Mordaunt, as the carriage entered a noble park, at the lodge-gates of which stood the gate-keeper's wife, curtseying and smiling her welcome to the travellers, "you would scarcely think, Mr. Mordaunt, judging by the neatness of everything the eye rests on, that we have not set foot at Courtenay for four long years."

Walter started and blushed; the old baronet's speech had broken in upon an interesting conversation between Madeline Courtenay and himself, and therefore it was no wonder that he should look confused and answer at random.

"Four years," repeated Lady Courtenay, with a sigh, as she directed her gaze towards the fine, yet wasted features of her husband. "Sir Charles, why cannot we roll back the course of time and be what we were then?"

"To undergo once more all the agony and sorrow we have suffered, Kate," said her husband, gently, as he pressed her hand between his own; "no! no! we have suffered acutely enough, not to cause us to wish to recall the shame."

During this little dialogue, Madeline Courtenay had been gazing

* Continued from p. 212, vol. 1

very intently out of the carriage window, so that Walter was in a manner compelled to hear what was passing; and although the old couple spoke in the hushed and subdued tone people speak in, when dwelling upon any great sorrow, their manner made it evident that they did not wish to conceal it from their guest. He noticed when the young lady drew in her head, that she had not only overheard what had been said, but that it awoke some deep emotion in her heart as well, for her eyes were filled with tears, and her complexion, which, but a moment before, was heightened by the lively dialogue they had sustained, was now white as alabaster, whilst her lips quivered, as she glanced furtively at Lady Courtenay; and then, as if shunning all observation, she drew down her veil, and lay back in her own corner of the carriage.

"Why, I declare if there is not a perfect cavalcade of our friends, all mounted on horseback, with Morrice at their head, to welcome us home," cried Sir Charles, gaily, rubbing his hands as he glanced out of the window. "My Lady Courtenay, shall we get out and speak to them, or ride on to the hall, and meet them there; well to be sure, what a thoughtful thing of them,—ah! Morrice, how d'ye do?" popping his head out again, and nodding good-humouredly at every one he saw, "how d'ye do, gentlemen? I'm very glad to see you all,—my Lady Courtenay, Morrice says he's delighted to see us back again,—very kind that, of Morrice, eh?"

"Certainly, Sir Charles," rejoined her ladyship, smiling, "but pray put on your hat, or you will get your death of cold; you know, love, how liable you are to catch colds in your head, and the gentlemen, I'm sure, would be very sorry to let you run the risk of being invalided merely for that."

"Bless me, so they would," cried Sir Charles, with great animation; "Lady Courtenay, you're a very sensible woman," patting her cheek; "I will just stop the carriage, and tell Morrice to invite all our friends to dine at the hall, as they have come so far just to give us this little surprize; really it quite affects me," added the kind old man, rubbing his eyes; and the invitation being given, the carriage rolled on through a magnificent avenue of chesnuts, just bursting into leaf, and in a few minutes drew up at the principal entrance to the hall.

The sight that greeted Mordaunt was a very inspiriting one, as he alighted after Sir Charles and Lady Courtenay. About fifty of the old baronet's tenantry, together with several of the surrounding gentry, and a sprinkling of ladies in carriages, were drawn up in a wide circle, in front of the hall, who the moment the good old man stood amongst them, supported by his wife, burst into one of those vociferous fits of cheering which really seem inherent in the English constitution, judging by its universal application at all times and places: then, there was a great shaking of hands, and hearty congratulations

from every quarter; when the whole posse having shouted themselves hoarse, Sir Charles repeated his invitation, which was immediately accepted by the tenants, who all cantered away, headed by Mr. Morrice, the steward, whilst the gentry took leave, Sir Charles taking care to introduce his guest to the young men of the party, all of whom, however, on this occasion took the initiative from their elders, and declined their host's invitation to remain to dinner.

"How different all this is to continental ideas of politeness!" said Madeline Courtenay, taking Walter's proffered arm as they ascended the terrace, which from its southern aspect, was already enamelled with early spring flowers; "in Italy, an Italian nobleman would wait until your palazzo had grown as dull and stupid as a prison, with its sombre cypresses and eternal fountains, and nymphs and fawns, before he cared to inquire whether you were alive or not: in France, Jacques Bonhomme would welcome you with a perfect storm of grimaces and shrugs, and weary you with his senseless chatter, until you were ready to forswear the delight of human intercourse for a twelvemonth at the least; in Holland and Germany, the broad-shouldered burgher would come with a solemn, astute face, a measured cough, and in a voice modulated to the proper pitch of woe, smoke and drink saur-kraut, and drawl out his limited vocabulary of politeness, until you got even more out of patience with his phlegmatic stolidity, than the senseless chatter of the Frenchman, or the funereal classicality of the Italian."

"You do not draw a very attractive picture of foreign politeness," said Walter, smiling; "what a fine old place Courtenay is, to be sure!"

"I am glad you like it," said his companion, frankly; "these terraces and lawns sloping so gently down to the park are very beautiful, to my mind; and those fountains in the quadrangles of the wings, quite complete the picture; Morrice I see has made them throw up quite a respectable column of water for the occasion."

"Morrice seems to be a universal genius," said Walter, laughing; "Morrice heads the tenantry; Morrice entertains them at dinner; Morrice even busies himself about a fountain, so that it may cut a respectable figure on such an occasion as the present."

"I can assure you that Morrice is a very important personage at Courtenay," said Madeline, solemnly; "when Sir Charles first came to Courtenay, upon the death of his elder brother, he found Morrice lord paramount over all, and although he was naturally jealous of being ruled by any man, least of all by his brother's people, yet Morrice soon became as necessary to him as he had been to Sir Hillyard, and as you may see from the occurrence of this morning, his influence is not one whit diminished."

"And is this fascinating Mr. Morrice humble or arrogant under his favouritism?" inquired Walter, who felt his curiosity roused by the manner in which his companion spoke.

"Neither!" was the prompt reply; "the man's manner is a perfect riddle in itself, he never thwarts his master in any scheme, and yet he invariably manages everything after his own way; to look at him you would imagine him to be perfectly disinterested in everything that occurs; to hear him talk you would fancy he lived only to execute Sir Charles's wishes; and yet, although so pliant and obedient, I am confident he never allows the most trifling matter to be arranged contrary to his own predetermined resolution."

"And yet cheats Sir Charles into the belief that he is entirely subservient to his wishes," rejoined Walter.

"Exactly; but do not let us continue the subject longer, at present," said Madeline, as they entered the hall; "even to me this man's power is a mystery, I cannot fathom; I see you are looking at those portraits; they are ancestors of the family; the blue-eyed blonde was one of Waller's heroines."

"That is an immortality of itself," said Walter, who was struck by the likeness Madeline bore to the lady she had pointed out; "what an odious dress the painter has given her!"

"Oh, horrid! I hate those abominable sacques," cried Madeline, gaily, as she glanced to a mirror in which her own graceful figure was reflected at full length; "I think our forefathers had horrid taste in dress; even the powder rage of George the Second's time, notwithstanding the brilliancy it gave the complexion, was in odious taste; just imagine a charming looking girl, with jet-black hair, and a complexion like June roses," and Madeline unconsciously glanced at the mirror again as she spoke, "all powdered over with filthy flour."

Walter smiled in spite of himself; to his mind, all women from Dinah Linton to Madeline Courtenay, were alike; Dinah's coquetry, and Madeline's merry disquisition on bygone modes, were but the reflexion of the same mind.

And yet Madeline Courtenay was a very charming creature, and by the very versatility of her gifts fascinated every one that came within the circle of her spells; her tall and gracefully modelled figure was so pliant and elegant in its proportions, that her very carriage itself had an airy charm about it that is seldom seen in any woman; her voice, (what a spell is there in a musical voice!) was the very soul of melody, and her slightest word was, when she wished it, more powerful than whole volumes would have been, in the mouth of an ordinary woman; Madeline's eyes were grey, and full of expression, at one moment flashing with fire and animation, at another melting almost to tears; and this gifted young creature's (for she could not be more than twenty,) lovely countenance

changed so with every mood, that at one time it was as brilliant and fresh as summer roses, and then when you looked again, all the bloom had fled, and a marble paleness made her regular features look almost heavenly;—add to all these gifts, that this young girl had a wit brilliant and sparkling as De Stäel, great tenderness of heart, united with a strong decision of character, which was still unsuspected by herself, a slight spice of romance, and an heiress as well; and no wonder was it that she was the reigning toast of the merry county of Hereford.

It was in the society of such a gifted being that Walter Mordaunt was thrown; for Sir Charles Courtenay was too busy with his bailiff and his gardeners, and Lady Courtenay too much accustomed to leave her niece to her own company and resources, to break in upon the pleasant *tete-à-tetes* such a line of conduct procured the young people.

Madeline was a fearless horsewoman, and as Walter was equally fond of the exercise, within a very short time they came to fall into the habit of riding several miles every day for the ostensible purpose of paying visits, although in reality the pleasure both derived from the amusement, and the fascination the society of each had for the other, was the sole inducement to continue the long excursions they thus made in company.

What else could it be for? Madeline hated visiting, that petty round of trivial duties which weak or frivolous minds rush into to fill up the emptiness their worthless existence would otherwise present; and her long residence abroad had broken the ties that she had formed with the surrounding families. Not that she did not visit at stated intervals, but this ceremony was always undertaken in the company of Lady Courtenay, who loved the custom for its own sake, and had no aversion to scandal; but Madeline thought it far pleasanter cantering along the shady lanes, and over the breezy downs, with a gay-hearted handsome youth, like Walter Mordaunt, and poetizing amidst the glorious old woods at Courtenay, leaning on his arm, than sitting mewed up in the old family coach, only to escape from it, to hear the senseless tittle-tattle of the neighbourhood, the actors in which were perfect strangers to her.

And yet neither Walter nor Madeline ever had the least suspicion, all this time, that they were in love; perhaps they even were not, for Walter's love for Dinah Linton was still as ardent as ever, and had any one told him that he was already faithless to poor little Dinah, and perjured to Madeline Courtenay, he would have cursed his own heartlessness and fled for ever from the vicinity of the latter.

But there was little danger of this, for Madeline had through some odd freak of her father, been betrothed on his death-bed to a certain Clarence Mildmay, who though the younger of four

brothers had, by surviving them all, lately become the owner of a fine estate, and was now Sir Clarence Mildmay. Neither this gentleman nor Miss Courtenay had seen each other for five years; at that time Madeline had dwelt with girlish delight upon the fact of being the betrothed of the gay, the reckless, the handsome, yet withal penniless Clarence Mildmay; it was so delightful to enjoy the eclat such an engagement gave the wilful young beauty amongst the matronly ladies who visited at Courtenay; it was so grand to be spoken of amongst her companions as a bride in perspective; and then Clarence was so handsome, and so gallant and manly; Clarence's fine, somewhat lusty, yet muscular figure, was set off so well by the scarlet hunting coat he wore, whenever the hounds came to throw off in front of the lawn; Clarence's black hair, and flashing eyes, and jovial voice, had rung in her ears waking and sleeping, through all the wild and fitful dreams of the years of her girlhood, until Madeline worked herself into the belief that she loved him very passionately, and could die happy in the possession of such a love.

And Madeline, like that beautiful sun-flower of the tropics which bursts into full perfection in the course of a single night, sprang up like magic into a beautiful woman; and nature, working by her own invisible laws, changed the whole character of her existence in the same startling quickness; the merry, wilful girl, had become a noble-hearted, serious, yet happy woman, with a soul panting for lofty destinies, a spirit humble and patient; and yet courageous in its faith in all things beautiful and good, a mind stored with knowledge drawn from springs at which few of the daughters of Eve would dare to drink: and conscious already, in her heart of hearts, that her early dream of love was a pitiful delusion, which she strove in vain to forget.

Sir Clarence Mildmay, on his part, was by no means so anxious to dissolve the union. At five-and-thirty, when the giddy round of pleasure has been run to satiety, and the poisonous yet delicious cup, palls in the very draught, we are never in a hurry to give up the possession of a girl, so beautiful as common report still assured Sir Clarence, his betrothed to be. And so poor old Sir Charles within a month received a very long and very prosy letter from his brother baronet, with the double announcement of his accession to the family estate, and his intention of paying his father's friend an immediate visit. Of course Sir Clarence was too old a stager to leave his friends in ignorance of the business that procured them the favour of such an invasion, for along with his polite compliments to Miss Courtenay, he mingled a hint that sent the indignant blood into Madeline's face, as the old gentleman read the letter aloud at breakfast for the benefit of the whole party.

"A very pretty letter, upon my life," cried Sir Charles, laying

down the epistle, and glancing over first to Lady Courtenay, and then to his niece; "Lady Courtenay, you had better order Gillett to get Sir Clarence's room ready; faith 'twas very considerate to remember his old contract with you, Madeline."

Madeline bit her lip, though her beautiful face betrayed no agitation, and Sir Charles and his wife presently fell into a discussion whether they should give a ball during Clarence's visit or not; whilst this was being settled, Madeline arose from her seat, and left the room, unnoticed by any but Walter, who felt, though he scarcely knew why, that something was wrong, and that many days would not elapse before an explosion ensued.

During the ride that day, Madeline's conduct was a perfect riddle to her companion; at one moment her eager voice and merry laugh made the very woods ring with their rich tones, and Walter felt fairly carried away by the brilliancy of her wit, and the aptness of her repartees; and then in an instant, all her spirits would evaporate, and with her head sunk on her breast, and all sad and abstracted, she would ride for many, many minutes without speaking or answering; if she spoke at all, only by monosyllables.

"Sir Clarence Mildmay will be here on Friday, Madeline," said her aunt, as Miss Courtenay took her hand to say "good night!" that evening.

Mordaunt fancied he detected the dark eyes glitter angrily for a moment, as Madeline said, "Will Sir Clarence stay long, think you, madam?"

"Long, child! how should I know?" ejaculated Lady Courtenay; "that, I fancy," with a mysterious smile, "depends mainly upon you; do you not wish him to come, love?"

"Oh! I'm quite indifferent, dear aunt."

"Fie! fie, Madeline! you really astonish me; Sir Clarence is an extremely worthy, and when I last saw him, a very handsome man, as well; you yourself remember how fond you were of him, when he was the youngest of four brothers with only a cadet's fortune, and now when he has come into that fine estate, and an old title as well,—and the Mildmays you know, love, were knighted by King James himself,—you receive the news of his intention to visit us, with all the indifference of an utter stranger!"

"Heigho! I was a silly fool of a school-girl then, aunt," rejoined Madeline, with a proud smile, "and felt my silly vanity flattered by being taken notice of by poor Clarence Mildmay, who, as you say, was a very handsome man; circumstances are changed now, however; I have grown up into womanhood, and do not,—I had almost said, will not,—love Sir Clarence Mildmay."

"Sit down, Madeline Courtenay, and listen to me," said her ladyship, with the majestic air that seemed most natural to her,

as she thrust her niece into a chair beside herself; "you tell me plainly that you do not love Clarence Mildmay, and as I, having every faith in your habitual truthfulness, believe your assertion, I am anxious to know, whether this is merely an assertion of the moment, or the foregone determination of a long period of time?"

During this rather long interrogatory, the alterations in Madeline's countenance betrayed to the keen eyes of Lady Courtenay, how deeply she was moved; even her brow, which was generally pale as alabaster, became flushed, whilst her quivering lip, and heaving bosom, betrayed the agitation she was unable to express.

"You need not be afraid to speak, Madeline," said Lady Courtenay, glancing round the room; "Mr. Mordaunt has gone to his own room, and Sir Charles is fast asleep in his chair,—I only wish you to answer my question."

Madeline's eye, too, wandered round the room with an air of lofty disdain that created uneasy thoughts in Lady Courtenay's breast, in spite of her habitual self controul, and it was only now, for the first time, that a faint perception of the determined character of Miss Courtenay entered her mind; But when Madeline, after a long pause turned her gaze upon herself, silent and almost motionless, with her hands pressed tightly upon her throat, which heaved and fluttered in spite of all that she could do to restrain it,—the large lustrous eyes swimming with tears that seemed to be restrained from swelling over their founts only by her own strong will,—when Lady Courtenay, we say, noted these mute, yet powerful symptoms of Madeline's secret feelings, she felt strangely shocked and bewildered, nay, almost thunderstruck for the moment, at the alarming discovery thus thrust upon her in such an unexpected manner.

"You are not ill, dearest, I hope?" inquired she, tenderly, as she kissed the hot brow, that would not stoop to meet her lips.

"No! no! I am very well," said Madeline, hoarsely, "pray don't be alarmed, dear aunt, at my odd looks," and she strove to smile.

"Don't! don't, love!" faltered Lady Courtenay, with a shudder, turning her head away; "I really fear, Madeline, you are ill?"

"It was only a passing sensation,—look, I am quite well now," and the poor girl smiled courageously through all her ghastly paleness.

"At another time, love, we will resume this conversation," interposed Lady Courtenay, whose nerves had received a severe shock; 'I can easily see that you really are not equal to-night to such an explanation."

"I would rather we entered upon the discussion to-night, than defer it to another time," said Madeline, who felt her courage revive, the more Lady Courtenay seemed to shrink from the subject; "and as we may not have another opportunity before Sir Clarence comes, we must enter upon it now."

Madeline said this with such an air, that Lady Courtenay could only sit and listen in mute terror.

"To make you understand my present feelings, aunt, with respect to Sir Clarence Mildmay, I ought to go back at least eighteen months in the history of my mind; if you remember, we were then at Heidelberg, and it was in the solitary, yet not distasteful life we led there, that I first date that peculiar turning point in my character, which entirely changed my habits of thought, and in fact completely wrought a change in my existence itself. I was then about eighteen, and until that period, I not only felt flattered by Sir Clarence Mildmay's attentions, but even fancied I loved him; this I now feel was merely a girlish delusion, and I now say very solemnly, that at the present moment, that gentleman is as indifferent to me as if I had never seen him."

"You are candid, at any rate, Miss Courtenay," said her ladyship, with flashing eyes; "and this then is the story I am to tell Sir Clarence, when he comes; I am to tell him that Madeline Courtenay did love him once, but that her love has cooled; why or wherefore, she cannot tell. Girl, I tell you love never can grow cold; sickness, and sorrow, and want, the world's scorn, and the world's contumely, cannot quench it; like a smothered fire, it only burns the fiercer for being thwarted, and life itself cannot extinguish that immortal feeling.—Go! you have never loved, and I will not falsify myself by telling Sir Clarence you ever loved him."

"Say nothing at all about me, to him, then," said Madeline, firmly; "allow him to find out the difference there is in me, for himself; if he is quick-witted, as all lovers should be, he will soon discover it; if he does not, time and circumstances must teach him."

"But your feelings may alter, child," persisted Lady Courtenay, with an earnestness that showed that, notwithstanding all her recent anger, she was still too anxious to secure Sir Clarence a favourable hearing, at the least, not to mar, by any hasty ebullition of feeling, her own skilful generalship; "why should Clarence not have the same chance to win you now, as any stranger might?"

"I will promise nothing, madam," rejoined Madeline; "Sir Clarence, I feel confident, cannot have improved, either in mind or person, since we last met; but I really think our discussion is now at an end," she added, gaily kissing Lady Courtenay's flushed cheek; "one thing only will I promise."

"What is that, love?" inquired Lady Courtenay, veiling her anxiety in a smile.

"To suspend my verdict only until Clarence arrives: at the end of the first week I will come to you in your boudoir, and confess all;" and with an airy inclination of her head the wilful beauty vanished from Lady Courtenay's sight.

The interval between the Tuesday on which this scene occurred, and the Friday which was to usher in Sir Clarence Mildmay's arrival, Mordaunt and Madeline spent in such untroubled security, that they seemed scarcely to believe to themselves that any earthly spirit was likely, ere long, to intrude upon their intercourse. And yet, had any one seen the charming heiress as she sate dispirited, sad, and weary in her own room, after returning from one of those merry rides or gay rambles, over hill and dale, and coppice, and down by meadow-paths, where the "rathe primroses" were already peeping from their green shrouds, listening at one moment to the noisy rivalry of a pair of thrushes, and at another carried far too violently away by a fierce discussion on the old poets, to notice hill, or sky, or grove;—if any one had beheld her sitting thus heart-stricken, with a shadow upon her brow, and a dark load of care lying on her heart, they could scarcely have believed that it was the same being who, but a few minutes before, had, by her brilliant wit and captivating imagery, rich, sweet voice, and lustrous eyes, thrilled the very soul of her companion; who, with all the shrewdness of his mind and temper, never dreamed for a moment that all these storms and conflicts were warring in a heart that seemed to revel only in the enjoyment of the present, and never cast its glance upon the shores of time, to note what the ocean of futurity might cast up to colour its future fortunes.

At breakfast, on the fatal Friday, Madeline complained of headache, which Lady Courtenay mentally assigned to the restless night she had probably passed; her indisposition, however, did not prevent the usual ride taking place, and Sir Charles and Lady Courtenay beheld the two young people set off at their usual hour, promising to meet them at the end of the avenue at noon.

For the first time during their acquaintance, did Mordaunt perceive that some dark foreshadowing of the future weighed upon his companion's heart, respecting a sorrow upon which he felt he had no right to obtrude; Walter himself was unusually silent, and thus the last ride they were doomed to have together, was an unusually sad one. The day itself seemed to harmonise with their feelings, for a gloom and darkness overspread sky and earth alike, and Madeline felt the tears start to her eyes as she turned, for a moment, her thoughts upon the past, and then recurred to what the future might have in store for her.

"That is Clarence Mildmay's carriage," said she, reining in her

horse, when on the point of keeping their rendezvous with Sir Charles and Lady Courtenay; "let us ride home by the warren;" and turning her horse's head, she rode slowly on, followed by Walter, neither uttering a single word the whole way home.

CHAPTER XVII.

Doctor Yellowchops having, like all great generals, once taken his resolution to storm the citadel in which lay enshrined the heart of the fair Penelope, immediately set about by a daring *coup de main*, to achieve his object.

"Either her or old Pestle is sure to come into old Hutton's money," thought the gallant doctor, as he sat ruminating over his rum and water, one night, in his study.

"Now that the old curmudgeon has quarrelled with that young whelp" (meaning Walter), and an angry shade passed over Yellowchop's countenance, as the remembrance of his own disgrace flitted across his mind, "he has neither kith nor kin to leave his mouldy old guineas too, but them: he can't last long, for he is failing fast, fast, very fast, indeed," he mused, as he remembered how old Marmaduke looked the day before, when they had met, the doctor being on his rounds, and Marmaduke walking slowly and painfully along, accompanied by his constant shadow, Pestlepolge. "There's no insurance office would take that man's life, at this present moment, for a paltry year's purchase; if they did, why, of course they'd have to pay down the principal within a month,—perhaps two, if he can keep body and soul together so long, though I think one's nearer the mark."

Marmaduke had, to do the doctor justice, showed symptoms of failing, terribly, within the last few weeks. Although through life he had been a lean, spare, cadaverous-looking man, yet there was something in the sinewy figure of the man, in his bright eye and eager voice, that gave one the impression that he was still strong and hearty, for his time of life; always eager, and active, and busy in the pursuit of wealth, grasping at life with the keen ardour of a man who loves existence for its own sake, and who fears to look

at the world beyond the grave; Marmaduke had never until now permitted himself to think of death as a certainty which must come to him at last: he could not go on adding house to house, and guinea to guinea, in the future world; nay, he would even have to leave behind him the sordid wealth he had already scraped together in the present, and this it was that made him start up in his sleep, with creeping flesh and haggard lip, the cold, clammy, sweat standing on his furrowed brow, crying out that they were smothering him with all his ill-got gold.

And then he would awake, shivering and terror-struck, to tremble at every creak and rattle he heard in his room. Often and often did he imagine the still, silent, ghostly figure of his injured nephew stood like a dreadful phantom, behind the curtains, upbraiding him for all his wrong and cruelty towards him,—often did the terrified servants shudder when awakened by his shrill, weak cries in the dark, dark night; and yet when, on one occasion, the old butler had crept from bed, to see whether the old man was ill, his master had driven him away with curses, declaring that he had imagined he had heard the cries, for he had lain awake for hours, and had not opened his lips.

This silent figure, this terrible phantom, haunted him like a curse; night after night did he awake up, stifling the cry of horror that was rising to his lips, only to lie awake for hours in torture, with its presence; every rattle of the windows, every clatter of the mice behind the wainscot, made him shake and tremble, as terror-stricken as if its cold, cold face was laid beside him on the pillow. If the curtain rustled, it was its hand that moved it; if the chair at his bedside creaked, it was stirred by its agency; and then the wretched old man would lie coiled up in bed, trying to mumble over his long-forgotten prayers, and striving to cry for help, yet not daring to do so, lest even his domestics should perceive how abject, and miserable, and terror-stricken his own cruelty and avarice had made him.

Pestlepolge ruled him with an unsparing hand. At first, when this man was but strange to the house and the domestics, he had appeared humble and meek, and even cringing, to the very humblest; now, with erect head and haughty air, he ordered and countermanded, and ruled lord absolute over all. Ever since Marmaduke's illness, he had taken charge of the keys of the cellar, and I am shocked to write it, this sanctified and rigidly-righteous professor, on more than one occasion, after sitting up (as was his wont) long after all the rest of the family had retired to rest, was found by the housemaid, when she came to light his fire in the morning, lying underneath his chair, having fallen down with the strength of his potations, and lain there in a state of intoxication, until thus discovered.

But we have wandered, somehow, from Doctor Yellowchops, who

is our hero at present, and who, having ruminated for a long time very abstractedly upon the chances of winning the fair Penelope, at length, persuaded himself that the best way to commence the siege would be by giving a party, in imitation of Marmaduke Hutton.

"Why, sir," soliloquised the worthy fellow, slapping his knees, as he glanced up at a very faded, and very grim portrait of his worthy sire, which hung over the fire-place, in all the glory of pig-tail and powder, "there's nothing like aiming a blow at folks through their appetites; you may nod, and bow, and say polite things to a man, for fifty years, and get not a whit the more friendly with him, after all; but give a fellow a good feed, appeal to his soul through his stomach, and you may twist him round your fingers in half-an-hour. What do we get up charity-dinners, and parish dinners, and missionary breakfasts and soirees, for?—why, because when folks have gorged and battened on every conceivable dainty, they are full of philanthropy, and charity, and benevolence, and all that; that's the why and the wherefore, and therefore I'll try the dodge on too, and aim a blow at old Pestle's purse strings through that tenderest of members,—his stomach. I'll feed him fat with turtle and venison, and if he then says me nay with the girl, why I'll pound him into calomel pills, and poison Marmaduke with them. Ha! ha!"

Now, when Doctor Yellowchops talked so magniloquently about garnishing his feast with turtle and venison, it must only be understood in a figurative or symbolical mood. Yellowchops, in reality, was not overburdened with gold to sanction such an extravagance. Besides, like a skilful tactician, he knew that such prodigality, however it might dazzle his future father-in-law for the moment, would, by exciting the spleen of old Marmaduke, effectually defeat its own object; and as he was extremely anxious to make the whole affair cost as moderate a sum as possible, he resolved to give a plain, substantial, unassuming dinner, trusting to his own powers of entertainment, and the forbearance of his guests, to carry him triumphant through the undertaking.

With this aim in view, he called the very next morning at the Grange, and on requesting to see Mr. Hutton, was immediately ushered by the old butler into Marmaduke's presence. The latter was not alone, for the doctor's eye, at one glance, took in Mr. Pestlepolge and Miss Penelope, the latter of whom affected to be occupied with some embroidery, whilst her worthy sire sat near Marmaduke Hutton, who, in a flannel-dressing gown and a red cap, which had once been new, looked very bilious and ill-tempered, as he sat in his usual seat beside the fire.

"Good morning, Mr. Hutton; I hope you find yourself quite better," quoth the gallant doctor, bowing very low to Marmaduke. "Very chill morning, is it not? I felt as if I should like a great coat myself, as I came along."

"Nearly the very words I used to our mutual friend, doctor," said Mr. Pestlepolge, shaking the doctor very cordially by the hand; "Mr. Hutton complained of cold when he came down stairs; and what do you think I said to him? I said, 'Really, my dear Mr. Hutton, I feel quite shivery myself, this morning.' Fact, I did, indeed, doctor!"

"It is quite winter, yet," rejoined the complacent doctor (it was very warm, fine weather), "and I really am not surprised our dear Mr. Hutton should feel rather chill, with such a damp atmosphere."

"I quite coincide with you, doctor," exclaimed the delighted Pestlepolge.

"Have you killed all your patients, Yellowchops, that you come to see me?" inquired Marmaduke, sarcastically.

"Oh dear no, by no means," stammered the disconcerted doctor; "they are all still alive, and, I hope, are likely to live."

"Then you have come to ask why I did not send for you, instead of Quekett," retorted Marmaduke, with a curl of his livid lip.

"Oh, by no means! You could not be under better care," and the doctor looked facetious.

"What does he say, Pestlepolge?" inquired Marmaduke, who affected at times to be deaf; "the chilliness of the morning really prevents me hearing anything."

"The doctor merely said that Dr. Quekett had got you round so fast, that you looked quite hale and strong again," said the lying toady.

"Ugh! he sees I cannot hold together long, Humphrey," was the splenetic rejoinder; "and so he comes to see how the land lies; but I will not make him my heir, and so he knows."

"Oh, my dear Mr. Hutton, pray do not—I insist upon your not harbouring such an idea," rejoined the horrified auditor. "The doctor is not the slightest relation to you."

"If he were, he should not have it. Have I not disowned that hang-gallows nephew of mine?" retorted the old man, bitterly. "Have I not cut him off with a shilling—him, that is my own flesh and blood,—my own poor sister's son?"

"Oh, but then he wronged your noble nature so shamefully, my friend!" groaned his trembling adviser. "After nurturing him in his tender years, watching over his boyhood, directing his studies, bearing with his foibles, and forgiving his vices, until even your generous heart could not longer screen his many and fearful crimes; and when his ingratitude became so rank that even you could not shut your eyes to the fearful way in which he returned evil for good, you felt compelled to close your doors for ever to the reprobate. No, my dear sir, no!" and Pestlepolge's swarthy features glowed with honest indignation; "your forgiving temper

may lead you to overlook these things; but to a Christian, as I feel myself, I hold that you owe a solemn duty to society, never to forget the sin of that wretched youth."

"Not one penny—not one penny," muttered Marmaduke, who had listened with half-closed eyes to this exordium.

"But pray do not talk of any one inheriting, for a long time to come, your fortune, my dear Hutton," said his friend, pressing his hand; you have yet many years of happiness in store: the society of your friends, the noble and soul-elevating consciousness of feeling that you are still destined to do some little good in your lifetime, will sustain you; you have been ill, and weak, and harrassed on that young man's account."

"What a consummate hypocrite you are, Pestlepolge!" retorted Marmaduke, with a feeble laugh.

His friend looked dubiously at him, for a moment. Could it be that the old wretch was juggling him after all? Could it be that Marmaduke suspected his schemes, and was already preparing to defeat them? It was an appalling suspicion, and yet it was extremely probable, after all. He resolved to be doubly vigilant for the future.

"You see them, Humphrey, eh? You see them, old boy, dont ye?" demanded Marmaduke, in a very undying voice, poking the schemer in the ribs, and pointing with his shrivelled fingers over to the couch, on which Doctor Yellowchops and Penelope were seated; they seem to be getting on pretty well, eh?"

"Hush!" whispered Pestlepolge, for the first time affecting to see them; "when we were young people, Hutton, you know we loved a little innocent flirtation; and it is really too bad trying to hinder our offspring from enjoying the same very natural recreation. But poor Penelope is so much the creature of impulse, that it is really quite touching to be a witness to her timidity, when in the society of the rougher sex."

The impulsive Penelope, considering her timidity, really acted her part to admiration; for the gallant doctor, who felt that his fashionably-cut blue coat, buff waistcoat, white corded trousers, and smart boots, not to mention his portly air and bluff countenance, made him altogether vastly killing, had, at the outset, on approaching poor Penelope, determined in his own mind that she could do nothing else but give in at discretion, and become Mrs. Doctor Yellowchops as speedily as possible.

"Shall I confess, my dear Miss Pestlepolge, the errand that has brought me to Ripley, this morning," whispered he, gently pressing her hand.

Penelope, of course, thought it politic to look surprised, as she exclaimed in the same cautious voice,—

"You certainly could have no other errand but to inquire after dear Mr. Hutton."

"If I should confess that that is merely a secondary—a very secondary consideration," murmured Yellowchops, looking inconceivably tender, "would the charming Miss Pestlepolge forgive me?"

"Oh, Doctor Yellowchops, you, of course, have my entire forgiveness," returned Penelope, all in a flutter; "but you are really joking."

"As I am a living man, now, I don't deserve such an imputation!" blurted out the impetuous doctor; "and to convince you that I only state the truth, I assure you one errand that led me hither was to request the pleasure of Mr. Hutton, your revered parent, and the fascinating Miss Pestlepolge, honouring your very humble servant with their company to dinner, on Thursday next."

Penelope smiled, and looked down to the ground.

The doctor went on,—"Shall I confess my other errand? Oh, Penelope, will you not snatch a poor wretch from the most abject misery?"

Miss Pestlepolge looked up again, with the strangest surprize depicted on her face:—"I, Doctor Yellowchops!" was all she could exclaim.

"Yes, you, dearest!" was the passionate avowal. "Penelope, dare I whisper into your ear that one little word on which hangs all the future happiness or misery of my after-life, 'Love?'"

Had Penelope and the doctor been in a room alone by themselves, she would of course have fainted and screamed; had they been in the open air, she might have thrown herself into his arms, and swooned, as women always do, when they ought not; but as they were not only in a room, but in the company of two old men, one of whom was her very worthy and very rascally parent, and both of whom they felt were watching with lynx-eyed vigilance, she did not even utter an ejaculation, which proves that women are very great hypocrites after all; or wherefore did not Penelope Pestlepolge both scream and faint, and swoon as well, despite the vicinity of Marmaduke Hutton and his companion.

Not an ejaculation did Penelope utter; a faint, a very faint blush spread itself over her sallow face, for Penelope was very sparing of her complexion in general, and it may be that she reciprocated in some measure the pressure of the doctor's palm; but more than this we aver did not pass between these two lovers, and more than this not even the hawk-eyes of Marmaduke Hutton could detect, between the first moment of his watch and that when the gallant doctor rose to go.

"I expect two or three friends to a quiet little dinner, on Thursday," said Yellowchops, as he stood before Marmaduke's chair; "may I hope to have the pleasure of seeing our friends at my house on that day?"

"Pestlepolge's daughter, of course, has promised," said Marmaduke, with a sneering smile.

"Miss Pestlepolge, I am sure, will not decline honouring my poor house with her presence, if accompanied by Mr. Hutton and her father," said the unabashed doctor.

"Pestlepolge and she may go, then," said Marmaduke, sharply; "an old man like me has no business at such places."

"I cannot excuse you, Mr. Hutton," said Yellowchops, sturdily; "consider, you owe a duty to your guest, which, by accompanying him, you will gracefully discharge; you must come!"

"Don't bother me now, then, about it," retorted Marmaduke, retreating as far as he could into the flannel dressing-gown, and glancing suspiciously round to Pestlepolge and his daughter, who were watching the interview; "if I find myself well enough, I may come, and that is more, perhaps, than you deserve, Yellowchops; the last time I was at your house, the wine was sour, and the chimney smoked."

"I've got a new bin, now," urged the doctor, looking as penitent as his purple visage would allow him; "and on that occasion, I remember, the wind was nor'ard; that chimney always did smoke, when the wind was from the nor'ard."

"Then you've no business to have people, when the wind's from the nor'ard; then, sir, a man like you has no right to shut up four-and-twenty living beings in a smoky room, on any consideration," and Marmaduke's keen eyes glittered with internal satisfaction at the galling humiliation he was inflicting upon poor Yellowchops. "You ought either to pull down your chimney, or give up having dinner parties.—I never give such things!"

Marmaduke for once had told the truth; the chimneys of his house were never guilty of the fumes of venison and turbot; mutton-chops and water-gruel was the staple there.

Doctor Yellowchops groaned in the spirit at thus being broken on the rack, and before the Pestlepolges, too; nevertheless he felt that he ought not to look discomforted, so summoning up a cheerful smile, he said: "It's a delightful west wind, now, though, my dear sir, and I think,—if I may venture to predict what the weather will be on that occasion,—that it will continue so."

Pestlepolge had already warned him, by an admonitory cough, that he had committed himself, long before Marmaduke's peevish shrug and tretful smile had made him aware of the mistake. And although the latter did not say anything, all felt that he remembered the falsehood, and the smile with which he accompanied the words,—"If the wind does not set in from the nor'ard, and the cold weather goes away," (how he sneered as he said the words!) "I may come, Yellowchops; but, hark'ee, no sour wine for me."

Of course the doctor protested most vehemently that such an accident should not occur again, and as Marmaduke at once pretended to fall asleep, he took a tender leave of the Pestlepolges, and rode away on his professional rounds, rejoicing.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Poor little Dinah felt weary and sad at heart as she entered London the next evening. The mighty city looked so vast and big, in the growing dusk; the eternal hum of ten thousand voices; the intermingled crash of vehicles; the discordant cries that assailed her ears; the half-heard snatch of song some street-singer trouled into the coach, as they passed; the oaths, and shrieks, and laughter: all mingling in one overpowering crash, stunned and confused her, to a degree that completely annihilated for a time all minor sensations, and made her sit trembling, and breathless, and all but dead, beside her father, whose handsome, yet impassive, features showed that he was now in his usual element, and felt in no way affected by the mighty din that terrified his country-bred daughter so much.

Messrs. Boodle and Tooley, who had yawned very much during the journey, and whose qualifications (now that the former had quite satisfied his own mind that he had destroyed Dinah's peace of mind for ever by his fascinations) seemed to be all of a somnambulic tendency, amused themselves at intervals, as they rode along, by jerking their heads in unison out of window, and yelling discordantly to imaginary acquaintances in the crowd; whenever they drew in their heads again they invariably fell a laughing violently, vowing that it was capital sport, and that the old buffer in the sou'-wester they had just hailed was quite nonplussed, and was running for bare life after them, knocking every old woman down he came against, and getting inextricably entangled amongst drays, and cabs, and dogcarts, under the impression that there was somebody in the coach that knew him, and whom, of course, he must speak to.

The old lady with the bird-of-paradise feather and the dagger chin, and who had previously informed Dinah that her name was

Haggs, and that she lived at Pentonville, invariably turned up her nose very venomously whenever these two amiable young gentlemen amused themselves in this fashion; "as for that poor thing, Tooley," she said in a whisper to Dinah, "he was perhaps not so much to blame, as she really did not think him quite right in his mind: and Boodle, — did'nt the long thing with the squeaking voice call himself Boodle?—he wasn't much better; if he didn't come to the gallows some day, her name wasn't Haggs," which Haggs, of course, it was.

When they got to the White Horse in Piccadilly, which they did at last, it was quite dark, so that the old lady, who had been getting very drowsy and ill-tempered for some time, and was continually coming up with double knocks against other people's knees, and who began to talk very incoherently, and smell very suspiciously of certain strong waters contained in a black bottle, was at once bustled, with all her baggage, into a cab; not, however, before she protested that she was quite sure that blue bandbox tied with white tape was not beside her in the cab aforesaid; and as the cabman would not wait, but drove off very savagely at once, her dagger chin was thrust out of the cab window, to reiterate her suspicions, when discovering that the famous White Horse was left nearly a mile behind, she subsided into somnambulism so profound that she had to be lifted out and carried up, insensible, to bed, a fate which I hope all elderly ladies will avoid, by not carrying black bottles with them on a long journey.

As Dinah alighted, two fashionably dressed young men, who had apparently been loitering about the pavement, came up and accosted Linton. Dinah could tell by their off-hand way that they were on an intimate footing, and yet she felt, from the little she had seen of her father, that their presence at that moment was by no means relished.

"I will see you in the morning about that little affair, my lord," said he, almost sternly, drawing his daughter's arm within his own, as he attempted to pass them; "there are times and seasons for all things," he added, significantly, in a lower tone, "and this, allow me to assure your lordship, is neither a time nor a season to intrude your affairs upon the notice of uninterested parties."

"No explanations are needed, Mr. Linton," said the young man he addressed, trying to penetrate beneath the thick veil which effectually shrouded Dinah's pale countenance from his bold gaze, "but the day after will do as well for me, as I go down to Newmarket to-morrow in Cobbold's drag. Shall I call in Curzon-street at five?"

"I will meet you at *Wattier's*," rejoined Linton, who fumed and chafed at this untimely interruption, which he strove in vain to conceal; "Boodle, my boy, tell James to see that all our

luggage is safely stowed behind the carriage. Has your lordship any further commands? Dinah, my love," he added, in a whisper, "you can get into the carriage," and he held open the door.

"Allow me to assist you," interposed the young lord, darting past Linton, and offering his arm to hand her in.

"Excuse me, my lord," said Joseph Linton, handing his daughter in, himself; "allow me once again to ask whether you wish to prolong the interview?"

"Pshaw! you're in an extremely lofty mood, Linton, to-night," retorted his lordship, looking rather indignant; "have a care, or I shall be compelled to notice what I really feel to be deliberate insolence."

"When a gentleman feels that his company is not desired, he instantly takes leave of his company, Lord Laxington," rejoined Joseph Linton, white with passion; "your lordship is too well-bred a person to be ignorant of this, the very rudiment of all good breeding, and therefore I feel that I need not say more. Permit me to wish you good night."

"I suppose you think that because you hold one or two paltry I. O. Us. of mine, you consider yourself privileged to act in this disagreeable manner, Mr. Linton," said the young lord, with a slight curl of his thin lip; "beware how you provoke me."

Joseph Linton's only answer was a wave of the hand, as he sprang into the carriage and called to his coachman to drive on; "I will see you at *Wattier's*," he said, as he thrust his head out of the carriage window.

The two young men remained standing on the pavement after the carriage had driven on, the lamplight falling full on their figures as they watched its progress.

"Confound the rascal's impudence," cried Lord Laxington, as they turned down Piccadilly, "with all my manœuvring I couldn't catch a glimpse of the girl's face. I'll be bound its a devilish pretty one, or the old boy wouldn't make her keep it muffled up so."

"We could see her figure, at any rate," rejoined the Honourable Mr. Rushton, in a drawling voice, "rather short, I take it, but the neatest foot and ancle I ever did see in all my life."

"Those abominable cloaks and shawls quite hid her figure, too, be shot to them!" added Lord Laxington, as they turned into Crockford's, "or I'd wager a cool fifty this little girl of Linton's will be the *point d'appui* to that flashy new house of his in Curzon street, in future."

"You're a lucky dog to have the *entrée* there," lisped the Honourable Mr. Rushton, with an insipid yawn.

Joseph Linton and his companions, in the meanwhile, had reached Curzon-street, May-fair, in which street, before one of the

houses of greatest pretensions, the carriage drew up. Dinah cast a terrified look at the great lofty door, which on opening disclosed a brilliantly lighted hall, with a very stout porter, whose livery was quite as gay and flashy as all the rest of its appointments.

"Don't be a little fool, my dear," whispered Linton, good-humouredly, offering her his arm, whilst he took with his disengaged hand a bundle of letters and papers his porter handed him from his delivery-box: "any one of consequence called, Jennings, since I left?"

"No, sir, except Major Cartwright," was the obsequious answer.

"Ah! I can hear all about him in the morning. Here, ring for Miss Linton's maid,—or stay, I will show you your rooms myself, love," and Joseph Linton, who was all suavity and condescension, preceded his daughter upstairs, with all the swelling consequence of a man who feels that he is exhibiting all his grandeur to a person whose knowledge of the luxuries of the world has been entirely gleaned from books.

As Dinah followed, with trembling limbs, sinking at every step well nigh ancle deep in the thick Brussels stair-carpets, she could scarcely prevent her old feeling of terror and awe of this strange man surprising her once again. Wherever her glance fell, the presence of wealth and taste presented itself, in glowing pictures and priceless statues, and costly girandoles. The staircase was a perfect picture-gallery, which, in the brilliant light diffused around, (and which was rendered more striking by the darkness they had just left) seemed almost a fleeting illusion, so dazzlingly did it burst upon the unsophisticated nature of a young girl whose ideas of beauty and grace had been all heretofore derived from the fields and woods.

"I will ring for coffee before we go to your rooms, Dinah," said Mr. Linton, as they gained the first landing, in the niche of which stood an exquisite piping fawn; and opening the door of a withdrawing room, ushered Dinah into an apartment, the good taste displayed in the fitting up of which quite put to flight all comparison with the sight she had just beheld.

On the walls, which were painted a pale blue, let into panels, were eight pictures, so grand in conception, so matchless in execution, and so gorgeous in colouring, that the young girl, who was almost a perfect stranger to art in any state, could not restrain a cry of admiration. Her conductor took this compliment very graciously, and with a smile watched his daughter's glance steal round the apartment, taking in, in one short minute, the rich Turkey carpet, the ample blue satin curtains, with their stately folds, the black oak chiffoniers, with the costly silver plate disposed on each; the books, and statuettes, and vases filled with flowers that diffused a delicious perfume through the apartment, and, in

short, all the thousand and one articles of taste, and vertu, and extravagance which poor Dinah, in her country home, had never once dreamed could be in existence.

Joseph Linton rang for coffee. A tall footman, whose well-drilled dexterity and silence made Dinah feel dreadfully awkward, brought in a tray, the massive coffee-pot, and ewer, and jugs, on which must have cost ten times over all the plate which honest old Mrs. Harding prided herself upon. Dinah felt that her father strove, by his playful jocularity and affected tenderness, to give her a little confidence, and yet she could have cried at the nervous clumsiness she exhibited even when receiving a cup from the hands of a menial.

"You are surely not hungry," said Joseph Linton, on perceiving that she had only drunk two cups, and had scarcely tasted the cake she had taken; "I really should have thought such a long ride would have made an appetite for you."

"The novelty of my position has destroyed it, I think," said Dinah, artlessly.

Joseph Linton frowned, and gulphed down his own coffee.

"Shall we go up stairs to your apartments?" he inquired, the next moment.

"If you please, sir?" said Dinah, meekly.

"Edward, desire Harrison to come here," said Linton, turning to the tall automaton, who had been standing, much to Dinah's confusion, behind his master's chair. As the man left the room, Linton shoved away his own cup, and then turning to his daughter, said, in a restrained tone, "Dinah, I am quite aware how hard it is to adopt at once a sphere of life to which one has been unaccustomed; I know it by my own case,—but, nevertheless, I will feel personally obliged, if you will endeavour to bear yourself as much as possible in unison with the style of life in which you will hereafter exist. You will not, perhaps," he added, with an assuring smile, "have always sufficient tact suitable for every emergency; but you can at any rate assume an equable self-possession, which will at any rate show your new associates that you have always been accustomed to good society."

Dinah felt that this was the first lesson in the deception she had in future to make the text of her daily life, her father considered necessary to teach her. Merely bowing her head, she endeavoured to articulate a remonstrance, which would only have excited Joseph Linton's wrath, when a tap at the door announced the arrival of Harrison, his daughter's future maid.

"Come in!" shouted Joseph Linton; and Dinah, looking up, perceived a good-looking, but very pert young woman, apparently a year or two older than herself, curtseying within a few paces of her; the girl was very showily dressed; and although there was nothing absolutely improper, either in her appearance or de-

meanour,—which was in fact respectful enough,—yet her young mistress felt somehow that she disliked her at the outset.

"Dinah, my dear, this is your new maid, Harrison, who, I hope, you will find equally as clever in her calling as Lucy, who, of course, you could not bring with you up to London."

Dinah felt the blood rush up to her face, at her father thus prevaricating the truth, by inferring that the gentle, good Lucy Harding was her maid; Lucy, who had cherished her with such sisterly affection, and whose snug little fortune of three thousand pounds was bringing her in five per cent. interest at the Hereford bank,—it was even more galling than the falsehood her father had just inculcated upon her she had to act to the world; and yet, to look at him as he sate in his luxurious easy chair, lecturing the pert, forward chit he had placed about his daughter, swelling with the fancied importance of his office, and dilating so magniloquently upon the duties of her office, whoever could believe that a man so pompous, and lofty, and stern, could stoop to such petty prevarication; it almost made the poor girl doubt the reality of all the luxury she was surrounded by.

"Harrison, I have sent for you, to tell you, in my daughter's hearing, the duties I expect you to perform," said Joseph Linton, pompously.

"Certainly, sir," said Harrison, dropping a curtsey.

"I shall always expect you, Harrison, to call your young mistress by eight o'clock in the morning; my daughter, from having lived all her life in the country, is an early riser, therefore I think, Harrison, eight o'clock quite late enough; you understand, Harrison?"

"Oh yes, sir, I understand," answered Harrison, curtseying, and affecting to look extremely pleased.

"And of course, Harrison, whilst your mistress is at breakfast, you will take the opportunity of arranging her dressing-room; your mistress will dress immediately after breakfast, Harrison, therefore I must beg you to be particular on this score," quoth Mr. Joseph Linton, looking extremely wise.

"You may depend upon me, sir," simpered Harrison, dropping a third curtsey.

"And of course, Harrison, you will always keep my daughter's wardrobe in excellent order, and see that her toilet service is always very complete, and dress her hair in the newest mode; I believe Lady Tollemache gave you an excellent character for hair-dressing, Harrison?"

The lady's-maid smiled, and curtseyed worse than ever; "if there was anything she prided herself upon, it was her hair-dressing," she said.

"You will have to do a good deal of fine needle-work, too, Harrison; and as you will have to sit up rather late, sometimes, when

my daughter and I are at parties, I hope you have good sight to stand night-work."

"Oh, sir, for certain sure," retorted the girl, darting a piercing glance at the pompous Mr. Joseph Linton, as he surveyed her through his glass; "I have the best of sight, sir, I do assure you."

"Ah, well!—that is very well, Harrison, for sore eyes are extremely unpleasant things to see about a gentleman's house; there, now I think you can go:"—and Joseph Linton nodded to the girl, as she dropped a curtsey, and retired, with a fling of the head, and a muttered "I 'sume! the imperence of some people is beyond all nat'ral bounds, it is!"

"A very respectable girl, I think, Dinah!" said Joseph Linton, as soon as she had closed the door after her.

"Do you not think her rather too gaily dressed, sir?" inquired his daughter, timidly.

"What a little fool you are!" cried Joseph Linton, bursting out into one of his coarse laughs; "why, my little Dinah, d'ye really think our dashing London servants are to dress in linsey wolsey, and huckaback, and wooden shoes, like your Herefordshire oafs?—ha! ha! ha!"

"Oh, sir, you really ought to know best," stammered Dinah, who felt quite bewildered by the lecture, and the impudent way the girl had; "only I can't help wishing I had a staider maid about me, if I am to have one at all."

"Harkee, my little girl," said Joseph Linton, frowning as only Joseph Linton could frown; and when he did so, the black veins came out like thick whip-cord on his broad forehead, and then his eyes would flash, and his whole face redden all over with passion; "whenever I allow you to argue with me, it is only because I consider the circumstance we are in dispute about too trivial to contest with you; but there are cases which I consider of consequence, in which I will have my will, (and this is one of them,) and expect your implicit compliance:—do you understand me?"

"I think I do, sir," answered Dinah, who did not look frightened for all his fierce looks, contrary to his expectations, and whose calm looks chafed him terribly.

"Very well: then we will now go up to your suite of rooms; but before we do so, allow me to remind you that the warning I gave you with respect to retaining your self-consequence before strangers, is doubly necessary with this girl:—I think you comprehend me."

Another silent bow was all the answer his daughter made him, but Joseph Linton seemed to comprehend, in a manner, the unutterable disgust that swelled poor Dinah's heart; for after an attempted apology he arose, and carrying one of the silver candlesticks in his hand, led the way to his daughter's rooms.

More pictures, and statues, and gilding, as they ascended the

stairs; more rich furniture, ample curtains, costly carpets, books, and vases, and musical instruments, and rare green-house plants, and extravagant *bijouterie*, when they gained the apartments destined for all that modest and shrinking beauty; more incense for the sacrifice that was to be completed 'ere Joseph Linton and his daughter should part for ever on this side of the grave; all the proud hopes, and ambitious projects, and guilty crimes of the one, rising up like a crying sin to heaven; all the beauty, and goodness, and maidenly virtue of the other, pleading against him, the unnatural and ruthless betrayer of her youth!

And again the same scene was enacted here that had already so sickened poor Dinah in the drawing-room below; again did Joseph Linton view all his glittering treasures with swelling pomposity, and again did Dinah feel a sickly loathing of all this display creep through her soul, and again did the flaunting Harrison toss her head, and smile, and curtsey, and mutter away at the "imperence of some people, who imagined as they were somebody, and who yet needn't give themselves sich airs to their betters."

And at last, when Dinah laid her aching head upon her pillow, (and believe me she did not do so until she had included all she had left at Abbey Holme in her prayers, and had sobbed Mordaunt's name amongst the rest,) she felt more weary and sick at heart than she had ever done before; all was so strange and grand in her new home; her father's coarse vulgarity, overbearing pomp, and barbarous wealth, all jarred upon her more refined feelings so painfully, that she felt more and more wretched and uncomfortable the more she reflected upon her future life. How gladly would she have resigned her new station, with all its grandeur, and elegance and taste, for the little blue bed-room in the old farm, with its snug camp bed, and its white curtains, the simple scriptural prints upon the wall, which she had reverenced so much in childhood, the bright casement, garlanded outside with woodbine and roses, and the thousand sights and sounds so dear to her heart, whenever she looked beyond! how hatefully did the pompous image of Joseph Linton rise up before her, in place of the meek and venerable form of good old Mrs. Harding, who had pressed her so often to her heart, and who loved her so fondly and truly; how she thought of poor Mordaunt, wearily and tearfully, and felt that she was rightly punished for all her coquetry, and how the recollections of Lucy and Stephen stirred her heart, until she fairly cried herself asleep, escaping, in dreams, to that dear Elysium of simple joys, where all was purity and love.

How the light jarred upon her swollen eyes, when Harrison, coming in to call her the next morning, at the hour of eight, drew aside the window-curtains, and admitted the rosy sun-light into the room! How Dinah felt all her misery come upon her again, when, instead of the rose-clad casement, and the little camp bedstead, and the warm embrace of Lucy's arms, she opened her eyes

upon a lofty room, gaily furnished; a pert lady's-maid moving about the room, with all the pretension and bustle of her class; and felt as well that her head ached to a degree that almost made her incapable of submitting herself to the tender mercies of that most startling of innovators, a London lady's-maid!

LOVE.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

SCENE.—*An apartment in Sir Henry Trevor's house. Sir Henry discovered seated at a table, reading; Harcourt, his secretary, at another, writing.*

Sir Henry (laying down the book).—Harcourt, a word.
Harcourt (rising).—I'm all attention, sir.
Sir Henry (rising).—I have observed of late, and, with much concern,
Thine eyes fixed on my daughter Julia's face,
With such a rivetted intensity
Thou didst not mark mine eyes the load-star path
Of thine did follow! Sir, what means that gaze?
Harcourt (eagerly).—Is she offended? Hath she noticed it?
Sir Henry, tell me! is Miss Trevor pained?
I did not know I looked, sir,—is she vexed?
Outraged at my presumption?
Sir Henry.—I know not.
Harcourt.—She hath not then complained?
Sir Henry (with warmth).—*Thou* lov'st my child!
Young man, young man! bethink thee,—how I took
Thee in mine house; how I have trusted thee!
Bethink thee what thou wast, would'st be again,
Flung back upon thy former nothingness!
Harcourt.—I do, I do. I never have forgot,—
Nay, lest I should (inebriate with thy gifts),

I've kept the remnants of my origin,
Like him, in Eastern tale, his shepherd's crook;
To visit daily, when raised to a height
His virtue claimed, by a discerning prince,
Not to forget the beggar that he *was*!
I know thy bounty is a robe of state
Fortune hath lent me, and which fortune may
E'en strip me of, in moment of caprice;
Therefore, I wear it only as *her* loan,
With grateful wariness, for rays prepared.

Sir Henry.—But, of my daughter! How dar'st thou to think — ?

Harcourt.—I never thought of her, nor thought of love,
Till one day strolling in a verdant mead,—
Where fatt'ning kine were browsing at their ease,
Half buried in luxuriant pasturage,
One, younger than the rest, or mettlesome
From its high keeping (still, I think, in sport),
Or teased with gadding fly, that sultry day;
With tail erect, and shaking, threat'ning head,
Towards thy daughter ran, with wanton speed.
Her hands were full of flow'rs, which she flung down,
And with a faint scream, like a note of song,
Her white arms sudden round my neck she twined,
With the spontaneous confidence of fear.
Then, when I felt her breath upon my cheek;
Then, when I felt her heart beat close to mine;
Then, when I felt her circling arms me draw
Nearer and nearer to her throbbing breast,
Which palpitated with its strong alarm,—
Ah! when, because her face was hid on mine,
I was constrained to fling my head far back
To look on it, I saw how fair it was,—
How soft her eyes,—how beautiful her cheek,—
How smiled her sweet lips, though bright tears still hung
Upon the silken fringes of her lids,—
I felt a transformation in my soul.
I was no more the same,—the world was changed,
And hath been since that hour, and ever will.
Oh! such an accident might well awake
Love in another's heart; as will be seen
In any book, that its *true* hist'ry tells!

Sir Henry.—Well.

Harcourt.—I've little more to weary thine ear with.
I know not what I did, nor what I said;
But she was reassured, and gath'ring up
The flow'rs she had let fall,—but with *one* hand;
The *other* still I held (I tell thee all).
For, had I not, I should have deemed the whole
A dream of ecstacy young seraph weaves,
When poet sings of love and happiness.

With head averted from me, home we came,
As *slowly* as we could; she gazing still
Upon the poesy, while I nothing saw,
Save the deep blush which rested on her cheek,
And the long lashes of her shunning eye.
Yet, did she quite forget I held her hand,
And I also forgot it to resign,—
So lost was I in the deliciousness
Of that bewild'ring walk!
Sir Henry.—Hast thou revealed,
Harcourt, thy love to her?
Harcourt.—Never! nor would,
Though secrecy should kill!
Sir Henry (going, hastily).—Stay here till I return,—I'll not be long.
Be sure you stay. [*Exit* Sir Henry.
Harcourt (solus).—What can he mean? Is he
Indignant at the story I have told,
And gone to meditate some easy mode
To rid him of the danger of disgrace?
Let him *but* speak, and I am instant gone!
I'd scorn to stay, though it is heaven to be
So near to Julia, if he could suspect
Me base enough to undermine her peace.
(*Julia heard singing.*)
Oh! that angelic voice! I dare not stay!
She's coming here! I must appear absorbed!
(*Snatches up a book, seats himself, as if reading.*)

Enter Julia, sees Harcourt, and stops; he rises.

Julia.—My father sent me for a book, 'twas on ——
Ah! 'tis the volume you are reading, sir,
Harcourt.—I am not reading it.
Julia.—You seemed engrossed.
Harcourt.—Mine eyes were on the page, but yet, my thoughts
Wandered far, far from it!
Julia,—It is the same with me,
Now, frequently, when I attempt to read.
Harcourt (with warmth).—Do *you*, too, think like me? Oh! do *your* thoughts
Stray to the past?
Julia (rather retreating).—I'd better take the book,
My father waits.
Harcourt (sorrowfully).—Have I offended thee?
Julia.—Oh, no! Oh, no! but—but, I feared I had
Said more than prudence should.
Harcourt.—Why, you said nought!
Julia.—What! not about the *past*?
Harcourt.—Dost *think* of it?
Dost thou remember one exquisite day,

(It is the brightest in *my* memory),
When we two saunt'ring in the summer's noon,
And thou wast frighted?
Julia (archly).—Dost thou treasure up
That which gave me such pain?
Harcourt.—No, lady, no!
I treasure but the pleasure of that fear!
Ah! leave me, or I shall indeed forget
The sacred promise to thy father made.
Julia (with surprise).—My *father! promise!* what could he extort
Such solemn promise for? Doth it concern
Thyself alone? Thy future welfare,—peace?
Harcourt (energetically).—It doth. But, pray ——"
Julia (reproachfully).—And thinkest thou that I,
His daughter, takes no int'rest in such theme?
It is unkind in both, to make me strange
To the good fortune he intendeth thee!
Harcourt.—Not good! not good! or you should learn it straight.
Julia (tenderly).—If *bad*, be sure my woman's sympathy
Will lighten its rude burden. Tell it me!
What thou didst promise? Come! I cannot wait!
I long to show how I can pity thee!
Harcourt (irresolutely).—Was ever man so tempted to betray
The holy confidence reposed in him?
O, lady, do not urge me, I implore;
My death might be in one imprudent word!
Julia (starting).—*Thy* death?
Harcourt.—Yes! banishment from thee *is* death!
The truth escaped me in my eagerness
To hide it from thee; then, then hear it all.
Julia, I know not whether he compelled,
Or I did volunteer,—it matters not,—
But I did promise, and I meant it too,
As He's my judge, now hearing what I say,
Never to tell thee of the love I have!
Julia (energetically).—Thy love! thy love! Harcourt! Thou lov'st me, then?
Harcourt.—To adoration! How dare I proceed?
But, but *that* day (hast thou forgotten it?)
When, in the agony of thy alarm,
Thou didst cast round my neck those snowy arms,
Thou didst cast round mine heart a chain also,—
Me to destruction drawing, and to thee!
Julia (flinging her arms round him).—No! no! these arms so weak in terror then,
Shall now be strong to save thee from all ill.
Harcourt (embracing her).—Now let thy father come! I can endure
The utmost penalty he may inflict;
I shall *feel* nothing, after this delight!

(*Enter* SIR HENRY.)

Sir Henry (to her).—Why, how now, truant! where's the book I want?
(To him) my daughter on thy bosom? in thine arms?
Is this thy promise?

Julia (running to him).—Oh! 'twas I, indeed,
Forced him to break it, trying ev'ry mean
To tempt the probity, unshaken still,
But for my importunity and taunts.

Harcourt (eagerly).—No! no! the fault is mine! I did not strive
To keep it as I should.

Julia.—Believe him not,
I only am to blame.

Sir Henry.—Ah! ah! I see,
Ye'll screen each other! I'm alone to blame.

Julia.—You! father?

Harcourt.—You, Sir Henry, in what way?

Sir Henry.—In this, I knew your honourable love
From its first budding, and have watched its growth
E'en to its present blossoming. I sent
My daughter here, to test the strength of it.
I heard her tempt,—heard how you did resist,—
And, my heart melting with the by-gone time,
When her sweet mother tempted me the same;
(I being then a student, poor as thou,)
And yielding to the influence mem'ry hath,
When she gives back our youthful days once more,
I hither came, to tell thee Julia's thine.

Harcourt (in a transport).—Mine! *Julia* mine! excuse me, I *must* weep.
The tear, that sorrow never yet could wring,
Flows freely at this overpow'ring joy.
How meanly I must show in both your eyes!

Julia (laying her head on his bosom).—Dear Harcourt, no.

Sir Henry (taking his hand).—How *nobly*, rather say!
The manly tear a pure affection wakes,
Ne'er shames the heart, that melts beneath its sway!
It is a richer dower for my child
Than all the wealth I can on her bestow.
But she is weeping, too! Oh, foolish things!
And yet, in sooth, 'tis very natural.

Northern Antiquities: — an Historical Account of the Manners, Customs, Religion, and Laws, Maritime Expeditions and Discoveries, Language and Literature, of the Ancient Scandinavians, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, and Icelanders. With Incidental Notices respecting our Saxon Ancestors. Translated from the French of M. Mallet, by Bishop Percy. New edition, revised throughout, and considerably enlarged. With a Translation from the Prose *Edda*, from the Original Old Norse Text, and Notes Critical and Explanatory. By J. A. Blackwell, Esq. To which is added, an Abstract of the *Eyrbyggja Saga*, by Sir Walter Scott. Henry G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden.

THE above is the full title of the second volume of Mr. Bohn's invaluable series of re-publications, known as the "Antiquarian Library." Bishop Percy's original translation has now become exceedingly scarce; besides, increased knowledge has thrown light on much that was in his time imperfectly understood. The work Mr. Bohn has now brought out, has been edited by a gentleman thoroughly fitted for his task, and in a manner that renders the volume invaluable to all. We purpose to avail ourselves of the information here conveyed, and glance at the men whose hot blood yet courses in our veins.

THE NORTHMEN.

In the dawn of the world's history, Asia appears to have been the home from which went forth the sons of men to colonize the world. From its high central lands, they followed one another as wave succeeds to wave. In Europe, we find the Celtic race preceding the Slavonic, and the latter the Teutonic. Norway and Sweden became the seat of the Scandinavian branch of the Teutonic family. Here, as it were beyond the pale of that European civilization, which from Rome extended to every clime and race, they dwelt, cherishing the faith and practising the rites their fathers held. It was long before the Hebrew creed penetrated the frozen North. The fourth century witnessed the conversion of the Goths, the Franks were converted in the fifth, the Anglo-Saxons in the sixth, the Germans, generally, in the seventh and eighth, the Saxons in the ninth; but it was not till the eleventh century, that Scandinavia embraced the religion of the Cross. Fortunately for the historical student, while our Anglo-Saxon fathers were writing homilies, or singing psalms, the skalds and vikings of the North were celebrating, in their rough-strung verse, a heroism and

hardihood which, happily for us, no longer exist. These lays, in the long winter nights, were said and sung by many a fire-side, to many a sympathetic group. The deeds of Ragnar Lodbrok, the tearless sorrows of Guthrum—tales of daring and revenge; how Thor wrestled, how Loki plotted; in such lore was the Scandinavian nursed from his youth, and in the spirit that lore sustained, the mild genius of Christianity long found its most inveterate foe.

As antiquarians, we are indebted more to Iceland, than to Norway or Sweden: that Ultima Thule had been discovered by a celebrated rover, named Naddod, who had been driven by a violent storm on its eastern coast, about the year 860. Four years afterwards, a Swede, Gardar Suafarson, driven thither also by a storm, circumnavigated the island. Ferki, a famous sea rover, excited by the account Suafarson gave, went out with cattle, with the intention of settling there, but the winter being unusually severe, he returned in the summer to Norway, giving it the name of Iceland, as it was, he declared, uninhabitable, either for man or beast.

In 874, Ingolf, a Norwegian chieftain, discontented with Harald Fairhead's usurpation of supreme power, and, as some say, apprehensive of punishment for a murder he had committed, led forth a colony of noble families, who preferred savage independence to order and peace at home. As soon as they discovered Iceland at a distance, Ingolf, as was the general custom, threw the sacred columns of his temple into the sea, determining to land where the gods should direct. The waves, however, were stronger than the gods. The sacred pillars were carried out of sight, and after a fruitless search for them, Ingolf and his companions were compelled to disembark in a gulf, towards the south part of the island, which still bears his name. Ingolf's expedition attracted other families, eager to fly to Iceland as a place of refuge,—thence a colony sprang up, with a violent hatred of arbitrary power, jealous of their liberty, sensitively alive to the encroachments of neighbouring despotism. It was full four hundred years before this republic became subject to Norway, along with which it was afterwards united to the crown of Denmark.

It seems strange that this small isle in the ocean's midst, with its sterile soil, with its people secluded and poor, with its unpropitious climate, should have acquired for itself a literary renown to which Norway, Sweden, or Denmark, can lay no claim. Such, however, is the fact. Iceland was the nursery of skalds, and consequently of heroes; for it was the fashion in those days for the ambitious warrior to rush into danger, merely that his prowess might be witnessed and commemorated by some faithful skald. He was always placed in the midst of the scene of action. Olaf, King of Norway, it is said, taking three with him to the field of battle, called out to them, "You shall not relate what you have only heard, but what you are eye-witnesses of yourselves." Hakon,

Earl of Norway, had five along with him, in that celebrated battle, when the warriors of Jomsburg were defeated. Harald, the Fair-haired, awarded them the best seats at his feasts. Golden rings, glittering arms, and rich apparel, were their usual rewards. The songs thus composed were sung by the blazing fire in the chieftain's hall, while the cup was quaffed, and the hot blood of the Norseman was on fire. According to Tacitus, these songs were the only annals these warriors possessed. Honour then was given to the skald. The office was one the clever adventurer, poor in purse, would desire to fill:—in Iceland there were many such. An ancient manuscript has preserved a list of all such as distinguished themselves in the three northern kingdoms, from the reign of Ragnar Lodbrok to that of Valdemar the Second. Of the two hundred and thirty of whom that list is composed, the greatest part are natives of Iceland. For a reason to which we have already referred, this is what we might expect.

From the Sagas of the Skalds we get a glimpse of Scandinavian manners, more true, but not so flattering, as that Tacitus has left in immortal prose. He wrote for a degenerate age and race, and was anxious to compare the simplicity of northern virtues with the complicated vices of the south, that his countrymen might repent and reform. According to him, the golden age of innocence still reigned on the shores of the Baltic. The men were brave, and the women chaste. According to M. Mallet, this was true of the Norsemen in the tenth century. Unfortunately, the Saga man has dispelled this pleasing delusion. His well authenticated facts display a state of society much like what we might expect to find where men, nursed in savage independence, love to congregate. The Sagas tell us, it is true, nothing of polygamy; but the husband frequently kept his *frilla*, or concubine. Marriages appear to have been not uncommon, for the purpose of saving a lady's reputation. Mr. Blackwell quotes from one, which tells how, "When Uni, a Danish trader, during a winter he passed in Iceland, was the guest of Seidolf Kappa, with whose daughter, Thorunna, he contracted a very intimate acquaintance; so much so, that when Uni left, in the spring, to get his vessel ready for the home voyage, Seidolf discovered that Thorunna would, ere long, present him with a grand-child. Accordingly, he went with his retainers to the Danish vessel, where an altercation ensued, ending with the loss of several lives. Uni was obliged to return with Seidolf, who told him that, provided he would marry Thorunna, and remain in Iceland, he should possess the family estates. Uni tacitly consented to this proposal, but shortly afterwards left his bride, and made off for the coast. Seidolf pursued him in hot haste, and Uni and his Danes fell victims to the Icelander's revenge. Marriages were celebrated without any religious ceremony. We only read of banquets given to the friends and relatives, pro-

longed according to the opulence of the parties. At the marriage of a wealthy person, the feasting would be prolonged for several days, till a grand quarrel terminated the proceedings in bloodshed. Occasionally men would exchange their wives. Illugi the Red exchanges with Holm Starri estate, live-stock, and wife; but a wife might easily emancipate herself from marital authority, by a divorce. She had only to tell her husband that from that day they ceased to be man and wife, and her marriage was *de facto* and *de jure* dissolved.

"The following story," says Mr. Blackwell, "from the Laxdæla Saga, will serve to show in what light marriage was regarded in Iceland, and in what a very equivocal manner a *mater familias* sometimes exercised her authority. Olaf, the son of Hoskuld and Melkorka, was accompanied, on his return from Norway, where he had been to purchase timber, by one of his old sea roving friends, named Geirmund, at whose house he passed the winter. Geirmund, in his turn, became the winter guest of Olaf, in Iceland, and soon fell in love with the chieftain's daughter, the beautiful Thurida. Olaf, although he was very fond of his friend, would not hear talk of a marriage. Geirmund, seeing that he had no chance with the young lady's father, began to flatter her mother, Thorgerda, and by dint of entreaties and costly presents, at length obtained her consent. The marriage was celebrated with great pomp, Olaf inviting his numerous friends and dependants to a sumptuous feast, in a large banqueting hall he had recently erected, the walls of which were hung with tapestry, representing the story of Baldur and the prowess of Thor. When Geirmund had passed three years in the married state, he began to get tired of his wife, and Thorgerda was at length obliged to tell her husband that she had ascertained that their son-in-law intended to return to Norway, leaving Thurida and her daughter Groa behind him, without making any provision for their support. Olaf said the marriage was her doing, and not his, and instead of showing any sign of displeasure, he was more friendly than usual with Geirmund, and even made him a present of a fine trading vessel, being probably very glad to get rid of him. Geirmund went on board this vessel, and was only waiting for a favourable wind, when, one morning at break of day, Thurida entered the cabin, when he was asleep, placed her child in his bed, and taking a splendid sword, which she knew he set a great value on, got into her boat, and told her men to row off again. Geirmund awoke at the moment, and becoming aware of what had happened, called on his wife to come back, and take Groa and return him his sword, for which he offered to give her any sum she might think proper to demand. Thurida told him she would do no such thing, that he had acted dishonourably towards her, and that they were no longer man and wife, and accordingly returned home, and gave her husband's sword to her cousin Bolli.

Thurida, after this proceeding, could of course re-marry; and we presume that in those days the want of maternal affection she had evinced, by exchanging her only child for a sword, would not have prevented her from finding a second husband."

In the *Grágás*, we find some curious enactments for the preservation of female virtue. A man was liable to exile, for taking an unmarried woman without her consent, or a married woman either with or without her consent, out of the island, or even out of her own province; and for a similar elopement with an unmarried woman, she consenting, to exclusion. A man was liable to the same punishment for kissing an unmarried woman, under legal guardianship, without her consent; and even if she consented, the law required that every kiss should be atoned for by a fine of three marks; nevertheless, the virtue of these northern dames was by no means of too ascetic a character. The Sagas tell tales, how the ladies, whose charms they sang, were not only fair, but frail. In illustration, we give the rough outline of a story Mr. Blackwell has given at some length.

In the northern part of the island, dwelt an old sea ranger, who at his death left his estate to his two sons, Kormak and Thorgils. Kormak was handsome,—had dark, dangerous eyes, black hair, and a fair complexion. He was, moreover, a good swordsman, and a skilful skald. Not far distant lived the beautiful Steingerda, with whom Kormak fell violently in love. With some difficulty, after the murder of two antagonists, he is accepted by the father as a suitor for the daughter's hand.

For some cause or other not explained, Kormak suffered the day appointed for their nuptials to go by, and the contract was consequently broken. The lady's family were of course incensed by this neglect. A family council was called, and it was agreed that the best revenge would be, not to split open the young skald's head, according to custom, but to marry the damsel to some better man at once. In the western province of the island lived a wealthy and valiant gentleman, for his pugnacious propensities termed Holmgang, or Duelling Bersi. Accordingly a plan was laid by which the worthy gentleman was fairly limed. The contracting parties were mutually satisfied with each other, and Steingerda was betrothed. She trusted that ere the marriage would take place Kormak would own his fault, and become reconciled to her family; "But if he allow Bersi to become my husband," said she, "well, I will then strive to forget that Kormak was once my lover, and he will one day repent him of his conduct. And after all, Bersi is not much amiss. Is he not acknowledged to be the most valiant man of the district? Who can wield a battle-axe like Holmgang Bersi?" Nevertheless the young lady sent a messenger to inform Kormak of her probable fate; but alas! the messenger was detained by cousin Vigi, watchful lest Steingerda

should prove refractory at last. At length, however, the wedding day came, and Bersi proudly bore home his splendid bride. Steingerda's message was now delivered to Kormak, with the unpleasant addition that the lady was passing the first night of her marriage at Muli, where dwelt one of Bersi's friends. Away posted Kormak to Muli, to demand satisfaction of Bersi for the insult which he deemed had been offered him. Bersi, good-naturedly, contended that he (Kormak) had nothing to complain of; that he had been betrothed to Steingerda, but from some motive or other had thought proper to break the spousal contract, whilst he (Bersi) had been betrothed to the same lady, but had fulfilled his engagement. Kormak, however, contended that he had been fraudulently deprived of Steingerda, and that she must be restored to him. Bersi, of course, declined this tempting offer, "and to show," added he, "that I am willing to accept a reconciliation, I shall have no objection to offer to Kormak the hand of my sister Helga, an offer, methinks, which is not to be slighted." Kormak, however, was not thus to be put off. He declined the offer, and challenged Bersi to meet him that day fortnight in a holmgang, a challenge which Bersi willingly accepted. Accordingly, on the day appointed, they met. After each party had had their shields cloven in twain, Kormak received a slash from Bersi's sword across his hand; and, as blood flowed from the wound in profusion, the seconds declared the duel to be honourably terminated. The poem then proceeds to enumerate quarrels and duels which we care not here to enumerate. One day, when Bersi, in consequence of a wound, was still confined to his bed, Steingerda entered the room, and after giving her husband a surname descriptive of his wound, and far more emphatic than elegant, formally announced her intention of being divorced from him. So saying, she left him to his own reflections, mounted her horse, and rode off to her father's residence; not with the intention, however, as we may suppose, of giving her hand to Kormak, for we find her in the following summer marrying a rich man and good poet, surnamed Tintein. Kormak, when the marriage took place, was fitting out a vessel for a trading voyage to Norway. Pretending ignorance of what had happened, he went to Steingerda, and begged her to make him a shirt. Steingerda properly told him that she was now the wife of Tintein, and that his visit was by no means desirable. Kormak replied by a satirical verse on the husband, by which the fair Steingerda was still more incensed. She was, however, somewhat appeased by a gallant strophe Kormak extemporised in praise of her beauty. They parted, however, according to the Sagaman, "without any blithesomeness having passed between them."

At the Norwegian court, to which Kormak soon after repaired, he met with a favourable reception from king Hakon the Good. He afterwards entered into a sea-roving partnership with a German named Sigind; and, on his return to Norway, found Harald

Greyskin on the throne. Kormak accompanied him on his expedition to Iceland, and gained great renown both as a warrior and a skald, the charms of Steingerda being still the favourite theme of his songs. Unable, however, any longer to support his absence from his fair charmer, he set sail for Iceland. On approaching the coast, the keen vision of a lover led him at once to recognize her whom he adored riding on horseback along the beach. He hastened to her side, and poured into her ear, nothing loath, the burning utterances of love. Here, with the utmost regard to propriety, the lovers appear to have spent five pleasant days. Steingerda retiring every evening with her housewife: Kormak's verses becoming every day more ardent. At length it occurred to the fair dame that she had a husband, who might probably wish for her return; and accordingly the lady returned to the companionship of her rightful lord.

In the winter, Kormak frequently visited Steingerda in her own house, a procedure Tintein thought rather too bad. In this conjuncture, Thorvard, Tintein's brother, paid him a visit, and becoming aware how matters stood, declared that the family would be dishonoured, were Kormak's visits any longer permitted.

Neither Tintein, nor his brother, however, could summon up sufficient courage to meet Kormak in a duel, and accordingly they had recourse to a stratagem, not very honourable, though according to Scandinavian ethics, perfectly justifiable. The brothers prevailed on Marfi to indite a satirical stanza on Steingerda, and paid a wandering minstrel to sing it in her presence, and say that it was the composition of Kormak. The stratagem had the desired effect. The fair beauty when she heard it, was thrown into the most violent rage. She forbade Kormak's name to be ever mentioned in her presence. By continued perseverance, however, Kormak obtained a hearing, when he assured Steingerda that the verses were not his own, and that the authors of them should be punished. Accordingly, he went in search of the wandering minstrel, from whom he elicited the desired information. He then rode to Tunga, and slew Marfi, and would have slain Tintein too, had not the servants separated them.

These proceedings, together with Kormak's satires, or withering verses, rendered a duel indispensable. Kormak, as he prepared for action, decried Steingerda among the spectators, and greeted her in verse, indicating that it was on her account that he fought. After a few blows had been exchanged, Kormak, although he did not wound his adversary so as to draw blood, managed to break two of his ribs, which put an end to the duel. Thorvard, as the wounded person, being obliged to give his antagonist a gold ring, equivalent to the legal fine of three marks. Kormak, seeing a bull grazing in an adjoining field, went up and slew it, observing that the duel should not be bloodless. He then addressed Steingerda, and used all his eloquence to induce her to make another *escapade*

with him, but the lady coolly told him, she had something else to do. Thorvard, when his wound was healed, challenged Kormak to another Holmgang, but with no better result than the last. The loss of another gold ring, convinced him that duelling was not merely dangerous, but inconvenient as well.

At length Kormak determined to proceed to Norway; before he left, however, he paid Steingerda a farewell visit: and on taking leave, could not refrain from giving her two kisses. This was more than the good-natured Tintein could bear. His brother declared that Kormak ought to pay the legal fine for his audacity.

"What do ye demand," asked Kormak.

"The two rings," replied Thorvard, "which I had to give thee, in virtue of the holmgang regulations."

"Be it so," said Kormak; and in giving him the rings, he indulged in a poetical burst, which has been thus translated:—

"For two kisses impressed,
With glowing desire,
On woman's sweet lips,
Two gold rings ye require.
The gems shall be yours,
Though methinks 'tis not meet,
To tax a poor wight
For so luscious a treat."

Steingerda, not long after Kormak's departure, told her husband that he must fit out a vessel, for she was determined to see what kind of a country Norway was. Tintein, like a wise husband, obeyed; on their voyage they fell into the hands of the sea-rovers. Kormak heard of their disaster, and came to their rescue. He carried them to Drontheim, where they were well received by the king. Kormak, walking one day in the court yard of the palace, saw Steingerda alone in her apartment; the temptation was too great,—according to the Saga man, he impressed four kisses on her chaste lips. While his lips still clung to those of Steingerda, Tintein, sword in hand, rushed into the apartment, followed by the maid servants, whose screams brought King Harald himself, into the apartment. Harald told the disputants to put up their swords, and let him be their arbitrator. Tintein said he would acquiesce in whatever the king in his wisdom should decide.

"Well, then," said Harald, "one kiss shall go for Kormak having saved thee from the sea-rovers, one for his having saved Steingerda, and for the two others, he shall pay two ounces of gold."

After a little while the king was again disturbed by a noise in Steingerda's apartment, which he entered just in time to save her from Kormak, who was endeavouring to carry her off by main force. All parties, however, were soon reconciled, and spent the

winter happily, at the court of the Norwegian king. In the spring Harald set sail on an expedition to Bjarmaland, and was accompanied by Kormak and Tintein, each having the command of a galley. One day Kormak took out the tiller of his vessel, and hurled it at Tintein, who fell down senseless. Steingerda instantly took his place at the helm, and bidding her men ply their oars, steered her vessel with such dexterity, that she ran down Kormak's vessel, before the rudder could again be rendered serviceable. However, she was to be again under obligation to her ardent admirer. Tintein sailed to Denmark, where, of course, Kormak followed him, and found him in but a sorry condition. Thorstein, a famous old sea rover, had plundered him of all he possessed, and carried off Steingerda. Kormak instantly set sail in pursuit of Thorstein, and the following night descried him, carousing on shore with his crew, by a blazing fire. Kormak went immediately to the vessel of Thorstein, and on entering the cabin, found the beautiful Steingerda asleep in the arms of a sea rover. After killing this poor fellow, Steingerda was restored in safety to her husband. Tintein, when he heard how her deliverance had been effected, said that Kormak, as he had twice rescued Steingerda, might now take her, as the prayer-book has it, for better or worse. Kormak, overjoyed with this offer, was about to clasp the fair lady to his arms, when she told him that she had no inclination to change her condition, that she was the wife of Tintein, and that the wife of Tintein she would remain; "Thou art right," said Kormak, "go with thy husband,—the envious fates have decreed that thou shalt never be mine."

Such was the last interview of Steingerda, with her enamoured skald; she returned with her accommodating lord to Iceland: Kormak sailed for the Orkneys, where for several years he exercised his old calling of sea-roving on the coasts of the British islands. "Kormak," says Mr. Blackwell, "still attuning his northern lyre, amidst the tempest's howl, and the din of battle, to her, who through life, had been the object of his fond affections. After various exploits and adventures, Kormak, at length, fell in a single combat with a gigantic Scotchman, and expired in the arms of his brother, reciting with his dying breath a strophe in praise of Steingerda!"

This glance at Scandinavian manners leaves a somewhat different opinion to that produced by the discourse of Mallet, or by the polished periods of Tacitus. Neither husbands nor wives appear to very great advantage. We find human passions and their effects in Scandinavia much the same as elsewhere. The same cause that "laid old Troy in ruins" was as omnipotent for good or bad on the shores of the Baltic as on the banks of the Scamander. In the Njalssaga we read of one fair dame named Hallgerda, who appears to have been peculiarly active in stirring up ill-will. Upon *one occasion,* her husband, Gunnar, ventured to give her a box on

the ears. As an illustration of female manners, we quote the account Mr. Blackwell gives of her revenge:

"A protracted law-suit her proceedings had given rise to, terminated by Gunnar being condemned to three years' banishment. As he was riding to the place of embarkation, he turned round to take a last look at his family mansion, and dismounting from his horse, exclaimed,

" 'Never did this spot appear to me so lovely! the streams are so clear; the grass so green; the fields so well manured. No! I cannot leave it; I must turn back, whatever may be the consequences.'

"Gunnar accordingly returned, and, in spite of the remonstrances of Njáll, remained a banished outlaw in his own dwelling. His enemies, on becoming aware that he had not left the island, surrounded his house one morning at break of day, knowing that there was no body with him except his wife and mother, all the men having been sent to another farm to make hay. Gunnar was awakened by the barking of his faithful dog, and seizing his bow and arrows, prevented his adversaries from entering the premises. He had already wounded eight of them, and, though severely wounded himself, would probably have succeeded in driving them off, had not the string of his bow snapped in twain. In this conjuncture he begged his wife to cut off one of her long ringlets, in order that his mother might twist it into a bow-string for him.

" 'Dost thou absolutely require it?' asked Hallgerda.

" My life depends on it." replied Gunnar.

"Therefore," said the fiery lady, "the time is come when I can repay thee for the box on the ear thou gavest me. It is quite indifferent to me whether thou art able to defend thyself or not.'

" 'Every one seeks honour after his own fashion,' mildly replied Gunnar, and contended with sword and shield against his adversaries, who now rushed in, until he was at length overpowered. This heroic defence became the theme of many a Skaldic lay, and his death was amply avenged by Njáll's son, Skarphedin."

Of virtue, in their way; of stern endurance of ill; of unrepining submission to the decrees of fate; these Norsemen were not altogether destitute. They could bear, as well as inflict; they could die, as well as kill. In the same Saga as that from which we have already quoted, we learn what kind of heroism they did cherish in their midst. Flosi, at the head of an hundred followers, appeared before Njáll's house, which he set fire to, but he not only allowed the servants, male and female, to escape, but begged Njáll to come out with his wife, saying that he did not wish that the innocent should suffer with the guilty.

" I will not stir," cried Njáll, "for I am an old man, incapable of avenging my sons, and with dishonour I will not live.'

" 'And I," said Bergthora, "when a young woman, plighted my troth to Njáll, that his fate should be mine; and that troth shall be kept unbroken.'

"She then said to Kári's son, 'Thee shall they carry out: thou must not be burnt.'

"'Thou didst promise me, my dear grandmother,' answered the child, "that we should never part, so long as I wished to remain with thee; and methinks it is much better to die with thee and Njàll than to live with these people.'

They then went to their bedroom, and laying themselves down with their grandson between them, calmly awaited the approach of the devouring element. Their son-in-law, Kári, was the only one of the family who escaped from the scene of devastation.

The four causes to which the philosopher of Malmesbury ascribes the rise and progress of religion, in no part of the world are in more active operation, to this day, than they are in the north of Europe. Fear and reverence are emotions man has ever felt when his dwelling has been where woods have waved and echoed to the moaning blast; where the cataract has thundered; where the palaces of nature stretched far away, till on their tops rested the clouds. Christianity has modified the feeling, which is yet strong, but which, in the times of which we write, was sensitively alive every where to the presence and power of spirits by whom man's destiny was determined, and to whom man's proudest will must bow. This natural feeling, common to all mankind, has yet a variety of development, dependant on climate, on pursuits, on causes numerous as the thousand hopes and fears that influence and agitate the human heart. A man's creed is the supplement of his life. A man's heaven, and hell, and most cherished divinity, are but the reproductions of the virtues or vices he practises in his daily life. According to the Edda, "the heroes who are received into the palace of Odin have every day the pleasure of arming themselves, of passing in review, of ranging themselves in order of battle, and of cutting one another in pieces; but, as soon as the hour of repast approaches, they return on horseback, all safe and sound, back to the hall of Odin, and fall to eating and drinking. Though the number of them cannot be counted, the flesh of the boar Sæhrimnir is sufficient f r them all; every day it is served up at table, and every day it is renewed again entire. Their beverage is ale and mead; one single goat, whose milk is excellent mead, furnishes enough of that liquor to intoxicate all the guests. Odin alone drinks wine for his entire liquor. A crowd of virgins wait upon the heroes at table, and fill their cups as fast as they empty them." For this Valhalla did the Norseman valiantly live and magnanimously die. For him, as for the enthusiast of every creed, and the martyr for every cause, death had no terrors, and the grave no sting. Accordingly, when that rare old Ragnar Lodbrok, was about to die, he breathed forth a strain of impassioned song that to us, even in these degenerate days, has not lost its force and fire. "We," he exclaims, "are cut to pieces with swords; but this fills me with joy, when I think of the feast that

is preparing for me in Odin's palace. Quickly, quickly, seated in the splendid habitation of the gods, we shall drink beer out of curved horns. A brave man fears not to die. I shall utter no timorous words as I enter the hall of Odin." No wonder, then, that a peaceful death was considered ignominious, and that death on the field of battle was more highly prized than life.

This old Scandinavian creed has come down to us entire. Icelandic literature divided itself into three branches, Eddaic, Skaldic, and Saga. Theology is the subject of the first division. There are two Eddas, the Poetic or Elder Edda consists of thirty-nine poems, which were collected by Sæmund Sigfusson, surnamed the Learned, towards the latter end of the eleventh, or the beginning of the twelfth century. Sæmund, after pursuing his classical and theological studies in the Universities of France and Germany, became, on his return to Iceland, the parish priest of Oddi, a village situated at the foot of Mount Hekla. It is the opinion of some, that he merely transcribed the Eddaic poems from Runic manuscripts, or staves, but most probably he collected them from oral tradition. All these poems, with the exception of one, "The Sólar-ljód," probably composed by Sæmund himself, bear internal evidence of an origin much earlier than the eleventh century. It was from one of these six poems belonging to the mythological class in this selection, that Gray got the descent of Odin to the regions of Hela, which in his paraphrase begins so beautifully thus:—

> "Up rose the king of men with speed,
> And saddled straight his coal-black steed."

The Prose or Younger Edda is supposed to have been written by the celebrated Snorri Sturlason, who was born of a distinguished Icelandic family, in the year 1178. His rise in the world was chiefly owing to his marriage with Herdisa, the daughter of a priest called Bersi the Rich. His own history, and that of his family, says little for Scandinavian morals. After living five and twenty years with his wife, he obtained a divorce, married a rich heiress, quarrelled with the son and daughter of his first wife respecting pecuniary matters, had a number of illegitimate children, and was finally murdered by three of his sons-in-law and a step-son. Three of his illegitimate daughters were married to men of rank, who, however, were obliged to divorce them on account of their loose conduct. One of them, Ingjibjörg, married a second time, but was again divorced, and became notorious even in Iceland, for her debauchery; and yet this man Snorri, was the supreme magistrate of the Republic. It is most probable that Snorri availed himself of the manuscripts of Sæmund and Ari, and merely added a few chapters. At any rate the Prose Edda, in its present form, dates from the thirteenth century. The Prose Edda was first published by Resenius, in 1665, but the original Norse text is very inaccu-

rately printed. In 1818, Rask published a very correct edition of the original text. The Edda consists of 1. A Prologue. 2. The Deluding of Gylfi. 3. Conversations of Bragi, and, 4. After Discourse, or Epilogue. "The Prologue and Epilogue," says Mr. Blackwell, "were probably written by Snorri himself, and are nothing more than an absurd syncretism of Hebrew, Greek, Roman, and Scandinavian myths and legends, in which Noah, Priam, Odin, Hector, Thor, Æneas, etc., are jumbled together much in the same manner as in the romances of the middle ages. These dissertations, utterly worthless in themselves, have obviously nothing in common with the so-called Prose Edda, the first part of which, containing fifty-three chapters, forms a complete synopsis of Scandinavian mythology, derived principally from the Poetical Edda.

A writer, whom it would be unnecessary for us to name, has told us, that, "among these shadowy Edda matters, amid all that fantastic congeries of assertions and traditions, in their musical mythologies, the main practical belief a man could have was probably not much more than this; of the Valkyrs and the hall of Odin; of an inflexible destiny; and that the one thing needful, was for a man to be brave; the Valkyrs or choosers of the slain: a destiny inexorable, which it was useless trying to bend or soften, has appointed who is to be slain; this was a fundamental point for the Norse believer; as indeed it is for all earnest men everywhere, for a Mahomet, or a Luther, for a Napoleon too. It lies at the basis, this, for every such man; it is the woof, out of which his whole system of thought is woven: certainly little else was the Norseman called to believe. There were, it is true, wondrous tales, and mysterious revelations, but the practical part of the creed, was such as would spring up from the practice of the life.

Odin was "the terrible and severe God: the father of slaughter; he who giveth victory and reviveth courage in the conflict; who nameth those that are to be slain;" at the same time he was the common lord and creator of all. According to the Edda, he liveth and governeth, during the ages, "he directed everything which is high, and everything which is low, whatever is great, and whatever is small; he hath made the heavens, the air, and man who is to live forever; and before the heavens and the earth existed, this god lived already with the giants." Frigga is his wife; she forsees the destinies of man, but never reveals what is to come.

The other gods are Thor, in whose mansion are five hundred and forty halls. "He possesses," says the Edda, "three very precious things. The first is a mallet, called Mjolnir with which he amuses himself with splitting up the heads of the Frost and Mountain Giants. The second rare thing he possesses, is called Megingjardir, the belt of strength or prowess: the third consists of his iron gauntlets, which he is obliged to put on whenever he would lay hold of his

mallet. The second and best son of Odin, is Baldur. All mankind are eloquent in his praise. The whitest of all plants is called Baldur's brow. Of all the Æsir, he is the mildest, the wisest, the most eloquent; yet such is his nature, that his judgments are unalterable. He dwells in a heavenly mansion, in which nothing unclean can enter;—

"'Tis Breidablik called,
Where Baldur the Fair
Hath built him a bower,
In that land where I know,
The least loathliness lieth."

Njord, the third god, dwells in the heavenly region called Noá-tun. He rules over the winds, and checks the fury of the sea, and of fire, and is therefore invoked by seafarers and fishermen. Njord had two children; a son, named Frey, and a daughter, called Freyja, both of them beauteous and mighty. Frey is one of the most celebrated of the gods. He presides over rain and sun-shine, and all the fruits of the earth, and should be invoked, says the Prose Edda, in order to obtain good harvests, and also for peace. He moreover dispenses wealth among men. Freyja is the most propitious of the goddesses. She divides with Odin the slain on the field of battle. Her mansion is large and magnificent; thence she sallies forth in a car, drawn by two cats. She lends a favourable ear to those who sue for her assistance. It is from her name that women of birth and fortune are called Freyjor. She is fond of love ditties. All lovers should invoke her.

But of all the gods Tyr is the most daring and intrepid. Valour in man is his gift, hence warriors should seek his aid. It has become proverbial to say of a man who surpasses all others in valour, that he is Tyr strong, or valiant as Tyr. A man noted for wisdom is also said to be wise as Tyr. As a proof of his intrepidity, it is told how, when the Æsir were trying to persuade the wolf, Fenrir, to let himself be bound up with the chain, Gleipnir; he, fearing that they would never after unloose him, only consented on the condition that, while they were chaining him, he should keep Tyr's right hand between his jaws. Tyr did not hesitate to put his right hand in the monster's mouth; but when Fenrir perceived that the Æsir had no intention to unchain him, he bit off the hand at that joint which has ever since been called the wolf's joint. From that time, Tyr has had but one hand. He is not regarded as a peacemaker among men.

Bragi is celebrated for his wisdom and elegance; he is, moreover, a poet. His wife, Iduna, keeps in a box the apples which the gods, when they feel old age approaching, have only to eat, to become young.

Another of the gods is named Heimdall, or the white god. His teeth are of pure gold, hence he is called the Gold-toothed. He is the warder of the gods, and is placed on the borders of heaven,

to prevent the giants from forcing their way over the bridge Bifrost, which reaches from earth to heaven. Heimdall requires less sleep than a bird, and sees as well by night as by day, a hundred miles around him. So acute is his ear, that no sound escapes him, for he can even hear the grass growing on the earth, and the wool on a sheep's back. His horn, called the Gjallar-horn, is heard throughout the universe. His sword is called Hofud. He was the son of nine virgins, who are sisters. It is said of him,—

" Tis Himinbjorg called
Where Heimdall they say
Hath dwelling and rule;
There the gods' warder drinks
In peaceful old halls
The gladsome mead."

Ullur, a name dear to all those engaged in single combats, is the step-son of Thor. He is so well skilled in the use of the bow, and goes so fast on his snow skates, that in those arts no one can contend with him.

Another god, not unknown among the Scandinavians, who were always going to law, is Foseti. He possesses the heavenly mansion called Glitnir, and all disputants at law who bring their cases before him go away perfectly reconciled. His tribunal is the best that is to be found among the gods and men, as it is said,—

" Glitnir's a mansion
Upraised on gold columns,
And roofed o'er with silver;
There Forseti his days
In peace ever passeth,
And settleth all law strife."

As the Persians had their two contending principles of goodness and evil, their oromaides and arimanes, so had the Scandinavians. This evil principle was personified in Loki. He is described as handsome and well made, but of a very fickle mood and most evil disposition. He surpasses all beings in cunning and perfidy. He has three children by a giantess of Jotunheim. The first is the wolf Fenrir; the second, Jormungand, the Nidgard serpent; the third, Hela, or death. The gods soon became aware that these monsters were bred up in Jotunheim, and from divination learnt that they foreboded them no good.

Accordingly, the Allfather sent one of the gods to fetch them. The serpent was thrown into the middle of the sea; but the monster has grown to such a size that, holding his tail in his mouth, he encircles the whole earth. Hela was cast into Niflheim, where nine worlds obey her sway. Here she distributes those who die through sickness or old age. Her habitation is protected by exceedingly high walls and strongly barred gates. Her hall is

called Elvidnir. Hunger is her table: Starvation her knife; Delay her man; Slowness her maid; Precipice her threshold; Care her bed; and Burning Anguish forms the hanging of her apartments. The one half of her body is livid; the other half the colour of human flesh. She is easily recognized,—her face is dreadfully stern and grim.

The wolf Fenrir was bred up among the gods. Tyr alone had the courage to go and feed him; nevertheless, the gods, warned by the oracles that he would one day become fatal to them, determined to make a strong iron fetter for him. The fetter was useless; Fenrir burst the chain, and set himself at liberty. They then made another, half as strong again, with which they bound him, but which the wolf broke, though not so easily as the other. After this, they despaired of ever being able to bind the wolf, till at length god Allfather sent the messenger of Frey into the country of the Dark Elves, to engage some dwarfs to make the fetter called Gleipnir. It was composed of the six following substances: the noise made by the footfall of a cat, the beards of women, the roots of stones, the sinews of bears, the breath of fish, and the spittle of birds. This fetter was smooth and soft as a silken string, but it was too strong for Fenrir. This was then fastened to a rock, and sunk in the middle of the earth. The wolf made the most violent efforts to break loose, and, opening his tremendous jaws, endeavoured to bite them. The gods, seeing this, thrust a sword into his mouth, which pierced his under jaw up to the hilt. He then began to howl so terribly, and since that time the foam flows continually from his mouth in such abundance that it forms the river called Von. There will he remain until Ragnarok, or the conflagration of the universe, when the wolf Fenrir shall break loose, and the serpent Midgard, turning on one side, shall overwhelm the world, when a general contest ensues, and when die alike the contending parties of good and ill.

"Dimm'd 's now the sun,
In ocean earth sinks;
From the skies are cast
The sparkling stars;
The fire-reek rageth
Around Time's nurse,*
And flickering flames
With heaven itself play."

After this comes a regenerated universe, with another earth,

* The Ash Yggdrasill, the mundane tree which embraces with its three roots the whole universe. Near the fountain under the ash reside, in a very beauteous dwelling, the three maidens or Norns, named Urd, Verdandi, and Skuld, (Present, Past, and Future) who fix the life-time of man. The ash appears to be the symbol of universal nature: but, as Jacob Grimm justly observes, the whole myth, though it bears the stamp of very high antiquity, does not appear to be wholly unfolded.

most lovely and verdant, with pleasant fields, where the grain shall grow unsown. Thither the sons of Thor shall resort, and Baldur and Hodur from the abodes of Hela, and shall talk of the perils they have undergone, how they fought with Fenrir and the serpent Midgard: when a race shall spring up who shall feed on dew, and when the sun shall make way for a daughter more lovely than herself.

"The radiant sun
A daughter bears,
Ere Fenrir takes her.
On her mother's course
Shall ride that maid,
When the gods have perished."

Here wisely closes the Scandinavian book of revelations, and we follow so illustrious a precedent. Time and his Norns bring change. What was once deemed palpable truth is now reckoned a manifest sham; and the schoolboy laughs at the bugbear before which warriors, strong in heart and arm, trembled. Where the sea-rovers sailed, with their booty, now steamers pursue their peaceful way, and the inhabitants of Denmark have learned that though Ullur, with his snow skates, can rapidly skim the ground, yet more rapid still is the morning "express." What with the custom-house at Elsineur, and the revenue-cutters of all sizes that prowl along the Baltic, the sea-horse Vikings have gradually vanished from amongst men. Of northern antiquities, save in this work of M. Mallet's, we have but few remains in our midst. Our coast is now so well watched by night and day that even smugglers find it difficult to effect a landing. If Scandinavians come amongst us now, they must pay their fares, and do at Rome as we. Still, however, not altogether in vain did these brave Norsemen live.

For the Yule log that has warmed many an old and young heart in the glad time when good will and joy hold carnival on earth,—

"for the all
Which, when rightly understood,
Promoteth brotherly neighbourhood—"

for the steak,† which, when well cooked, with oyster sauce superadded, is not ungrateful to the inner man of every genuine John Bull, still be the name of Norsemen dear, and his memory sweet.

† We need hardly inform our readers that the steak of modern times is an improvement on that of the ancient Scandinavian. The old original steak consisted of horse-flesh. So wedded were the Icelanders to it, that, before they embraced Christianity, they stipulated for toleration to eat it, which was granted.

PICTURES OF THE AMERICANS BY THEMSELVES.

NO. IV.

MY FIRST HUNTING AND FISHING.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

"THAT's what I call a title distinguished for its feminity," says a roguish-eyed friend, peering saucily over my shoulder.

"Ah, never you mind, Fred; it's a harmless little fancy of my own," as the lady said when she led her footman to the altar.

I love to look upon a sportsman. I don't mean one of your moustached amateurs, who sallies out once a year, perhaps, in white gloves and gaiters, and with scarce manly strength sufficient to hold his fowling-piece at arms' length—one whom you might fancy mistaking a hen for a pheasant, and taking aim at her through an eye glass, while it requires no violent exercise of the imaginative faculty to behold her placing her claw upon her bill and performing certain contemptuous gyrations therewith. Bah! not such an one. *His* has been bad shooting from the very root: he has never known a good aim; his whole existence has missed fire. But a full-chested, strong-limbed, spring-footed, keen-eyed, fearless-hearted, born and predestinated Nimrod. One who has snuffed powder in his cradle; whose first known amusement was peppering the cat with potatoe-balls from a pop-gun; one who from his boyhood has gone forth shooting and to shoot, feeling within himself a divine right to scatter the plumage of the proudest young turkey that ever strutted on a prairie; to call down in the crack of a rifle the circling eagle from the arch of heaven; to bring to a death-halt the bounding career of the finest stag that ever tossed his antlers through the wilds, or snuffed the air on the peaks of the Alleghanies.

Such an one, oh, most courteous reader, allow me to present to you—Harry Grove the younger, son of the colonel, and a citizen of the west. He has been, and is, the very cousin of cousins; was my first tutor in mathematics and mischief, philosophy and

play-acting, history and horsemanship, logic and leaping fences: a very jewel of a joyous-spirited fellow, full of fun, frolic, and frankness; with a heart "as large as all out-doors," and as warm as all in-doors; and with just sufficient beauty to save himself from vanity, and susceptible damsels from a too sudden bestowal of their unsolicited affections. Yet I have remarked the dash of the dare-devil in his composition to be peculiarly captivating to young ladies just out, who have been puritanically reared. I do not intend to intimate that my well-beloved kinsman is that horror of careful mammas, "a wild young man." I am inclined to believe that the goodness of people, now-a-days, is in inverse proportion to their pretensions. Harry Grove makes few pretensions: *ergo*, he is quite good enough to serve as a hero, in these degenerate times, when our mental dishes, to be palatable, *must* be slightly spiced with wickedness.

But Harry is not my present hero; I am my own heroine: yet he will figure largely, though secondarily, in "this strange, eventful, history."

Though the very embodiment of health, in the main, Harry had once a long and distressing illness. We were near losing him the summer he was fifteen. As soon as the crisis of his fever was passed, I, by special request, was appointed sick-room companion and supernumerary nurse. I never left him for a day. Though a fragile child of ten years, I never wearied of those heart-prompted cares; my whole soul was whelmed with joy, gushing heavenward with fervent thanksgiving to the God of life. Ah! is it not a blessed thing to behold eyes beaming upon us, all light and love, we had thought to have seen dim with the eclipse of death: smiles on the lip, a glow on the cheek we had thought to have seen stiff with the rigidity which no affection and no passion may move, touched with the icy chill which not even a mother's last, lingering kiss may melt into warmth—to see the spirit of life pervading that form we had thought to have lain away in silence and dust for ever.

One beautiful and summer-like morning in September, when Harry was just strong enough to walk about the yard with the assistance of a cane, a large hunting party left our town, taking conveniences for camping out, provisions and wine—armed and equipped as the law of sporting directs, for a week's crusade against all sorts of game to whom Heaven had given the freedom of the woods, and who had been obligingly fattening themselves to furnish glory and good living to as arrant a set of scapegraces as ever broke college with a whoop and hurrah!

Half-a-dozen merry fellows came dashing and ha-ha-ing up to our door for Harry's elder brothers, who were to join them. Harry, like a noble, manly boy as he was, strove hard to be happy with and for them, but I saw his lip quiver as he offered his fa-

vourite dog and gun to a young stranger from the city. At last, with many regrets, politely and earnestly expressed, that the invalid could not accompany them, they were off—all gone! Harry watched them sadly as they wound up the hill opposite the window, and when the last of all, his noble hound, after giving one long, wistful look backward, turned again and disappeared, the poor boy, sighing deeply, sank back into his arm chair, and covered his face with his emaciated hands. Presently I saw fast tears gliding through the pale and almost transparent fingers! They were the first I had seen him shed, and seemed wrung from my own heart; so, winding my arms about his neck, I spoke words of affection and good cheer, which, though childlike, were effectual. He began by calling himself hard names—he was a "woman," "a girl," a "very baby and a booby-baby at that." Then he drew up his head, and curled his lip, and dashed away his tears, and "Richard was himself again."

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose!

"Oh, Cousin Harry," I exclaimed, "there are flocks of birds in the orchard. Go out and shoot *them!* I'll carry the gun."

"*What* gun, Grace? Did you not see that they took them all?"

Here *was* a damper; but trust a woman, even in embryo, for scheming. I set out instanter on an exploring expedition. Every chamber and closet in the roomy old mansion was ransacked, and finally my labours were rewarded by finding, among some rubbish in the attic, a clumsy musket, once belonging to our grandfather. Its battered appearance was presumptive evidence of its having gone through the "seven long and bloody wars;" but there were barrel and stock entire. It was a *bonâ fide* engine of destruction and death, and I bore it away in triumph, though with a slight shudder, as I thought how many red-skins it might have sent to their spiritual hunting-grounds.

Harry smiled as, with a mock-heroic air, I presented arms, but laughed outright when he came to examine the musket.

"Why, Grace," said he, "*there is no hammer to this lock!*"

After a little explanation as to the offices of the important agent in the discharge of fire-arms which had thus inopportunely "come up missing," I suddenly exclaimed—"I have it now! You just load the gun, and pour the powder into the pan, and I will follow *with a coal of fire in the tongs,* and—and I think I dare touch it off, cousin."

I thought Harry would have died of extravagant merriment. He rolled on the floor in a perfect paroxysm of laughter, but after becoming calm, vowed he would take up with my proposition for its very fun and oddity.

So behold us sallying forth—Harry, to whom a strange strength seemed given, bearing the gun, and I very busily engaged in efforts to keep coal and courage alive.

The first *bird* at which we took aim was a "chipmunk," who

sat on the fence, leisurely gnawing a kernel of corn. Never shall I forget the moment when Harry whispered "*now!*" I reached out the tongs, but a sudden mist came over my eyes; then a quiver started from my heart and ran along my arm; the coal descended on to Harry's wrist instead of into the pan: he, with an exclamation more hot than holy, dropped the gun, the gun fell on to the coal and then went off, frightening away the "chipmunk" with its report, but (believe it or believe it not, my reader) sending a "whizzing death" through the fat sides of a toad, which we had before remarked demurely seated on a stone near where we stood.

This laughable accident having restored to Harry his good nature and to me my courage, the gun was re-loaded, a new coal procured, my eyes and nerves were true to me—there was a flash, a smoke, a stunning report, and

"Lo, the struck *blue-bird* stretched upon the plain!"

At last, wearied with our labours and satisfied with glory, we gathered up our spoils and turned homeward.

It is strange, but though many years have passed, I still remember distinctly just what game I held in my pinafore on that day—viz.: one blue-bird, two chipping-birds, a meadow lark and a red-breasted robin. The toad I did not count. All of these, with the exception of the robin, a part of whose neck only had been carried away, were literally shot to pieces.

To my disappointment, I found none but servants to whom to display the proofs of my valour. My sweet cousin Alice was at school, and my aunt and uncle taking their morning drive. I waited impatiently for their return, and meeting them on the portico, held up my bloody trophies, exclaiming—"See the game Cousin Harry and I shot while you were gone!" The colonel, patting my cheek, pronounced me "a brave girl;" but my aunt, sadly smiling, said only—"This must have been the robin that sung on our lattice at prayer-time this morning. Poor bird! its song of praise is ended!"

This gentle reproof quivered like an arrow in my heart. I turned hastily, threw away the mangled remains of all but the robin, and with that sought my room. There I folded the dead bird to my breast, and wept over it bitter and passionate tears. I was agonized with contrition when I bethought me that He who had created worlds on worlds had not disdained to mould that tender form, to tint its plumage with one of the colours glowing in the bow which He hung in the Heavens, and to breathe the soul of song into its trembling little bosom. Then bowing down my head, I fervently promised never, never to take from a happy-winged creature the existence which the Father of all in His wisdom had bestowed. Thank Heaven that vow is yet unbroken—the *necessary* destruction of wasps, musketoes and horse-flies always excepted.

CHAPTER II.

Three years had passed since my daring exploits as a huntress, and I was again spending a few merry weeks with the Groves. It was summer, and Harry came home for a vacation, accompanied by two college friends. As one of the young gentlemen was hopelessly lame, hunting was out of the question, and fishing parties on the lake took its place. Every favourable morning their boat put off the shore, and every evening they returned, famously dirty and hungry, with wet feet and dry canteens, and generally, with the exception of Harry, cursing their luck. I well recollect that, however large the party, Harry always insisted on furnishing the fishing-tackle. The colonel once remonstrated with him on this extravagance, but was archly reminded that "he who spares the *rod* spoils the child," and that as a good parent he should "give *line* upon *line*" as well as "precept upon precept." So the old gentleman turned laughingly away, being, like all other amateur soldiers, proverbially good-natured.

Those parties were, I regret to say, made up of the sterner sex exclusively; but after Harry's friends had left, I proposed one morning that he should take Cousin Alice and myself to the lake, on a fishing excursion.

"Alice is quite skilful," he replied, "but do *you* understand angling?"

"No; but there is nothing which I cannot learn."

"Very well, my modest coz; put on your bonnet, and we will go down and practice awhile by catching small fish for bait in the old mill-pond."

The sheet of water to which my cousin referred, was nothing more than an enlargement and a deepening of the stream which ran through our town. The mill, which its waters once turned, had been destroyed by fire, and all the fixtures were fallen to decay, but a capital place for catching bait, nevertheless.

After spending a half hour in initiating me into the mysteries of angling, Harry took a station farther up stream. Near me lay a small log, extending out into the pond, the top only lying above the water. Wearied at last with sitting on the bank, and catching not even a "glorious nibble," I picked my way out to the very end of this log, and cast my bait upon the waters. Presently I marked an uncommonly large "shiner" glancing about hither and thither; now and then tantalizingly turning up his glittering sides to the sunlight. My heart was in my throat. Could I manage to get that fish on to my hook, it were glory enough for one day. Reader, have you ever seen a "shiner?" Is he not the most *finifine*, dashing, dandyish, D'Orsay of the waves, that ever *cut a swell* among "sheepsheads," or coqueted with a young trout.

The conduct of this particular fish was peculiarly provoking. It was in vain that I clad the uninviting hook in the garb of a fresh young worm, and dropped it, all quick and quivering, down before his very nose. Like a careful wooer, who fears "a take in," he would not come to the point; he had evidently dined, and like an old Reformer, played shy of the Diet of Worms.

At last, as though a sudden appetite had been given him, which required *abatement*, he caught the worm, and the hook caught him, and—and—but language fails me ——

Ye may tell, oh, my sisters in author-land, of the exquisite joy, the intoxicating bliss which welms a maiden's heart when love's first kiss glows on her trembling lips; but give me the rapturous exultation which coursed through every vein, and thrilled along every nerve as my first fish bent the top of the slender cane towards the water.

But, ah, the instability of human happiness! That unfortunate "shiner" was strong—very. I had just balanced myself on the rounded three inches of the log; I now saw that I must drop the rod and lose the fish, or lose my balance and win a plunge. Like a brave girl, as I flatter myself I am, I chose the latter. Down, down I went, into six feet depth of water, pertinaciously grasping the rod, which, immediately on rising I flung, with its glittering pendent, high and dry on the shore; and having give one scream, only one, went quietly down again.

Just then, Harry, who had heard my fall at first, reached the spot, plunged in, caught and bore me safely to the bank. When I had coughed the water from my throat, and wiped it from my eyes, I pointed proudly towards my captive "shiner." Alas! what did I behold!—that fish, *my* fish, releasing himself from the hook, and floundering back into his native element! Yes, he was gone, gone for ever, and for one dark moment,

> Naught was everything, and everything was naught."

I need not tell of our walk homeward, of the alarm and merriment which our appearance created: or how I was placed in bed and half smothered with blankets; how a nauseous compound was sent up to me, which Harry kindly quaffed, and grew ill as I grew well. All such matters can be safely left to the imagination of my intelligent reader.

I will but add, that though of late years I have angled more extensively and successfully, have flung a lucky hook into the beautiful rivers and glorious lakes of the west, have dropped *occasional lines* into the waters of American literature, I have never since known that pure, young delight, that exquisite zest, that wild enthusiasm which led me to stake all on one mad chance, and brave drowning for a "shiner."

Lives of the Queens of England from the Norman Conquest, with Anecdotes of their Courts; now first published from Official Records and other Authentic Documents, Private as well as Public. By Agnes Strickland. Vols. X. and XI. London: Henry Colburn.

WHILE Catherine of Braganza was on her way to that court where every insult that woman could intensely feel was heaped upon her head by him who had sworn to cherish her as his queen, the daughter of Ralph, Earl of Clarendon, was delivered of a child—for that child a singular destiny was reserved. As Mary II., she lived to supplant her father on the English throne; to guide the councils of her state at a time when English statesmen were utterly bereft of principle; when every man had two faces, and pocketed the pay of two masters; when what was whispered at Whitehall was uttered aloud at St. Germains; when the men who were the loudest in asserting the principles of Protestantism were in secret communication with the emissaries of the pope. Time has cleared up many a mystery, and to us, at this distance of time, with secret memoirs and correspondence accumulating on all sides around us, the glorious Revolution of 1688 is not altogether destitute of the character of a farce.

In this farce or tragedy, for the reader may consider it in either light, Mary acted an eventful part. Of her youthful life but little is recorded. At an early age, her education was taken from her father's control by Charles II., for the nation was alarmed by the avowed fact, that the Duke of York was like his new bride, a Catholic. It was well known that, on the near approach of death, the late duchess had renounced the religion of her youth, and had received the sacrament according to the rules of the Roman church. Accordingly, to Compton, the soldier Bishop of London, was committed the charge of the princess and her sister Anne. That he made them zealously Protestant there can be no doubt; that he equally advanced their secular learning does not so evidently appear. Anne's education was shamefully neglected. She grew up a disgrace to her preceptor and the rank she held. When seated on the throne of this realm to uphold Protestantism and the principles of the Revolution of 1688, she could find no better occupation than p:ltry intrigue and disgusting gluttony. She died as she had lived, a gambler and a dupe. The puppet moved according to the caprice of the Mrs. Freeman or Abigail Hill, who held the reins.

Mary was cast in a higher mould, as superior to her sister in person as she was in mind. "She was tall, slender, and graceful, with a clear complexion, almond-shaped dark eyes, darker hair, and an elegant outline of features." An anecdote told by the Princess Mary to Sarah Churchill illustrates the obstinate character of her sister Anne. They were walking in their young days together in Richmond Park, when a dispute arose between them, whether an object they beheld at a great distance was a man or a tree. The Lady Mary maintained the former opinion, Anne the latter. At last, they came nearer, and Lady Mary, supposing her sister must be convinced that it was a man, said, "Now, Anne, you must be certain what the object is." "No, sister," was the reply, "I still think it is a tree."

When Mary reached her fifteenth year, it was considered high time to provide her with a husband. There were two candidates for her hand. The Duke of York would gladly have seen her the wife of his kinsman, the Dauphin of France. Charles II. and the English people preferred that she should marry her first cousin, William Henry, Prince of Orange. Fortunately for the prince, he consented to this arrangement. To Charles II. he was much indebted. He was restored by him to the dignities his father held. He was given by him an English princess for a bride, and eventually the English throne.

At that time war was deemed glory, and William started as an hero. Hence his liberty campaigns with the *grande monarque*—hence our national debt. William was distinguished for personal courage. During a battle in the Low Countries between France and Spain, the Prince of Orange received a musket shot in his arm. The Dutchmen retreated, but their young general took off his hat with his wounded arm, and waving it above his head to show his arm was not broken, cheered them on to renew the charge. Again, in the battle of Mont Cassel, his best Dutch regiment obstinately retreated. The prince ralled them. Again they fled, and carried him with them in their flight. The diminutive hero, however, fought both the French and the Dutch in his unwilling transit. One great cowardly Dutchman he slashed in the face, exclaiming, "Coquin, je te marquerai au moins afin de te pendre." "Rascal, I will set a mark on thee at least, that I may hang thee afterwards." "This adventure," says Miss Strickland, rather magniloquently, "leans from the perpendicular of the sublime, somewhat to the ridiculous." On another occasion, when the dark hour of adversity seemed about to extinguish his last glimmering of hope, and when he was recommended to yield the defence of Holland, and make peace with Louis XIV., his spirited answer, "No, I mean to die in the last ditch," evinced that, however little he might be in stature or sickly in constitution, yet that he had, to borrow from the author of Eothen "the pluck of ten battalions."

In 1677, William landed as a lover, on our shores. For Prince William the Duke of York had no particular desire, and Charles and the suitor for the hand of the fair Mary were some time in coming to an understanding. At length, the Lord Treasurer, Danby, undertook to adjust all between the king and the Prince of Orange. The principal party concerned, the poor princess herself, was but little consulted in the matter. According to the diary of her tutor, Dr. Lake, the announcement of the event was made to Mary, October 21. "That day," he writes, "the Duke of York dined at Whitehall, and after dinner came to St. James's, which was his family residence: he led his eldest daughter, the Lady Mary, into her closet, and told her of the marriage designed between her and the Prince of Orange, whereupon her highness wept all the afternoon, and all the following day. The same evening the marriage was formally announced in the Privy Council; the Duke of York assuring the members of it, that, however he was represented abroad, he did herein and would in all his actions endeavour to ensure the security and peace of the kingdom; and that he would never hinder his children from being educated in the religion of the Church of England; which caused great joy in the council."

The courtship was not long. On the 11th of November, the marriage took place. At nine at night, in her bed-chamber, in the palace of St. James's, in the presence of Charles II. and his queen, of her father and his duchess, Mary of Modena, who was then hourly expecting to present England with an heir, Mary became a wife. In episcopalian England, and more especially in presbyterian Scotland, the marriage was one the people liked well. It "was announced with great pomp by the Duke of Lauderdale in Edinburgh, at the Town Market Cross, which was hung with tapestry and embellished with an arbour hung with many hundreds of oranges; and his grace, with the Lord Provost, and as many of the civic and great nobles as it could hold, ascending to this hymeneal temple, entered it, and there drank the good healths of their highnesses, the prince and princess, next of their royal highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of York, then the queen's, and last of all the king's, during which the cannon played from the castle. All the conduits from the cross ran with wine, and many hampers of sweetmeats were tossed among the people, who were loud and long in their applauses. Great bonfires were kindled as in London, and the popular rejoicings were prolonged till a late hour.' The courtly muse of Waller composed an epithalamium on the occasion, which posterity will willingly let die.

On the 19th of November, a westerly wind proclaimed that the hour of departure had at length arrived. From her home and her father, went forth the royal bride in tears. Catherine of Braganza told her to consider how much better her case was than her own;

for, when she came from Portugal, she had not even seen King Charles. "But, madam," answered the Princess of Orange, "remember *you* came *into* England. *I* am going out of England." By the time the Dutch fleet had reached Sheerness, the wind changed, by which they were delayed thirty or forty hours. Of course, neither William nor his princess had any inclination to remain on board. It was by no means desirable to return to Whitehall, and renew, on her part, the pain occasioned by parting with the friends and companions of her youth. Accordingly, the prince went on shore, and crossed the country to Canterbury. Miss Strickland is very indignant, that William and his princess should have done anything so natural for the thirty or forty hours they had to wait for a change of wind; they should have been cooped up in the royal barge. It was the visit to Canterbury that ruined all; had it not been for that, James would never have been driven a beggar from his throne. "The Duke of York," she says, "ought to have seen his son-in-law safely out of the kingdom; for, before William of Orange actually departed, he contrived to play him one of the tricks by which he finally supplanted him in the affections of the English people." The trick consisting simply in the fact, that he borrowed what little ready money Dean Tillotson had in his house at the time.

We had said that Compton had succeeded in making his pupils zealous episcopalians. The statement is not exactly true. When Mary first went to the Hague, she attended a congregation of Dutch dissenters—rather a vague term, we confess. This gave great offence to the English primate, who consequently recalled the queen's chaplain, Dr. Lloyd, because he sanctioned such proceedings. Dr. Hooper succeeded him. "He was," says Miss Strickland, "a primitive apostolic man, greatly attached to the Church of England, according to its discipline, established at the dissemination of our present translation of the Scriptures." Had Miss Strickland as carefully studied Church History as she has English, she would have paused before she printed the passage we have transcribed. Our venerable establishment, with its gorgeous ceremonial, with its titled dignitaries, with its princely revenues, would, we imagine, be somewhat of a stumbling-block to a really "primitive apostolical man." He might have taken it, as a man does his wife, "for better or worse," sensible of its blemishes—wishing much it had incorporated worth itself, otherwise thinking that, on the whole, it were better to conform than dissent, as many good men do; but "greatly attached" to it, he never could have been. We have heard—Miss Strickland may have heard of him too—of a certain "primitive apostolic man," whose advice was, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." Not so, however, acted Dr. Hooper—Miss Strickland herself being witness. "The prince had caused books, inculcating the tenets of

the "Dutch dissenters," to be put in the hands of his young princess. *These Dr. Hooper withdrew from her,* earnestly requesting her to be guided by him in her studies of theological authors. One day, the prince entered her apartment, and found before her, "Eusebius," and Dr. Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," which last is allowed to be one of the grandest literary ornaments of our church, while she was deeply engaged in one of Hooker's volumes. The prince, in great commotion, said, angrily, "What! I suppose it is Dr. Hooper persuades ye to read such books?" Little can be said for the church that dare not put both sides of the question before its followers and, conscious that it is based upon the rule of everlasting truth, calmly await the result. Far different to Dr. Hooper's was the "primitive apostolic" plan. Dr. Hooper, however, appears to have had a docile pupil. He says, "that while he was in her household, about a year and a half, he never heard her say, or saw her do, any one thing that he could have wished she had not said or done." Dr. Hooper was succeeded by Dr. Ken, who went to the Hague for the purpose of finishing the great work the former had so well begun. Miss Strickland tells us, "that Dr. Ken, in 1679, accepted this uneasy preferment, out of early affection and personal regard for the princess, and in hope of inducing her to adhere to the principles of the Church of England, without swerving to the practices of the Dutch dissenters, who exaggerated the fatalism of their founder, and repudiated all rites with rigor. The only creed to which the Prince of Orange vouchsafed the least attention, was that of the Brownists, who united with their fatalist doctrines a certain degree of Socinianism."

Does Miss Strickland know who these Brownists were? Robert Browne was master of the Free School, St. Olaves, Southwark, and was chaplain to the Duke of Norfolk. As the historian of Independency, Mr. Hanbury justly remarks: "Resentment of oppression might explain some of the motives which actuated him in part of his subsequent conduct; for, from what is known of the real sentiments of several of Queen Elizabeth's most favoured ministers, Browne might be the *unworthy* promoter of liberal views, in mere contradiction to the arbitrary measures of the hierarchy." His intrepidity appears from his making it his boast, that, for preaching against bishops and their courts, the ordaining of priests and the ceremonies, he had been committed to thirty prisons, in some of which he could not see his hand at noon-day. Extraordinary as this seems, his was no uncommon fate; and the result was, that the conduct of the queen and her ecclesiastics in resisting the laws which her parliament was proceeding to enact, awakened "a brave spirit of liberty." "A message," said the fearless Peter Wentworth, "was brought, the last sessions, (1572) into the House, that we should not deal in any matters of religion, but first to receive permission from the bishops. Surely this," he continued,

"was a doleful message; I have heard of old parliament-men, that the banishment of the pope and popery, and the restoring of true religion, had their beginning from *this House*, not from the bishops." Browne, unable to bear the rigid rule of the prelates, retired with several friends to Zealand, better known since as the fatal island of Walcheren. Here they formed themselves into a church, and the pastor published his doctrines in "A Book which sheweth the Life and Manners of all true Christians, and how unlike they are unto Turks and Papists, and Heathen folk. Also the Points and Parts of all Divinity—that is, of the revealed Will and Word of God—are declared by these several definitions and divisions in order, as followeth." From this we gather the religious opinions of the followers of Browne. They were certainly very far removed from Socinianism, and not more fatalistic or calvinistic than the Lambeth articles of 1595. The Brownists had their faults—in many things they were narrow and illiberal. The mild spirit of Christianity was almost hidden in the strictness of their judgment and sharpness of their censure. At the same time, we must remember that their errors were the natural result of the circumstances in which they were placed. They were a persecuted sect—every man's hand was against them. Their temper was soured by the continued infliction of injustice and wrong. The liberty they claimed was such as neither the haughty daughter of Henry VIII. or her prelates were disposed to allow. It is to them, and men like them, that we are not a priest-ridden race, but that to each one of us is given freedom to worship God.

But to return to Miss Strickland. The Princess Mary appears to have led a life stagnant as the canals by which she was surrounded. Our author holds up William's domestic conduct in the harshest light. We do not palliate it—nevertheless, such an exuberance of virtuous indignation as she here exhibits, is a little suspicious, when we remember the lenient judgment she has evinced towards sinners much more notorious than the Prince of Orange. James I. was a drunken slobbering sot, if not worse. The pious Charles could equivocate and deceive. The Memoirs of the Count de Grammont throw some light upon the court and character of his graceless son. James II., though more bigoted, was equally unfaithful to his marriage vows. However cold and phlegmatic William may have been, there can be no doubt but that he obtained the love of Mary, and that he had for her a deeper feeling than kings are wont to entertain for queens. Not long since, a king was seated on our throne, whom his parasites termed "the first gentleman of his age;" more than any one, did that man deprave the morals of the land. The destroyer of female virtue—nor youth, nor innocence, nor rank, nor the want of it, nor the solemn vows by which the church would preserve the contract between man and wife it sanctions and sanctifies, could save

from his grasp the victim of his lust. From his midnight orgies he would rise fevered and exhausted, to renew the unvaried routine of criminal indulgence, to peruse, with heartless frivolity, the records of national distress, or the fashionable follies of high life,—

"Death-warrants and the Morning Post."

And yet this man, selfish, hardened, depraved, a rake and a sot, our courtly historian can describe as "a generous prince." That William the Third deserves censure, we readily admit; but we do not like such partial justice as that of Miss Strickland; we must protest against such straining at the gnat, and swallowing the camel. The hero of the Revolution of 1688 has certainly more claims on our gratitude, than the sensual son of George III.

On the noon of February 10, 1685, the news arrived at the Hague, that, by the death of Charles, James had succeeded to the throne. For the Princess Anne, this was a most seasonable event. She was regarded as the ultimate heiress to the crown. James lavished on her every mark of attachment and confidence. Whilst Mary had but £4,000 a year, the allowance of Anne was increased, at her father's accession, to £32,000, an allowance, however, which was insufficient to preserve her from debt. Three times did James release her from her pecuniary embarrassments. The return she made has become matter of history. It places her in the same rank of degradation as that attaching to Marlborough himself.

If James helped one daughter with money, the other was favoured with what he deemed good advice. We quote one passage from the extraordinary conclusion Miss Strickland draws from it. In his letter, dated Feb. 28, 1687, the king observes: "That one of her instructors in religion (Compton, Bishop of London,) holds several tenets which do not agree with the *true* doctrines of the Church of England. This I was not told, but heard him declare in the pulpit, many years since, in the chapel here at Whitehall, and I took notice of it then to a bishop that stood by me; and I know that several others of the clergy do so also, and lean much more to the presbyterian tenets than they ought to do, and very generally run more and more every day into those opinions than ever they did, and quit their true principles." Now, says Miss Strickland, "This was extraordinary language for the convert of Rome to urge to his daughter, and shows a lingering love for the Church of England, the tenets of which he thus allowed were those of a *true church*." We are really surprised Miss Strickland can so miss the evident meaning of the royal scribe. Has not Miss Strickland, times without number, heard people talked of as true to their principles, whether those principles be true or false? If a Conservative were to charge a Whig with deserting his true principles, it does not follow that the Conservative has any leaning

towards the principles of Whiggism, or that he even thinks them true. Miss Strickland's mode of arriving at her conclusion is, to say the least, somewhat extraordinary. Miss Strickland tells us, that James changed his religion rather out of contradiction than from conviction of the superiority of the Roman church over the reformed Catholic church; more from disgust of the polemic railing he heard in the pulpit, than from any other motive. It is well known, however, that James himself attributed his conversion to Roman catholicism, to Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," and Heylin's "History of the Reformation." Of Hooker's genius we are the most ardent admirers, but there must be some flaw in his worth, otherwise it never would have made of James a papist, or won the lavish eulogies of a pope.* Miss Strickland makes no mention of this, though Burnet's abstract of the letter she must have read. But the times were big with danger, and James had to leave theology, and to take care of himself. His downfal may be dated from the hour when, as Burnet says, "he broke with the church." The declaration for toleration was the last drop that caused the cup to overflow. One of James's ambassadors was even so indiscreet as to hint, that, in two years' time, the Church of England would have assumed a very different position from that which it then held. The hope of Protestantism was in the Prince of Orange. Already, most of the leading statesmen in England had committed themselves with him. Already more than one invitation had been sent from this kingdom to the Hague. Success was certain, as soon as William landed at Torbay. The decree had gone forth, and the last of the Stuarts was no more a king. To the last he was what he had ever been—obstinate, blundering, bigoted, and blind. He had been schooled in adversity, he had lost his father on the scaffold; he had wandered an exile in foreign lands; he had seen this great English nation scatter its foes as chaff—and yet he remained insensible to his danger, caring only how his own arbitrary will might be gratified; till too late, he found that the sceptre of his power had crumbled in his hand, and that he had lost his kingdom for a mass.

"There is reason to suppose," says Miss Strickland, "that the practise of toleration of different sects was nearly on the same footing, in the year 1688, as it is at the present time." We trust this remark is not made for the purpose of exciting our sympathy for the bigot James. Toleration had no true advocate in him. He professed himself in its favour for his own private ends alone. Had he gained his object, had he made England subject to the pope, all thought of toleration would have been treated with contempt. In 1679, he talked of toleration, to the magistrates, at Amsterdam. After that time, Scotland was placed under his care, and how did

* Clement the Eighth, see Walton's Life of Hooker.

he act? Never had that country a more inveterate persecutor of religious men: his first act was to pass a law, by which death was to be inflicted on preachers in conventicles held within houses, and on both preachers and hearers at conventicles held in the open air. Fifteen or sixteen Cameronians were barbarously murdered, immediately after his arrival in Edinburgh, though, as Burnet says, "they never attempted anything against any person." When he became king, it was equally manifest, that, with toleration on his lips, the vilest spirit of persecution raged in his heart. While he pretended to alter the laws by which dissenters were excluded from office, he was in his own person committing the very crimes he professed to abhor. For what, but his religious opinions, was Lord Rochester driven from office. We quote a Catholic writer, we mean Dr. Lingard: "The king was disappointed; he complained to Barillon of the obstinacy and insincerity of the treasurer, and the latter received from the French envoy a very intelligible hint, that the loss of his office would result from his adhesion to his religious creed. He was, however, inflexible; and James, after a long delay, communicated to him, but with considerable embarrassment and many tears, his final determination. He had hoped, he said, that Rochester, by conforming to the Church of Rome, would have spared him the unpleasant task; but kings must sacrifice their feelings to their duty." James persecuted for the mere sake of persecuting; according to him, the Scotch Presbyterians and the Scotch Episcopalians were both equally in the wrong—equally out of the pale of salvation. The persecutor's plea—the necessity there was to put down error—the peril resulting from its propagation—the spiritual benefit of the victim, he could not for a moment plead. So in love was he with persecution, that he persecuted men from one heresy to another. Other men have persecuted for righteousness' sake, as they deemed; for that, Louis XIV. hunted down the Protestants of France; for that, James had royal precedents enough. Of this new atrocious mode of persecution, the infamy attaches solely to him. And yet, a writer—and that writer a woman, comes forward to vindicate his fame, and that the verdict of condemnation succeeding generations have unanimously registered should be for ever and at once repealed. We fear the herculean task is beyond our author's powers.

A new era in Mary's life now commences. From the privacy of the Hague, she was called forth to figure in one of the most eventful periods of English history. The historian of the Revolution of 1688 has yet to be born. Fox made the attempt, but left the task uncompleted. Sir James Mackintosh, with better opportunity and more aptitude for the work, was equally unsuccessful. Whoever he may be, to Mary he will have to give more praise than she has generally received.

In February, 1689, Mary, brilliant in person and buoyant in spirit, came as a queen to the land of her birth. "She came unto Whitehall," says Evelyn, "jolly as to a wedding; seeming quite transported with joy;" her sunshine of success had warmed, but it was not long before she learnt the baseness of the court in which it was her misfortune to rule. On the day of her coronation she received the intelligence that James II. had made a successful landing at Kinsale, in Ireland. The news reached other than royal ears. As a consequence, the coronation was but thinly attended. "Much of the splendour of the ceremony," says Evelyn, "was abated by the absence of divers who should have contributed to it. There were but *five* bishops and four judges; no more had taken the oaths; several noblemen and great ladies were absent." Before it was over, Mary appeared flushed and hot. Anne commiserated her. "A crown, sister, is not so heavy as it appears," was the reply. We question whether Mary would have made the same remark at a later period of her life. We can easily imagine her royal consort making a very different remark, for it he had ample reason.

Under the last of the Stuarts the English court had reached its depth of infamy. The statesmen whom William had to employ, he knew to be as thoroughly destitute of principle as men could possibly be. They were men whom he knew well had turned and turned, and could turn again—men who had been schooled in the recklessness and riot of the Restoration, till they had learned to look at religion and principle—man's honour and woman's virtue, as but themes for sarcasm and jest; in that age of surpassing infamy the character of Marlborough stands out bold and unredeemed. He was born an English gentlemen, and yet, had he been born and bred in the stews, he could not have acted a part more destitute of honour than he did. He was the favourite of one king's mistress, and the brother of another. With the price of his sister's shame he began his public career; he fawned at the feet and picked up the crumbs that fell from the table of her seducer. When he waxed fat, he kicked at the hand that fed him, and planned and brought about his master's overthrow. With a new master, with new ties, with new oaths, the baseness of his nature remained unchanged. As he had plotted with William against James, so he plotted with James against William. In the court of the Revolution, he became the betrayer and the spy. He did the work of one master while he pocketed the pay of another; and as if he were afraid that his title to the character of villain might at some future time be questioned, he sent intelligence to the French court of a secret expedition intended to attack Brest, in consequence of which the expedition failed, and eight hundred British soldiers fell! Nor was Marlborough alone. His was merely a more fully developed character than that of the rest. William was compelled to load with benefits, and retain in his employ, men

whom he knew were all the time plotting with the court of St. Germain's his overthrow. Sunderland, Shrewsbury, Oxford, and Carmarthen, were all guilty of the same odious crime. Trevor, Speaker of the House of Commons, retained the office of Master of the Rolls, long after he had been expelled the House for receiving bribes. The Duke of Leeds was continued President of the Council, though he had escaped impeachment for a similar crime only by the absconding of the principal witness—his own servant. "Such a bench and such a bar," says a brilliant cotemporary, "England has never seen. Jones, Scroggs, Jefferies, North, Wright, Sawyer, Williams, Skinner, are to this day the spots and blemishes of our legal chronicles." From this general depravity Miss Strickland would fain excuse the clergy. According to her, "several hundreds" chose poverty rather than the abandonment of principle. We are sorry to be compelled to differ from her. The preceding generation had seen thousands throw up their living for conscience sake, and yet, in a church which had, as one man, declared the doctrine of resistance unchristian, which had by its favourite university burnt works advocating the opposite views—only four hundred clergymen refused to take the oath of allegiance to a government founded on resistance! Such recklessness of principle must have made misanthropical the most benevolent of men. William talked of abdicating the throne in disgust. To the last he was compelled to trust in his Dutchmen alone. The other public men of the time were equally disgusted with public life. Sunderland complained to Mr. Vernon, that he "led the life of a dog." Somers, while Chancellor, declared "that he thought it better to live in Poland than this country." Mr. Vernon no sooner became Secretary of State, than he expresses the misery his situation entailed on him. "I have," says he, "scarce eat or slept since, and I know not how to go backwards or forwards. I had better do as Temple did, fill my pockets with stones and leap over board under the bridge." "Sooner than have anything to do with public business," wrote Shrewsbury to Somers, "I had much rather not live at all." From his retirement at Rome, he wrote home expressions still more strong. "I wonder that a man can be found in England who has bread, that will be concerned in public business. Had I a son, I would sooner breed him a cobbler than a courtier, and a hangman than a statesman." That William should be reserved in the presence of his English courtiers was very natural. "Does your master ever speak?" said Marlborough's aid-de-camp to Keppell, William's handsome page and favourite. "Oh! yes," he replied, "he talks fast enough at night over his bottle, when he has none about him but his Dutch friends." William merely acted as any other wise man would have done.

In such a court, and with such ministers, Mary had to rule.

In 1690, an act of parliament was passed investing her with full powers for governing during the king's absence. Heuceforth the queen became her own historian, at any rate of that part of her reign parallel with her husband's campaign in Ireland. The letters she sent at this time to William, show how well she was fitted for the trying part she had to sustain. At this time treasons and stratagems everywhere prevailed. While her husband was fighting the battle of English liberty in Ireland, English noblemen were plotting his overthrow at home. "Jacobitism," says Miss Strickland, "was, in the year 1690, so frequent in every day life, that it was a common occurrence to see a messenger enter a house, a theatre, or Hyde-park, show a privy council warrant to some gallant, all embroidery, cravat and ruffle, and march him off, bewigged and befringed as he was, from among a circle of belles, to the Tower. If not seriously implicated in any of the numerous plots then in actual existence either in Scotland or England, the prisoner was let out after some weeks' detention, much impoverished in purse by his visit to the grim fortress, for no one in the seventeenth century was freed from the Tower at less than the cost of £200. in fees and other expenses. So common was this manœuvre in the reign of William and Mary, that the matter of fact comedies of the day made these arrests either feigned or real incidents, for the purpose of removing rivals or furnishing adventures to the hero of the piece. In illustration of these traits of the times may be quoted a passage from an original letter of Sir George Rooke, who seems not a little scandalized at the conduct of one of Mary's captives, when her Majesty was pleased to sign a privy council warrant for his liberation. "I could hardly believe that my Lord Falkland was very much transported with his release from the Tower, but did not think that he would not leap from thence into a ball." Jacobite poetry now began to form a powerful means of offence against the government of Mary. It had originated in opposition to the faction which strove to exclude James II., when Duke of York, from the throne. The first of these songs, "York, our Great Admiral!" and "We'll Stand to our Landlord as Long as we Breathe," were decidedly of English composition. But the subject was caught up in the more musical and poetical land beyond the Tweed. Numerous Jacobite relics were adapted to the rhythm of the exquisite melodies of Scotland. Some were tender in pathos; others were bold and biting in satire. There was one of the latter, written by the heir of Lothian, which dashed at the points on which the four persons of the royal family in England were most liable to censure, and combined them in one fierce couplet:—

> "There's Mary the daughter, there's Willie the cheater,
> There's Geordie the drinker, there's Annie the eater."

"Another party song took its rise within a few months of the accession of William and Mary; it was hummed by every voice, and being set to a bold original air, haunted every ear, although it was but a burst of audacious doggrel:—

"Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
King James the Seventh had ae daughter,
And he gave her to an Oranger.

Ken ye how he requited him?
Ken ye how he requited him?
The dog has into England come,
And ta'en the crown in spite of him!
The rogue he sal na keep it lang,
To budge we'll make him fain again;
We'll hang him high upon a tree,
King James shall ha his ain again."

The plaintive and elegant Jacobite songs of this period are not numerous." Mary soon became as tired of English statesmen as her lord. She had secretly imagined that he found fault, from his own cynical spirit. She was soon undeceived. In one of her letters, written at this period, she says: 'I cannot resolve to write you all that has passed at council to-day; till which time I thought you had given me wrong characters of men, but I now see they answer thy expectation, being as little of a mind as of a body. Adieu! Do but love me, and I can bear all." A little while after, when embarrassed about the command of the fleet, she again writes: "I pray God send you here quickly; for besides the desire I have to see you, for my own sake, (which is now not to be named) I see all breaking out into flames." Nine days after, these feuds and factions respecting the command of her fleet, still continued. In August 15, (new style,) she thus writes: "You will not wonder that I did not write last night, when you know that at noon I received yours by Mr. Butler, whose face I shall still love to see ever hereafter, since he has come twice with such good news. What he brought yesterday was so welcome to me, that I won't go about expressing it, since it is impossible. But (for my misfortune) I have now another reason to be glad of your coming, and a very strong one (if compared to any thing but the kindness I have for your dear self), and that is, the discussions which, to my thinking, increase here daily, or, at least, appear more and more to me. The business of the commissioner is again put off by Mr. Russell." It may be as well to add, that Russell was pressed by the king and queen to take the command of the fleet. Russell refused to take the responsibility alone, and insisted on having Shrewsbury associated with himself, and a third party, a sailor, the choice of the queen, was Sir Richard

Haddick. To this arrangement the Lords of the Admiralty and Russell were obstinately opposed, but Mary was more pained by remarks on her husband, than by the appointment of commanders for her fleet. The English of that day were a dissatisfied, grumbling set. William could never please them. "I must needs tell you, on the subject," writes Mary, "That when it was first known you intended to come back, 'twas then said, What, leave Ireland unconquered—the work unfinished! Now upon your not coming, 'tis wondered whose council this is, and why leave us thus to ourselves in danger? Thus people are never satisfied; but I must not begin upon the subject, which would take up volumes; and as much as I was prepared, surprises me to a degree that is beyond expression." A little while after, she tells William that she fancies he will "find people really worse and worse." At this time the queen was occupied with receiving the confessions of the Lords Annandale, Breadalbane, and Ross. These men had headed the deputation sent to offer her and her husband the Scottish crown. They had then joined the widely ramified plot against the government, which had been disorganised, by the death of Dundee, the preceding year. They had then, according to the fashion of these times, rivalled each other in betraying the Jacobites to the displeasure and vengeance of the king. And all this time, strongly surrounded with pretended friends, but real foes, Mary had to wear a serene, untroubled appearance, as if there was no such thing as falsehood in the world, as if her's were a bed of roses. Had she looked gloomy—had she shown in her face the anxiety that was in her heart, the time-servers and plotters by whom she was surrounded would have hastened from Whitehall, as the rats are said to abandon the sinking ship. In answer to a letter she had recently received from the king, Mary writes: "I was extremely glad to find by it you had passed the Shannon, but cannot be without fears, since the enemies have still an army together, which, though it has once more run away from you, may yet grow desperate, for aught I know, and fight at last. These are the things I cannot help fearing, and as long as I have these fears, you may believe I *can't* be easy; yet I must look over them, if possible, or presently every body thinks *all lost*. This is no small part of my penance, but all must be endured, as long as it please God." The thoughts of the queen then naturally turned to Holland. She continues: "Harboard wrote to Sir R. Southwell, as he told me that he has a great deal to say. He pleased me extremely to hear how much people loved me *there. When I think of that, and see what folk do here, it grieves me too much, for Holland has really spoiled me, in being so kind to me;* that they are so to *you* 'tis no wonder. I wish it was the same here; but I ask your pardon for this; if I once begin upon this subject, I can never have done." A little while after, the queen thus vents the overflowings of her burdened heart: "I don't know

what I should do, were it not for the grace of God which supports me; I am sure I have great reason to praise the Lord while I live for his great mercy, that I don't sink under this affliction; nay, that I keep my health, for I can neither sleep nor eat. I go to Kensington as often as I can for air, but then I can never be quite alone, neither can I complain; *that* would be some ease; but I have nobody whose circumstances and humour agree with mine enough to speak my mind freely. Besides, I must hear of business, which being a thing I am now indeed so unfit for, does but *break my brains* the more, and not ease my heart." Far happier would Mary have been, had she remained in comparative retirement at the Hague.

The fact is, Mary was, de facto, the English monarch. She really reigned alone. As Miss Strickland remarks, "the chief part of the six years' war, she was queen of Great Britain." On her talent for government, and all her husband owed to her sagacity, intelligence, and exclusive affection to him, there is little need to dwell. William III., with the exception of the first year of his election to the throne of the British empire, was seldom resident more than four months together in England. When it became evident the failure of the attack on Brest had failed, in consequence of the treacherous information Marlborough had sent the French court, in answer to the censure of the king, he said: "Upon my honour I never mentioned it, but in confidence to my wife." William is reported to have said: "I never mention anything in confidence to mine." The reader must have seen enough of Mary's correspondence to question whether William ever made such a remark. The anecdote merely rests on hearsay and tradition. Miss Strickland doubts whether William ever said anything of the sort, and we agree with her.

Anne is no favourite of ours, nor we believe can she be of Miss Strickland's: and yet Mary is constantly blamed for the rupture which Anne's obstinacy and foolishness rendered necessary. Anne was as false to the cause of the Revolution, as she well could be. The cockpit was the scene of more than one of the counter plots which at that time were being formed every day. At the very time the Princess Anne was praying William for a garter for the husband of her favourite, Marlborough wrote to king James, declaring "that he could neither sleep nor eat in peace, for the remembrance of his crimes against him," assuring him, also, that he would bring back the princess Anne to her duty, if he received the least word of encouragement. Neither William nor Mary could act otherwise than they did. It is an historical fact, that Marlborough did induce Anne to pen a penitential epistle to her father. This was known at Whitehall. It was also known that Anne and her favourite would heap every abusive epithet on the reigning monarch. With the Marlboroughs figuring at the cockpit—intrigueing with

the court of St. Germains—nursing the jealousies and prejudice and ignorance of their royal dupe, it is evident that between the sisters there could be no real peace; the collision, when it did come, came naturally enough. When the husband's treachery was known, when he was driven from office, with well merited contempt, no woman but Lady Marlborough could have had impudence enough to accompany her mistress to court on the next reception day. The letter Mary writes to Anne is a perfect specimen of diplomatic skill; though we need not add, it was powerless as water spilt upon the ground. Anne's common sense might have told, as Mary did, "that her conduct was very unkind in a sister, would have been very uncivil in an equal." But Anne disregarded alike the entreaty of a sister, and the advice of an uncle. The favourite was retained, and the breach between the two sisters grew wider every day. Mary knew that Anne had written to tell her father "that she would fly to him the very instant he could make good his landing in any part of Britain." She knew that the French were masters of the seas, that a large force was preparing to drive her from her throne; that her admiral, Russell, was as likely to desert to James, as remain faithful to herself; that her ministers were simply waiting the turn of the tide, to bring her father back. She had certainly, in the spring of 1692, something else to do, besides soothing down the jealousies and animosities of Anne, or making peace with the haughty woman who ruled her sister with a rod of iron. If Mary acted wrongly, much can be urged on her behalf; for the meanness, jealousy, falsehood, and malice of Anne, not one word can be said.

But we must hasten to a close. For a few days, in December 1699, Mary felt unwell. Her disease was the small pox. Physicians wrangled over her death bed; Dr. Radcliffe, the Jacobite, asserting one thing, and Dr. Millington another. William, hard, cynical, and worldly as he was, in the prospect of his loss, was bowed down with grief. "When it became apparent that death was at hand, he called me into his closet," says Burnet, "and gave a free vent to the most tender passion; he burst into tears, and cried out, that from being the happiest, he was going to be the most miserable creature on the earth, adding, that during their whole wedding, he had never known one single fault in his queen; there was, besides, a worth in her that nobody knew besides himself, though I (Burnet) might know as much of her as any other person did." "It was supposed," says Miss Strickland, "on the Sunday evening, that the queen was about to expire, which information was communicated to the king, who fell fainting, and did not recover for half-an-hour; that day he had swooned thrice. Many of his attendants thought that he would die the first. Queen Mary breathed her last between night and morning, on the 28th of December, 1694, in the sixth year of her reign, and the thirty-third of her age. Prior, Congreve, the

Duke of Devonshire, and Swift, embalmed her memory in verse. Lord Cutts, who is best known to posterity by the line describing him

"As brave and brainless as the sword he wears,'

wrote an elegy, which the Dutch king professed to admire; and Burnet, in his zeal for her character, preached an oration, and penned an epitaph, which, had they been worthily appreciated by the good bishop, would never have been suffered to see the light.

In leaving Miss Strickland, we must protest against some few historical inaccuracies, which she has suffered to exist. How does she make out that sixteen hundred men were left dead in the ill-fated expedition against Brest? How does she make out that poor Burnet was held by William and Mary in such utter contempt? We know Mary once complained that Burnet preached a "*thundering long sermon,*" but, notwithstanding, she might have thought somewhat better of him than it appears Miss Strickland does. Certainly, if Burnet's narrative be in all cases true, Miss Strickland wanders sometimes rather wide of the mark. Miss Strickland, we think, might by this time also have known who wrote "Eikon Basilike;" it is too bad to attribute it to Charles the First.

But it is not for these trifles that we find fault with Miss Strickland, but for offences, as we deem them, weightier still. In 1668, a glorious deed was done. It was proclaimed to the world that, in England, misgovernment might not for ever exist; that we were ready to vindicate our rights; that we were a free nation, and that we had the power to depose the king when that king trampled upon law. The Revolution was not glorious; no baser men ever lived than those by whom it was achieved. William and Mary appear almost the only respectable characters of the time. But if it had not taken place—if James had had his own way, England would either have been as Spain and Portugal are now, or a revolution like that of France at a later period would have deluged the land with tears and blood. That this has not been our lot, that our banner is that of the free; that it flutters in every breeze, and floats on every sea, we owe to the Revolution of 1688. Fortunately for us, unfortunately for his own peace, William sought rather to govern by law than force. Had Cromwell with his Ironsides, or Napoleon with his Guard, been called in, the treasons and stratagems of the time would have been in a twinkling put down. Marlborough and the accursed crew who betrayed every party by turns, who lived on the plunder of the country of which they were the ministers, who grew fat on infamy and disgrace, would have met a righteous and speedy doom. Notwithstanding the perils by which he was surrounded—notwithstanding that the only troops on whose faith he could rely were disbanded—notwithstanding that the

finger of scorn was pointed at the only friends he had—notwithstanding that he was reproached with being a foreigner and a Socinian—notwithstanding that within a few hours' sail of his own dominions there was a king, backed by the most powerful enemy Protestantism had, ever plotting to win back the crown of which he was deservedly deprived—William remained true to his principles and the people of England, and brought to our assistance the character of a constitutional king. In this he was successful. Thus were developed the germ of principles which, so far as they have been developed, have placed England foremost among the nations of the earth. The great practical benefits of the Revolution were numerous. It gave us an Act of Toleration, which, imperfect as it was, (for the clergy and the Tories were stronger than the Whigs and the king,) allayed a mass of suffering and injustice, by which, before that, honest men had been degraded and wronged. It stopped the frightful system by which in Scotland, Episcopalianism had been demonstrating for thirty years, by the banishment and death of upwards of eighteen thousand honest men, its divine right, and suffered the Presbyterian Kirk to repose in peace. It exalted the House of Commons to its rightful place as paramount power in the state, by settling on the king a sufficient sum for his own support, and enacting as a law that the expenses of the army, the navy, and the ordnance, should be defrayed by an annual specific vote. It put an end to the atrocious system by which the earlier volumes of our "State Trials" have become "the most frightful record of baseness and depravity that is extant in the world." It gained for England what the mighty genius of Milton was unable to effect, the liberty of unlicensed printing. It gave power for seventy years to men, who with all their faults, and the Whigs had them, and have them still, maintained that power is a trust for the people,—that it is held by magistrates not for private but public ends—that when abused it may be withdrawn, while men were living who had seen books burnt by the University of Oxford, for declaring the damnable doctrine, that our monarchy is limited and mixed; for these great benefits without which we never could have become what we are—without which we should have sunk lower and lower beneath the withering sway of the despot and the priest—on which our very salvation as a nation depends, we owe eternal gratitude to William and the Revolution of 1688. Miss Strickland writes as if none of these things had taken place, as if William were the worst and James the best of men. As if that were an evil hour which broke the oppressor's yoke, which stayed the torrents of blood persecution for conscience sake had caused to flow—which sent the last of the Stuart kings to die an exile and a beggar in a foreign land. Miss Strickland's last volumes may do for milliners and

shopboys. Young England may learn from them how Mary dressed, what jewels she wore, whether her royal brow was encirled with a crown or no, whether she had black hair or brown; but, the student of history, the generous admirer of great principles and great men, in sorrow will lay them down.

I. E. R.

FACI MARGUERITE;

OR,

THE PEARL OF FRANCE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

'Twas midnight, and no glittering star
  Shone in the blue expanse,
While she, the bride of brave Navarre,
  The "pearl of *la belle France*,"
Sate watchful by the bed of death,
  And gazed with grieving heart,
To mark the last faint flutt'ring breath,
  And *see* the soul depart.*

The dying fav'rite lay serene,
  Hope lit her fading eye;
She whispered to the weeping queen,
  "I do not fear to die;
Faith gives me strength to bear the shock:
  This wrench from life and love,
That seems a mother's hopes to mock,
  My crowning joy will prove."

* See Note.

The holy chapel-bell rang out
  Its early call to pray'r;
All nature smiled, as though about
  To offer incense there:
But she, the queen of brave Navarre,
  Still watched the dying maid,
Who, like some bright departing star,
  Was sinking fast in shade.

She died:—but nothing met the eye,
  That mark'd her spirit's flight;
On viewless wing it rose on high,
  Above all mortal sight:
"Oh! beautiful *believing* soul!"
  The regal mourner cried,
"Thy *faith* had reach'd its crowning goal,
  Before thy young heart died.

"Oh! mystic power of mighty death!
  Who shall unravel thee?—
Thou call'st, and the obedient breath
  The captive soul sets free:
But none can track its upward flight,
  Above this earthly sod,
But *He* who gave it life and light,
  The heav'n-enshrined God.

"Ah! rifled casket of the soul!
  I cannot look on *thee*,
And bid my heart those tears control,
  That struggle to be free:"
She press'd her lip of roseate bloom,
  To lips whose bloom had fled;
Then, weeping, left the shrouded room
  To darkness and the dead.

She sought the holy altar's shrine;
  She knelt in meekness there,
And offer'd to its God divine,
  A long and fervent pray'r:
Her beauty, and her queenly pow'r,
  She bow'd before the cross;
Then rose, and sought her lonely bow'r
  Resign'd to bear her loss.

And when she joined the courtly throng
  Of knights, and ladies bright,
Although her grief forbade the song,
  And sportive dance that night;

No trace upon her lovely brow,
Of sorrow, met their gaze;
Her Christian heart had learn'd to bow
To Heav'n's mysterious ways.

Yet often, when the night-shades fell
Upon the marble tomb
Of her young fav'rite, Isabelle,
Amid the cypress gloom;
The beauteous queen would steal an hour,
To faithful friendship due,
And fondly strew the votive flow'r,
O'er one so young and true:

And there would stand. and moralise,
As queens but seldom do;
But Marguerite, though great, was wise;
Though fair, full well she knew,
That grandeur is a fleeting dream,
And beauty but a flower
That glitters in life's morning beam,
And withers in an hour.

"O foolish thought!" she cried: "alas!
How could I hope to see
The pure immortal spirit pass,
When life had ceased to be?
Faith is of things *not seen*, and must
On nobler motives lean;
As I in God believe and trust,
Whom I have never seen."

Note.—"The beautiful Marguerite, queen of Navarre, 'the pearl (*marguerite*) of the French crown,' increased the lustre of her birth by the splendour of her genius. With extraordinary beauty, and the fairest female virtues, she united a highly cultivated mind, and an energy of soul not often to be found, even in the greatest men. . . .

"The important part which Francis I. and his mother suffered the queen of Navarre to take in the government of the kingdom, did not in the least distract her attention from the sciences and from literary avocations. No one was more happy than she in the invention of elegant mottoes or devices, which were embroidered or wrought in tapestry or bed-furniture. Of these she composed an incredible number, in Latin, French, and other languages. She likewise wrote many plays, then denominated pastorals, and caused them to be performed by the young ladies of her court. Her numerous poems were collected and published by her courtiers, under the

title of 'Marguerite des Marguerites.' But she acquired her greatest fame as a writer, by her 'Decameron, ou les Cent Nouvelles de la Reine de Navarre," which, during her lifetime were more highly esteemed than the tales of Bocaccio, and which are still preferred to the model which she adopted. Most of these novels were written while travelling in her litter, and with the same facility as though they had been dictated by another.

"But one of the most prominent virtues of the beautiful queen of Navarre was her undissembled piety. She carried her religion, not upon her lips, but in her heart, and seriously reflected upon its solemn truths. It is not improbable that among all those truths, none was concealed from the pious and contemplative queen with such an impenetrable veil as the important doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and the eternal duration of the rewards of virtue after death. On this subject Brantôme relates some anecdotes which are extremely interesting in various points of view. The queen being once informed that one of the ladies of her bed-chamber, to whom she was greatly attached, was at the point of death, she seated herself by the bedside of the expiring favourite, and never took her eyes from her till she breathed her last. Her attendants could not forbear asking their mistress why she had fixed her eyes so immoveably on an object so disagreeable as a dying person. The queen replied that 'she had done it to ascertain the truth of an opinion maintained by certain philosophers, that at the moment of death the soul is separated from the body. She had therefore watched, to discover whether the spirit of a dying person quitted its mortal habitation in a manner perceptible to the organs of sight or hearing. She had not, however, perceived any thing of the kind, and she should therefore be at a loss what to think of the presumed separation of the soul and body, if she were not *firmly established* in the *faith*, and did not know that it was her duty to embrace the truths of religion, even though she could not explore and satisfactorily account for them." (What *finite* being can account for the works of the *infinite* Creator?)

"Whenever the queen of Navarre heard any one speaking of death and the happiness of a future state, she would reply, 'All that is very true: but oh! how long must we slumber in the bosom of the earth, till we attain the enjoyment of that bliss!'"

WHARFDALE;*

OR,

THE ROSERY.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER VIII.

THAT "misfortunes never come single," is an old, and if we test our own individual experience, we should be inclined to add, a true saying. Leaving proverbs, however, (which, by the way, are almost looked upon as vulgar things in these days) and their truth to such persons as may think it worth their while to exercise their ingenuity upon them, we shall content ourselves by relating simple facts, incidents of every day life just as they occur, willing to grant, however, that they do occasionally bear strongly in favour of the proverbialist's assumption.

Never, since the arrival of Melville and his wife in England, had he been able to gain any information of his father, beyond the intelligence he had received from the Rev. Miles Stapleton and the tell-tale gossip of the villagers, which often served rather to confound than to elucidate. Bitterly as he felt the ignominy and reproach which had attached to the name of his parent, he could not suppress a lurking desire to know something at least of that parent's destiny. Although the world might condemn, and that most justly, Melville could never bring his mind to think so

* Continued from p. 176, vol. I.

harshly of his abandoned father as many people often seemed inclined to convince him he ought to do.

The morning following the one on which they had received the letter from Mrs. Cavendish, again brought the postman to the door. Another letter was put into the hands of the young couple, and with it came another and a severe trial. It was from Mr. Adolphus Melville, and was couched in terms at once cold, sinister, and ambiguous.

The following paragraph, however, while it serves to point out an evil of a most pernicious and injurious kind, may serve also to unriddle, in some slight degree, the past conduct of the writer:—

"Doubtless, Leicester, the poisoned tongue of the talkative and scandal-loving crowd will have attached to my name a degree of infamy and opprobrium that may tempt you almost to blush at the very thought that you should have sprung from such a sire. Be it even so: I shall never humble myself so low as to frame excuses, much less to solicit pardon, for whatever may have been wrong and inconsistent in my conduct, at the hands of my own child. That my character as a minister of the gospel was bad and disreputable, I am at once willing to admit, but let me tell you, Leicester, and I do so that you may derive wisdom from the benefit of my experience, I first entered into holy orders not from any desire or inclination of my own, but as a matter of family necessity. As you are aware, I was the second son of a wealthy commoner, who, aping the dignities, and ofttimes the follies of the aristocracy, thought right to entail the whole of his estates on his eldest son, leaving myself and three other children comparatively penniless. His folly stopped not here. He would not allow any member of his family to mix with the commercial community, much less to seek an honest livelihood through an honest and honourable trade. We must all be brought up to one of the three professions, which are styled, *par excellence*, aristocratic. Unfortunately, perhaps, for me, it happened that my father had become acquainted, it matters not how, with a nobleman who had the advowson of ——. It was a splendid living, as such things are usually termed, and an advantage not to be overlooked. Having secured the promised and necessary patronage, I, who had generally been looked upon as the most unmanageable and reckless of the family, was at once selected out as the future clergyman. Right or wrong, I was sent off to college, passed through the usual gradations of my pupillage, received my degree, and was finally ordained. I must tell you, though, I had abhorred from the very first the idea of entering into a profession which to me had ever been one of all others the least desirable. I was not, however, alone in this respect; many a young scion of a noble house I soon found was glad to make a virtue of necessity, and to play the same character

as I was about to do. Many, indeed, were my college companions who might have said 'My poverty, and not my will, consents.'

"To this cause, Leicester, may often be attributed the wickedness and immoralities of the ministers of the state's establishment. To conclude my narrative, I need only add, further, after some years, my eldest brother died suddenly, and I then became heir to the estates; my father, however, was still living, and a life of reckless extravagance had placed me in such a position that I was glad to keep on my profession for the sake of the income it produced. Daily, however, becoming more and more entangled, I at length found it necessary to increase, by some way or other, the means of supporting the position in life I had assumed. My father was now in a state of second childhood. Taking advantage of this, and luring by a thousand bright promises my somewhat perverse brothers to second my endeavours, I succeeded in getting executed a deed for barring the entail, and in procuring at the same time an immediate conveyance to myself of a portion of the estates. The old man shortly afterwards dying intestate, the remainder of the lands fell into my hands as heir-at-law. The greater part of them were immediately sold, and the monies they produced invested for convenience in the funds. I at once increased my establishment, launched out into a thousand fresh extravagances, and spent my money, in truth, as freely and as recklessly as the most thoughtless could desire. I had then the reputation of being one of the most wealthy commoners in the county, and, so long as this reputation lasted, my professional character, though often assailed, ever remained, as far as the world was concerned, untarnished. I afterwards married, as you know, an extravagant woman,—a base, disreputable,—but no matter, no matter. Reckless riot and extravagance eventually brought their common result—ruin, beggary, and disgrace. For some cause or other, which it is needless for me to state, I was given to understand from the bishop that I had better relinquish my profession, that profession which I had entered, followed, prostituted, all for the love of money. I fear it is a common, though a heinous fault."

Thus, somewhat abruptly, concluded the paragraph. The letter, though lengthy, contained little that was calculated to throw any light upon the present position of its author. He simply stated himself to be residing in the suburbs of Manchester, but as to his reasons for having chosen that locality, he said not a word. He desired, moreover, that his letters should be addressed to him at a certain house in the town, and not at his own home. It required but little penetration on the part of Melville to discover that his father was still under the influence of that reckless and abandoned spirit which had seemed from his own admis-

sion to have influenced him almost from his very outset in life.

To start off for Manchester; there to hunt out the abode of his miserable parent; to become the ready instrument of relief to his wants and necessities; was the first thought, the unswerving resolve, of the kind-hearted Melville; and every thing was shortly put in course for facilitating his departure.

Much as the youthful painter had mixed with society, both at home and abroad, far and wide as he had extended his travels, he was as yet in truth but little acquainted with men and manners. Whatever, in the course of his observations, had struck him as noble and praiseworthy, that he had treasured up in his memory, and, hoarding it as a thing sacred and worthy of imitation, he had laid it closely, though silently, to his heart; whatever, on the other hand, had caused a thrill of horror and disgust to dart through his breast, he had at once shunned and forgotten, careless alike to its cause and its result. He had, in short, brought his inexperienced mind to contemplate with an enthusiasm so intense the brighter and better pictures of human life, that he had but little conception of its truly dark and startling realities. He had, nevertheless, a philosophical temperament, and to the natural goodness of his heart alone might, perhaps, be attributed, in no slight degree, his utopian and romantic views.

To a man with a mind thus constituted, and of an excitable and enthusiastic temperament, to will is almost to perform. Dangers, vexations, and difficulties, the very contemplation of which is sufficient to startle, and even in most instances to overthrow, the most fixed resolves of an ordinary mind, are looked upon as light and insignificant trifles. While others would have stood to contemplate the difficulties, to calculate the results, Leicester Melville, following the dictates of his heart, would at once have plunged fearlessly and boldly into the stream.

All was bustle and confusion within the usually quiet and undisturbed walls of the Rosery; not a moment was to be lost: that night its master was to start out on his journey. The pretty Lisette, despite her endeavours to the contrary, looked every now and then very, very, sorrowful.

This was the first time Melville had ever left her side for any distance since they were married, and there was a depression upon her spirits which she could not remove. Perhaps it was very foolish, or, as the world would say, very absurd. Be it so: (the dear Lisette!) *we*, at all events, will not make a mockery of the tender feelings of her young heart, but rather will we pause to contemplate the thousand hopes and fears by which it was assailed. She was a very woman, and all a woman's love was hers; bereft of her one treasured idol, she would indeed have been robbed of

the very light and soul of her existence, and might, with the impassioned Juliet, have exclaimed,

> "O break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at once!
> To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
> Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
> And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!"

CHAPTER IX.

MANCHESTER, at all times, and viewed even under the most favourable circumstances, is a dark, dingy, comfortless place,—and on a wet and lowering day it is, without exception, one of the most dirty and miserable towns, within which we ever set foot. The huge manufactories which spring up on every side, rearing their giant-like chimneys to the sky, send forth their dark volumes of smoke, and overspread the whole place with one dense and impure cloud. The streets, perhaps, with two or three exceptions, have a dull and dirty appearance,—and there is an air of comfortlessness about them which cannot fail to call forth the condemnations of a stranger. True it is, there are many noble and costly erections springing up almost on every side, but these, in nine cases out of ten, from some cause or other, are robbed of half their beauties. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, Manchester puts forth a thousand claims to our wonder and admiration. It would be impossible, we apprehend, for any one to contemplate unmoved the dense masses of his fellow creatures which here surround him on every side. All is bustle, hurry, and business,—and the whole town seems like one swarming hive of industry. An idler here can scarcely fail to feel himself out of place,—every one around him has business on his hands, and every one save himself seems irresistibly borne along in the busy vortex of commerce and labour. That "Ingenuity and perseverance overcome all difficulties," is an adage too well established to admit even the shadow of a doubt; and no town, throughout the whole of England,—perhaps, we might even say Europe,—furnishes us with so many proofs, clear

and indisputable, as this same dirty, dingy, Manchester. How many of the great cotton lords of the age,—men whose coffers and establishments equal, if not surpass those of many of the aristocracy,—how many, we ask, of these men, have sprung from the very lowest and humblest ranks of society? Whence sprang the Arkwrights, and the Potters? Ingenuity, perseverance, and industry,—is the grand secret of their success. These and such like are the men whose names have given a lustre to dirty Manchester!

But at once to our narrative.

It was a dull, cold, and drizzling morning when Leicester Melville, after travelling all night by the stage coach, found himself set down at the entrance to the ——— Hotel, in Market Street. He was wearied and worn out by the fatigues of the journey, and the thousand bitter reflections which had harassed and oppressed his young mind during the last few hours, had left him in a sad and melancholy humour, and few men, perhaps, have felt more keenly the truth of the remark made at the opening of this chapter, than did the heart-stricken Melville at that moment. Everything around him seemed, "dark, dingy, and comfortless," and tended to increase, rather than to dissipate his gloom.

The more Melville reflected upon the step he was about to take, the greater appeared the difficulties he would have to encounter,—and the less certain his success. The only clue he had, by which to discover his abandoned parent, was to seek out the party to whose care he had ordered his letters to be addressed, and thus to gain, if possible, such information as might direct his steps. At an early hour of the day, Melville, with anxious and palpitating heart, was hurriedly perambulating some of the lowest and most disreputable streets at the northern extremity of the town. Somewhere or other in that miserable locality, he had heard, was the house named in his parent's letter; none, however, of whom he solicited information appeared to speak with any accuracy on the subject, much less to give themselves any trouble about the matter. There was a coldness and indifference in the manner and address of all with whom he spoke, that jarred strangely on the better feelings of his young and susceptible heart. The coarse, brawny women, and the half-naked and apparently half-starved children, which were here and there collected in groups at the corners of the streets, looked upon him with an air of curiosity and wonder that could not fail to attract his attention; while many a faint and half-suppressed joke, or contemptible titter of laughter, rudely passed on some peculiarity of his dress, fired him with indignation and disgust. It was clearly evident that it was no very common thing for a person of Melville's manners and appearance to be seen in that neighbourhood. Too anxiously bent, however, on his object, to allow these annoyances to have more

than a momentary influence on his feelings,—he kept on at a brisk rate through the circuitous windings of a number of small streets, which appeared, if possible, to become more filthy and disreputable at every turn. It was not until after a good half-hour's ramble, that he discovered something like a chance of finding the spot of which he was in search. A small, dirty board, fastened against the side of a house that stood at a direct angle with the path, announced to the pedestrian that he was entering ——— street.

That was the street mentioned in his father's letter, and it was in a small court leading therefrom in which he hoped to find the very house. His brightest hopes returned, but looking anxiously around him for a few moments, the squalid poverty, the wretchedness, and misery which seemed everywhere to start forth, cast a heavy cloud of sadness and melancholy over his excited feelings.

"Can it be possible," mentally ejaculated he, "that my parent is residing in a place like this? Poverty and destitution are on every side. Oh, wretched, wretched man!" Wrapt in these gloomy thoughts, he almost mechanically pursued his course until he had advanced about half-way up the street, when he suddenly found himself close upon a low, dark-looking passage, which led into a narrow court-yard, at the back of the adjoining buildings. After pausing for a moment, to assure himself that he was not mistaking his course, he entered the yard. His heart sank within him. Never, perhaps, in the whole course of his life had he looked upon so wretched and miserable a picture, as presented itself at that moment. The buildings, if such indeed they ought to be called, forming the three sides of the court, were of the most mean and wretched description, and were evidently tenanted by a most degraded and disreputable class of people. From the half-choked drains, and the various accumulations of putridity and filth, which were everywhere observable, there arose an effluvia as disgusting to a stranger as it was injurious to those poor atoms of humanity, to whom long custom had inured it as the daily atmosphere of their existence. Several children were playing about the court, at the moment of Melville's entrance, and their appearance was, indeed, in keeping with everything around them. Poverty, rags, sickness, and decrepitude, might be said to be, more or less, the wretched inheritance of all. Oh, it was a sad, sad, sight,—and yet, alas, how many such might we daily find, not only in dingy Manchester, but in almost every manufacturing town throughout the kingdom! From one of these wonder-stricken little ones, Melville soon found out the house of which he had come in search. It was at the extreme end of the court, and partook in every respect of the common characteristics of the place.

"Pray, my good woman," said he to a coarse, though intelligent

looking female who answered his summons at the door, "can you give me any information of one, Mr. Adolphus Melville, who has lately come to reside in Manchester, and with whom I believe you are acquainted; or if not personally acquainted with him, perhaps you may be able to furnish me with his address."

"Melville!" repeated the woman, eyeing her interrogator with a look of intense curiosity, "Melville! I do not know any one of that name, sir.—You have mistaken the house."

"No, indeed, I have not."

"Well then, sir, you have got the wrong name. Once for all, I assure you we have no Mr. Melville here, or any other *Mr.* that I am aware of," and laying peculiar emphasis on the word "Mr." her lip curled with a contemptuous smile, and she looked round the court as much as to infer, this is no place for titles, young gentleman.

"Pray though," continued Melville, somewhat startled by her cold and cautious manner, "tell me, do you not receive letters for a gentleman of that name?"

"No, sir, we do not."

"Nor have you been in the habit of doing so?"

"Certainly not, sir."

"It is strange,—very strange," replied Melville, gloomily; and taking his father's letter from his pocket, he again looked at the address, though he had examined it too often before, to have even the shadow of a doubt on his mind, as to his having made any mistake. "This is Mr. Melville's own letter, in which he informs me that any communication addressed to him here will be put into his hands."

"Again, sir, I tell you," replied the woman, somewhat sharply, "I know no one of that name. There is a person,—a gentleman, if you please,—for whom we do occasionally receive letters: but assuredly his name is not Melville."

The thought that his parent, ashamed of his present position in the world, might have been induced to adopt some other name than his own, at once flashed across Melville's mind, and grasping eagerly in his despair, at this last faint hope, he exclaimed, in a voice so eager and energetic that the female started back with astonishment,

"Tell me, I beseech you, who and what kind of person is the one to whom you allude. It is of the utmost consequence that I should discover the gentleman of whom I am in search."

"Why, sir, as to *who* the person is, that may readily be told,—his name is Mark Lonsdale, but as to *what* he is, that is another and an entirely different question, and one that may not be so readily answered. No matter, though, no matter, I have my own suspicions on that score, and depend upon it, I shall not tell them to another."

"Pray, pray, my good woman," said Melville, "give me some description of his person, his appearance. Answer me, is he old, tall, dark complexioned?"

"He is so. But now, sir, perhaps you will condescend to inform me, why I am to answer these questions."

"Fear not," replied Melville warmly, "my object to-day, is not to injure, but to benefit both him and you. And let this," continued he, holding forth his purse, "let this be earnest of my honesty. From your description, I apprehend, Mark Lonsdale is none other than the very person of whom I am in search,—be this, however, as it may, tell me his address, that I may at once satisfy my suspicions, and I will reward you doubly in the event that this should prove to be the case."

"Of a truth, sir," answered the woman with much complacency, grasping the well-filled purse within her hand, "I know no more where he lives, than yourself, but he will be here, in all probability, to-night, and then, if you will promise me on your oath, that you mean no harm, I will obtain this information for you."

"But will he not refuse to tell you where he resides?" eagerly inquired Melville.

"No doubt of it, but what of that, sir? There are more ways than one of finding out a secret,—leave all to me, and I will answer for our success."

"Well, be it as you please; on my oath I promise you my mission is a friendly one, and the sooner you are able to put me in a way for its execution, the more liberally shall you be rewarded. Here, on this card, you have my name and the address of my hotel. The moment you have anything to communicate, you will let me know."

The woman, now apparently fully assured of the honesty of Melville's intentions, more, perhaps, by the liberality of his bribe than anything else, promised faithfully to perform the required service. How that promise was fulfilled our next chapter will shew.

CHAPTER X.

The day had closed in gloomily; and Melville, wearied and worn out by anxiety and fatigue, had retired at an early hour to his own

quiet sitting-room, and there, seated in an easy arm-chair by the fire, that kept up a merry crackling at the furthest end of the apartment, he had fallen into a sad and melancholy train of thought. Eight,—nine,—and at last ten o'clock, was announced by an old ormolu time-piece, that was fixed above the mantel-shelf, yet he had received no tidings. He was just in the act of ringing for coffee, when a gentle tap at the door arrested his foot-steps,—and the next moment a waiter, with a look, half of anger and astonishment, ushered into his presence, the female whom Melville had that morning enlisted into his services, accompanied by a fine, intelligent-looking boy of ten or twelve years of age.

"Now, sir, you see," exclaimed the woman, as soon as the waiter had withdrawn, "I am as good as my word."

"And have you been successful?" eagerly inquired Melville.

"I have discovered everything. Mark Lonsdale, as I expected, called for his letters at nightfall. I questioned him as closely as I was able to do, without betraying my purpose, but to no good. He was gloomy and morose, and refused to enter into any conversation beyond an idle tittle-tattle, on mere common-place topics."

"How then, did you succeed in making the discovery?"

"Oh, sir, I was not to be put off in that way,—I had expected, and consequently prepared for the difficulties. *Smirk*, this is Smirk, you must know, sir," and she led the boy forward, "is ever alive to a dodge, and although my own, I say it, yet perhaps I ought not to do so, he is one of the finest little fellows in Christ-endom. Well, sir, as soon as Mark Lonsdale left the house, Smirk was at his heels, dogging him step by step, closely and warily as a young terrier,—and no short walk, the lad has had of it, I'll be bound."

Smirk, with a significant nod of his head, confirmed his mother's statement.

"Notwithstanding this, sir," continued the woman, "he shall willingly accompany you to the place, even to night, in case you desire it. It is too seldom we have the chance of making an honest guinea, to let an opportunity like this pass away without making the most of it."

"The sooner the better," replied Melville, and, throwing down a gold coin upon the table, he continued, "and here is further reward for your trouble."

"One who pays so liberally, deserves to be served honestly, sir," exclaimed the woman, as she deposited the coin in her pocket; "it is seldom, indeed, one has the good luck to fall in with so noble a gentleman."

"A truce to compliments,—good night,—good night," exclaimed Melville.

"Good night, sir," repeated the woman, moving towards the

door, then, again turning to the boy, continued, "you will be a good boy, Smirk,—and attend to the gentleman's orders."

Smirk muttered an assent, and his mother withdrew.

There was something about the appearance, and still more about the address of this strange woman, that sorely perplexed Melville. In her manner and conversation she was strikingly superior to every one he had spoken with, in the neighbourhood where she dwelt, yet there was an evident craftiness and cunning in all she said and did, that at once raised a vague suspicion in his mind,—that if she was less coarse and repulsive than many of her neighbours and companions, she was certainly none the less abandoned and depraved. The thought that she might even now be laying a trap to ensnare him into some difficulty, at once flashed across his mind; but on looking on the face of the young boy who stood gazing about the apartment with an air of wonder and astonishment, its frank, open, and disingenuous expression, immediately drove away the idea, and served the more fully to reassure him of her honesty, at all events, as far as he was concerned. But whatever might have been Melville's convictions at that moment, such was the intensity of his feelings, that he would not have been easily dismayed by any fancied cause of personal danger. He had thought calmly and seriously of his conversation with the female, in the morning, and had found little difficulty in reasoning himself into the full assurance that *her* Mark Lonsdale was, beyond all question, his own unfortunate parent; indeed, he was amazed almost, at his own thoughtlessness in even having supposed that his father, ruined and disgraced as he was, would have mixed with the world under his own name, that name to which nothing but shame and obloquy could henceforth attach. Hastily throwing on his cloak, and arming himself with a thick, old-fashioned walking stick, he bade his young guide drink off a glass of cordial that was on the table, and they then issued into the street. Smirk, apparently well accustomed to his office, kept a few paces in advance, every now and then, however, turning round to assure himself that he was not outstripping his companion. Diverging almost immediately from the main street, he led the way through a number of small ill-lighted courts and passages, which at length ran out into another large and public thoroughfare at the lower end of the town. Melville recognizing the place, stood for a moment struck with wonder at the intricate and labyrinthian route by which he had been led; but Smirk, evidently anxious to avoid as much as possible, all observation, silently beckoned him to proceed, and almost immediately plunged once more into a darker, and if possible a more circuitous range of streets than before. These were nearly all deserted, and it was only every now and then, when some sudden opening at a distance, shewed a more public and better-lighted thoroughfare, that Melville was at all

enabled to make out the direction they were pursuing. There was nothing, however, in the manners of his young guide, or even in the appearance of the streets themselves, beyond their darkness and desertion, to inspire him with anything like alarm. Silently yet quickly they pursued their course, and after a brief half hour's ramble, it seemed to Melville that they were approaching the suburbs of the town. He was not mistaken. A few more turns and intricate windings soon brought them out on the public high road, and it was evident from the straggling position of the houses on each side, that they were advanced much further even, than Melville had supposed. Still keeping a short distance in advance, and quickening rather than diminishing his speed, Smirk kept along the high road for some distance. The gas lamps became few and far between. The houses dwindled away one after another, and the distant sounds from the busy town were every moment less and less distinct.

They were rapidly approaching a large brick-field, the lurid flames from the smoking kilns already shed a dim glare along their path, and lighted up the black canopy over their heads with a blaze of brightness. Smirk, suddenly turning to Melville, placed his fore-finger upon his lip, and whispered in a low and subdued voice, "see you, yon hovel, to the left of the kiln, 'tis a bad place, there is much mischief often done there, sir."

"What of that, boy?" demanded Melville, firmly.

"Hush, not so loud, sir, every bush may have an ear, for aught I know, and should it be so."

"At once, boy," said Melville, grasping Smirk by the collar; "tell me your object in leading me here, or I will ——"

"Hush,—pray, hush, sir," earnestly interposed Smirk, "or you will betray yourself. Our road is by the end of that hovel, and a quarter of an hour's walk from thence will bring us to Mark Lonsdale's."

Reassured by the boy's earnestness of manner, Melville relinquished his grasp, and bade him lead the way. Smirk, evidently pleased at this mark of confidence, stole stealthily along a narrow footpath, which, diverging from the high road, led towards the hovel, every moment, however, evidently becoming more and more alarmed for the safety of his companion. They had advanced within a few yards of the ominous looking building when a surly growl, followed by the loud bark of a dog within, caused Smirk to stagger with alarm. In a moment, he recovered himself, and silently beckoning Melville to follow him, rushed towards an opening in the hedge of an adjoining field, and set off at the top of his speed. After a brisk race of some two or three hundred yards, the boy intimated that they had no occasion to trouble themselves further.

"You are quite safe now, sir," said he; "Black Merrivale has

lost a customer for once. It is well though for you, sir, I happen to know every yard of ground about here, as well as I know our own house, or else—but no matter, no matter. This way, sir; we shall soon be at the end of our walk now."

Retracing his course by a long and circuitous ramble through the fields, Smirk, followed by Melville, once more regained the path from which they had so suddenly diverged, and at some distance away from the hovel. He now, however, became as when they had first set out, doggedly silent, and notwithstanding Melville's solicitations, refused to say another word in reference either to Black Merrivale, or himself. It was quite evident that the boy, young as he was, had become thoroughly acquainted with the haunts of wickedness and vice; neither could Melville avoid coming to the conclusion, that he was an instrument in the hands of bad and lawless men. They had now entered a narrow lane, bounded on each side by a thick hedge-row, and darkened by the shade of a large plantation of fir-trees. A small cottage by the road-side shortly became visible, it was surrounded by a small plot of garden ground, and enclosed by a pale fencing.

"This," said Smirk, pointing to the house, "is Mark Lonsdale's. Will you go back to night, sir? shall I wait for you?"

"Yes," replied Melville; "you had better go in with me."

"No, sir," exclaimed Smirk, seating himself on a stone at the foot of an old tree, "I shall do very well here for an hour or two. I shall not care much for the cold, sir,—I am pretty well used to it."

A light, streaming from the cottage window at this moment, shewed the inhabitants to be still on the move,—and Melville, too much excited to bandy words with his young guide, hastened at once to the door.

His summons was readily answered.

CHAPTER XI.

Mark Lonsdale, and Mr. Adolphus Melville, were one and the same person.

Melville, on entering the cottage, was at once ushered into the

presence of his father and his step-mother. Both, as may readily be supposed, received him with exclamations of unfeigned wonder and surprise; and there was in the manner and salutation of his parent an air of coldness and displeasure which jarred sorely on his young heart. To his astonishment, there was an appearance of cleanliness and neatness about the interior of the little dwelling, that he had scarcely ventured to anticipate, and if there were none of the luxuries of the old parsonage, there were, at all events, many of the necessary requisites of comfort. The first half-hour after his arrival, was strongly marked by the prying garrulity of his step-mother, and the gloomy reserve of his father, whose answers were, almost without exception, confined to cold and unmeaning monosyllables, and those, too, evidently delivered in a peevish and angry tone.

"It is time for you to retire, Mrs. Melville," at length said the old man to his unamiable wife.

"Indeed, sir, I am in no haste," replied she, with an air of most dogged obstinacy.

"Then I beg, madam, that my wish may be received as a command.—Leicester may have business with me, and your presence may only prove a barrier to its progress."

Without deigning a reply, she continued her work.

"Mrs. Melville," repeated her husband, "at once let me request you to go to your own room; and more than this, madam, I must warn you against playing the eaves-dropper."

With an indescribable look of passion and mortification, the offended Mrs. Melville threw down her work upon the ground, seized the candle from the table, and without uttering a word, left the apartment.

The door closed behind her with a heavy and anger-fraught *bang*, and the next moment she was heard rapidly ascending the stairs.

Father and son were now alone. They were sitting face to face, and each was evidently struggling with his own bitter feelings. The flickering flames, emitted from a few smouldering embers in the grate, gave a dull and melancholy light to the apartment, which accorded well with the thoughts and feelings of its occupants. For some moments both maintained an indomitable silence. There was evidently a strong internal war being carried on in the heart of the guilty and abandoned parent; anger and shame were struggling for the mastery. A deep sense of the position he must hold in the eyes of his noble and high-minded boy would have made him almost shrink from his mild and unreproaching gaze, had it not been for the stronger influence of many of those evil passions, which had all his life long so signally perverted the better promptings of his heart. The child, (unlike the parent,) was for a moment wholly softened and subdued. Much as he had antici-

pated, strongly as he had fortified himself for, the meeting, the very sight of his father had totally unmanned him. The sad realities of the present rose up in opposition to the brighter memories of the past, and cast a sadness over his heart, that well-nigh threatened to frustrate the object of his visit. Leicester Melville, however, was a man of mind as well as of feeling. He had a duty to discharge,—a painful and heartrending duty,—and he shrank not from the task!

The tears rushed to his eyes, and fell in scalding drops upon his cheek! The next moment, resolutely summoning all his mental energies to the contest, he so far subdued the intensity of his feelings, as to assume an air of moderate calmness and placidity. At the same instant, the old man, finding it impossible to withstand much longer this involuntary ebullition of feeling on the part of his injured child, determined to bring the interview to an end as soon as possible, and in a firm but subdued voice he exclaimed:—

"Leicester Melville, I cannot but honour your feelings; at the same time, I am bound to condemn your conduct, in thus unadvisedly intruding yourself upon my retirement. Doubtless you have heard all the tattling world has to urge against me; much, it may be, that is true,—much, also, that is entirely false."

"Believe me, father," said Melville, earnestly interrupting his parent; "believe me, I have but one motive in seeking your abode, a motive that, I trust, will do me no discredit as a son, nor one that you, as a parent, can with justice disapprove."

"I doubt not for a moment, Leicester, that you are acting conscientiously; nevertheless, most unadvisedly. Had I suspected for an instant that I was at all indebted for your visit to-night to a spirit of womanly curiosity or caprice, I should at once have bade you leave the house. Now mark me, boy; as I told you in my letter, I have been guilty of many inconsistencies, many irregularities; keenly shall I have to suffer for them. It is some consolation, however, to know that I am not the first victim of fickle fortune. Many a rich Dives in his day has had to mourn the wasting of his substance, and been glad, like me, to take a beggar's portion in the end. Here let the matter rest; I have sown the wind, and must reap the whirlwind. Now, Leicester, to your business."

"A few words, father, will suffice to make known my errand."

"'Tis well; the fewer the better."

"As you are aware, I am now in possession of my mother's fortune; it was secured to me by her marriage settlement."

"It was wisely done, or else—but no matter,—proceed."

"It is not, perhaps, great, according to the common acceptation of the word: nevertheless it is more than sufficient, for my present requirements. Independently of this, I am yet young, have an

honourable profession, and have some reason to hope by patient perseverance and ingenuity it may eventually afford me the means of an honest and honourable livelihood."

"But to what end does this lead?"

"I am come here to-night for the express purpose of laying one half of my mother's fortune at your feet. You must go back to the world, mix with society, and forget, in the sunshine of the future, the darkness of the past. Come, promise me, my father, you will not refuse my offer. 'Tis freely, very freely, made: my best reward will be to find that it is as freely accepted."

"Leicester Melville, I have suffered much from poverty and privation; but, mark you, I will drain the cup to the very dregs ere I will submit to live on the alms of my own child. No, no, Leicester, I will not do that. Your offer is kindly meant: 'tis a proof of affection I shall not soon forget; but—but—it is an offer of which I can never avail myself. To go back again to the world would only be to expose myself to its sneers and its contempt; to mix with society would only be to draw down disgrace and punishment on my own head."

"Surely, surely, my dear father," replied Melville, "you attach too much weight to your errors; more, far more, indeed, than either the world or justice can demand."

"So *you* may think; but I must tell you it is not so," said the old man, gloomily, and a heavy sigh escaped his lips.

"But why, my dear father," continued Melville, moved, and at the same time emboldened, by his parent's repentant manner, "why seclude yourself in this sad neighbourhood? why throw off your own name, and adopt another, commoner, it may be, yet not more honourable? why should Adolphus Melville mask himself under the title of Mark Lonsdale?"

For a few moments a death-like silence pervaded the apartment. The bolt had fallen on the heart of the wicked one; from the lips of the noble and high-minded son the abandoned and erring father heard, as it were, the fearful proclamation of his guilt. His cheeks became pale; his lips livid and quivering; and his whole frame seemed suddenly shaken by the fierce agony of an overwhelming fear.

"Leicester," gasped he, hoarsely, seizing him firmly by the arm, "Leicester, know you the full measure of my guilt? know you that I——?"

"I know nothing, father," replied Melville, stricken with horror and dismay, "nothing that can call forth or justify this strange emotion."

"'Tis well; may heaven grant you never live to curse me. One word, Leicester, and I have done. Tell me, heard you the names of Melville and Lonsdale coupled together, in Manchester?"

"Not until I coupled them myself. On inquiring for Mr.

Adolphus Melville at the house to which you had given your address, I received a description of one, Mark Lonsdale; and that description was sufficient to raise a strong suspicion in my mind that you had, from some cause or other, assumed that name."

"And—and breathed you this suspicion to any one?"

"I did. But pray, pray tell me, my father, why this agitation, —why —"

"Oh! 'tis a bitter doom!" groaned the old man; "my own child has been my destroyer!" Then fixing his eyes on Melville with a look of intense agony and suffering, he continued:— "Leicester! Leicester! I must instantly away: to stay here is to throw myself at once into the hands of justice. Every moment I remain may fence my flight with fresh difficulty and danger,— nay, shrink not from me, I am a bad man, yet I would not harm you;—you are my own child, my first-born, but—but you will live to curse my very memory."

"No! no! my dear father, though all the world should forsake you, I will not;" and Melville pressed his father's hand with wild and frenzied earnestness.

"Quick, Leicester, away! or they may entangle you in the plot!" and the old man was rushing from the house, when Melville, seizing him by the hand, exclaimed, in a tone of deep and heart-reading agony,—

"Oh, father! father! your wife, your children,—do not desert them."

A cloud darkened the brow of the old man, and with a voice of deadly anger and resentment, he replied,—

"Wife! she is a bad, abandoned woman. My faults and follies were my own: my *crime* was *hers*. Leicester, farewell; God bless you. God bless you!—the words blister my lips. What has a sinner, a devil, to do with blessings? Yet—yet, I am a father!"

The old man rushed from the house. The heart-stricken boy, overpowered by his feelings, sank almost senseless on his chair. A flood of tears at length came to his relief, and then was it that, gazing on the scene of gloomy desolation by which he was surrounded, he felt, perhaps more bitterly than ever, the dread calamity which had just befallen him.

He staggered into the little garden. All was still, calm, and beautiful. The moon was just rising from the distant horizon, and her first faint beams were stealing slowly over the dark canopy of heaven. Not a voice, not a murmur, disturbed the grave-like silence; even Smirk, worn out with watching, had thrown himself upon the ground, and, with his head pillowed on a stone, had fallen into a deep sleep.

THE LANGUAGE OF ROSES.

BY MRS. ABDY.

SONNET I.

WITH A ROSEBUD.

Lady, receive my simple offering. See
  How the faint beauties of this budding rose
  Seem bashfully and slowly to unclose;
Even such appears my timid love to be.
From the keen glances of the world I flee,
  My secret passion in seclusion grows,
  To thee alone its fragile life it owes,
And now it seeks preserving warmth from thee.
Grant me thy leave to woo; I do not dare
  To ask thy lips in kind assent to ope;
Place but this rosebud in thy bosom fair.—
  Then with my eager rivals shall I cope,
And my fond heart spring forth from blighting care,
  And glow beneath the first young ray of hope.

SONNET II.

WITH A HALF BLOWN ROSE.

Well hath my wooing sped. Oh! mystic art
  Of floral speech, beyond all learned lore!
Dear one, relieved by thee from sorrow's smart,
  Behold, I bring to thee a second flower.
This rose, whose blooming leaves are blown in part,
  Hath known the ardent sun, the cooling shower,

Its infancy hath passed; the hopeful heart
  May fondly image its maturer hour.
Oh! wear it! I would fain my lot foresee
  In the bright freshness of its blushing dyes;
My prisoned words seem struggling to be free,
  And if, in guarded converse, we disguise
Our fond communion, I can hold with thee
  The mute, though speaking, intercourse of eyes.

SONNET III.

WITH A FULL BLOWN ROSE.

My last best offering gladly I display:
  This crimson rose, in full and rich perfection,
  Expands its leaves, and wafts in each direction
Ambrosial odours. Wear it, love, to-day,
And I will guide to yon cool bower thy way,
  Whose thick and clustering foliage yields protection
  From the warm sun, and tell thee my affection,
Undimmed by doubt, undaunted by dismay.
Feebly the lover oft his passion pours,
  Who in weak faltering words his suit discloses;
But I have wooed thee by the speech of flowers:
My heart in happy confidence reposes
  On thy firm faith, and through our future hours
  Still may love's chains to us be chains of roses!

THE MINSTREL QUEEN.

"No morning sun lasts a whole day."—*Eastern Proverb.*

"Sing them forth—songs of the past away,
To mingle with the woe and mirth and music of to-day—
Legends of other hours—stray leaves of faded flowers—
Sing them forth!

"Hush! breathe ye low—the quaint love words—
The whisper voice of long ago—fond, old records
Of dreamy hopes and fears, and hearts of other years,—
Hush! breathe them low!

"The honours and rewards lavished upon the minstrels, were not confined to the continent; our own countryman Johannes Sarisburiensis (in the time of Henry the Second) declaims no less than the monks abroad, against the extravagant favour shewn to these men.

——"There was no improbable fiction in those ancient songs and romances, which are founded on the story of minstrels being beloved by king's daughters, &c., and discovering themselves to be the sons of some foreign prince.

"In the reign of Edward the Second, such extensive privileges were claimed by the minstrels, and by dissolute persons assuming their character, that it became a matter of public grievance, and was obliged to be reformed by an express regulation in A.D. 1315. Notwithstanding which, an incident is recorded in the ensuing year, which shows that minstrels still retained the liberty of entering at will into the royal presence, and had something peculiarly splendid in their dress. It is thus related by Stow:—

"'In the year 1316, Edward the Second did solemnize, at Westminster, feast of Pentecost, in the great hall; where sitting royally at the table with his peers about him, there entered a *woman* adorned like a *minstrel*, sitting on a great horse, *trapped as minstrels then used:* who rode round about the tables, showing pastime; and at length came up to the king's table, and laid before him a letter, and forthwith turning her horse, saluted every one and departed!' The subject of this letter was a remonstrance to the king, on the favours heaped by him on his minions, to the neglect of his knights and faithful servants.

"The privileged character of a minstrel was employed on this occasion, as sure of gaining easy admittance; and a female the rather deputed to assume it, that, in case of detection, her sex might disarm the king's resentment. This is offered on the supposition that she was not a real minstrel; *for there should seem to have been women of this profession, as well as of the other sex:* and no accomplishment is so constantly attributed to females, by our ancient bards, as their singing to, and playing on, the harp.

"In the reign of King Edward the Fourth (in his ninth year, 1469), upon a complaint that certain rude husbandmen and artificers, of various trades, had

collected money in diverse parts of the kingdom, and committed other disorders, the king grants to Walter Halliday, Marshall, and to seven others, his own minstrels whom he names, a charter—by which he creates, or rather restores, a fraternity, or perpetual gild (such as he understands the brothers and sisters of the fraternity of minstrels *had in times past*), to be governed by a marshall appointed for life, and by his two wardens to be chosen annually; who are empowered to admit brothers and sisters into the said gild, and are authorized to examine the pretensions of all such as affected to exercise the minstrel profession; and to regulate, govern, and punish them throughout the realm.—'A charter to appoint a king of the minstrels.' A copy of this charter is printed in Blount's Law Diction, 1717.

"The president or governor of the minstrels had the like denomination of *Roy* in France and Burgundy; and in England, John of Gaunt constituted such an officer by patent; and long before his time, payments were made by the crown to a *King of the Minstrels* by Edward the First; the whole form of which, as observed in 1680, is described by Dr. Plot, historian of Staffordshire.

"In all the establishments of royal or noble households, we find ample provision made for the minstrels, and their situation to have been both honourable and lucrative."—*Percy Reliques.*

A VERY long while ago, when there was real chivalry in England; warlike stalwart barons, and feudal castles—real castles, with moat and drawbridge, battlements and fortifications, warders and sentinels: tapestried halls and mysterious dim-looking distant galleries; dais, and winding passages; secret vaulted chambers and horrible dungeons; in short, all the charming appurtenances of the days of honours and tournaments, war and bloodshed; in those days when the minstrels had succeeded the ancient bards, and poetry and song were honoured and welcomed by our ancestors, there dwelt at Haddeston, in Northumberland, the residence of the Hearones—a lady both good, beautiful, and clever, and with a tender pitiful heart, a sweet thing in woman; also with a proud determined spirit, a good thing in some cases too.

The Lady Bellisent was the only and idolized child of the far-famed veteran warrior, Sir Thomas Middleton Hearone; she was the solace of his widowed old age, when the turmoils of his country permitted him to indulge in home happiness; the cynosure of his eyes, the pride of his life; and though somewhat self-willed, she was a fond, dutiful daughter, and would sooner have lost the world's wealth, than have caused grief or lasting sorrow to her noble sire.

She was left much to herself; for broils of all kinds, wars, civil wars, and endless commotions and bickerings, were ever calling forth the warriors of England; and in the society of her maidens, with broidery, dulcimer, and harp, to say nothing of the missals, so priceless in those times, the years glided quietly by in that secluded valley of Northumberland.

From the loop-hole windows of the favourite turret-chamber, where she delighted to sit, the Lady Bellisent could survey the glittering river winding like a silver thread amid the rich pasture

land; and the last lingering rays of the setting sun fell on the waving tree tops, where the dark forest stretched far away, bounded by the horizon.

Iron war seemed as if it had never been heard of there, and the wandering minstrel delighted to sojourn in that peaceful valley, ever finding a sure welcome at Haddeston, for the Lady Bellisent Hearone's ruling passion was music; her mother had been a native of Provençe, and song and melody were her birthright gifts.

One mellow evening in autumn, she sat in her bower chamber, and looked forth on the golden, purple, and vermilion tints fading fast away as the sun sank behind the trees, and the stars one by one came in the sky; concern and anxiety were visible on her regal brow, and her lustrous eyes were cast down in perplexed thought; she was not alone, for a pale golden-haired girl reclined beside her; their hands were clasped, and the Lady Bellisent now and then gazed on her companion, with looks which betokened the deepest affection and the most tender solicitude. Emaré had arrived at Haddeston that afternoon, and it might be the journey—not easily performed then—or it might be the converse they had been holding, had agitated her; but her delicate cheek was wan and care-worn, and her extreme purity of skin and complexion, contrasted in a dazzling and unearthly manner, with the sombre mourning habiliments in which she was attired. Emaré had been the early playfellow and constant companion of Lady Bellisent, since they were both children; and the latter being her senior by a few years, felt somewhat of a mother's affection towards her more helpless, timid friend.

Emaré was the only daughter of the powerful and princely house of De Lacy; she had one only brother, some years older than herself, who was now the present earl; her mourning being for her father.

During that father's life-time, and when Emaré was still a child, her brother had joined the chivalrous Knights Templars, not enrolled as one of that glorious order, but attached to it as a volunteer; and he had sailed for Palestine with a reinforcement, conducted by the grand master in person; fighting with pious zeal and enthusiastic valour for the protection of the Holy Sepulchre.

Emaré's father, for the last few years of his existence, had been confined entirely to De Lacy Castle; incapacitated, and rendered almost imbecile, from wounds received in battle-fields, and consequent decrepitude and debility therefrom; and like in most of the noble families of the period, amongst the retainers of De Lacy, was an accomplished minstrel, who ranked highly in his profession, and as the younger son of an impoverished branch of an ancient foreign race, entitled to the honours and courtesy due to a *gentle* cavalier of noble blood.

Duetto Monthaut was poor, and had nought save his harp and divine gift of poesy, with which to win his way to fame; but he was young, independent, spirited, with a gallant generous heart; and last—though surely not least—he was graceful in demeanour, elegant in form, and blest with a fair winsome countenance; and so he won the heart of the sweet Emaré, De Lacy's only daughter, unwittingly—unintentionally: but, as he gave his own heart in exchange equally as unwittingly, an explanation was inevitable; or, if *not* inevitable, it was *fated:* and troth was plighted, and vows of eternal constancy were exchanged between the wandering harpist, and the high-born lady.

It may be deemed dishonourable by many in this mercenary age, that a poor minstrel should thus have aspired to the hand of a wealthy damsel; but be it remembered that Duetto Monthaut was tacitly encouraged by the Earl De Lacy; and that the distinction of poverty and wealth was *then* no inevitable barrier, when noble blood equally flowed in the veins; also, Duetto Monthaut had fair hopes of being elected "King of the Minstrels" on the decease of the aged Martin Baraton, when knighthood was to be conferred on him (promised by the sovereign on the intercession of the powerful and favoured Earl De Lacy); and it was presumed he might *then*, without degradation to the heraldic bearings of that ancient race, mate with one of the loveliest daughters yet arisen to grace it.

But the rapid decay, at the last, of the kind-hearted earl, and his unlooked for demise, (on his death-bed he had placed Emaré's hand in that of Duetto Monthaut's, imploring Heaven's benisons on their union,) caused a sad revulsion in the aspect of affairs for Emarè and her betrothed.

Her brother shortly arrived from Palestine, the haughtiest and most fiery of England's warlike barons, yet at the same time of a brave and generous spirit.

He would not listen to the tale of true love; pronounced their deceased parent to have been in his dotage; dismissed the minstrel poet from the castle, and acquainted his sister, that it was his supreme will and pleasure that she should discard such childish folly, *and forget the past*, being equally disgraceful to their father's memory, as degrading to herself:—but

> "The heart dies many deaths ere stilled for ever;
> And when we say—that we *must not remember*,
> That only means—how vain is the endeavour,
> To bid our spirits from the loved one sever.'

Emaré was easily terrified; and she shrank from her brother's presence, drooping beneath the blast, even as the bruised and blighted lily.

But though she bent beneath the unaccustomed storm, she would not be forsworn, and when her brother found that he could

not make her retract her profession, or dissolve the vows she had exchanged with the absent; somewhat of sternness—nay, even harshness—mingled with his arguments and resolutions; and in the heat of passion he swore a solemn vow, never to consent to her espousals with a wandering minstrel, *until such time as he also chose for his own bride, a sister of the like fraternity:* and *"when that time arrives,"* he scoffingly added, *"we will celebrate our double nuptials right brilliantly at the same altar!*

It had been the wish of the deceased earl, undertood between Sir Thomas Middleton Hearone and himself, that on the return of the former nobleman's son from Palestine, overtures should be made for the hand of the Lady Bellisent: the young De Lacy and the beautiful lady of Haddeston, had not met since they were boy and girl; *then*, a similarity of disposition and tastes; the unbending, proud, but kindly affectioned spirits of both had drawn them much towards each other; often, indeed, to quarrel, and then to make friends again! *This* is said to be very charming also in maturer years, but it is more serious *then* I ween: truly it hath been said—that *passionate affections are never indulgent.*"

Somewhat of these arrangements had been whispered to the Lady Bellisent; and the blush and laugh with which she received them seemed to say—the remembrance of her handsome playmate was not at all disagreeable.

Not by protestations, not by idle words, did the Lady Bellisent assure Emaré of her sympathy and love: she listened to her tale, she folded her silently in her arms, and by a look did more to re-assure her than whole hours of studied eloquence would have effected.

Ah! words are foolish things! The wily Talleyrand is reported to have said, "Speech is given to conceal thought." Yet few, it is to be hoped, subscribe to this saying; because the Holy Bible expressly tells us that, for every idle word we speak, an account must be given: but silent eloquence, so sublime, mysterious, and pure, in its mute appeals, speaketh to the soul, and cannot deceive—it is the language of immortality.

On the evening in question, these friends had watched the last faint rays of the departing sun, and the twinkling stars one by one appearing in the deep blue sky; and presently the moon arose—the autumn moon, in its majesty, glory, and ineffable brilliancy; and the landscape was all bathed in silver light; and up the valley they beheld a gay cavalcade advancing. They could discern the glittering trappings of more than one ambling palfrey, and the flashing of a silver harp borne by an attendant. And right welcome was Martin Baraton to Haddeston—for it was he—the venerable minstrel king; and in the hall that night full many an old Romaunt was chanted, and long-lost melody carolled forth. The *Lady Bellisent's* dark eyes flashed, and the colour on her cheek

heightened, as her patron saint of music and poesy gave her the meed of praise, so truthfully her due; for her execution of the most difficult and sublime passages on the harp of his glory even vied with the magic touch and cunning symphonies with which the king of minstrels, Martin Baraton, charmed his listeners.

The gentle Emaré half forgot her sorrows, and wept; but such weeping had lost its sting of bitterness; or might it be, that a little missive bound with silken cord, reverently presented to her by the white-haired minstrel king, had assisted to dispel somewhat of her gloom.

Duetto Monthaut had entreated the kindly Martin Baraton to deliver this letter to his betrothed, and she hid it in her bosom; and, ah! how often was it read that night ere sleep visited her pillow!

Ere old Martin Baraton had finished a long and dolorous ditty, respecting "a truant knight and a ladye bright, who died for love of him," there flashed through the busy mind of Lady Bellisent Hearone a plan, which was formed and arranged on the instant, and without demur; and her brain, full of woman's daring and wit, had comprehended all the details, energies, and nerve required in the undertaking, ere the Romaunt concluded.

Martin Baraton and she were closeted long and often together, but it seemed as if the conferences concluded amicably, as in the course of a few days they left Haddeston in company; their destination and proceedings were enveloped in mystery, and the trusty and faithful retainers the Lady of Haddeston chose to accompany her on this expedition, were sworn to secrecy. Sir Thomas Middleton Hearone was still absent, and Emaré, with sealed lips and a wan cheek, hid her sickening suspense and anxiety in the depths of the lady's sacred bower chamber.

* * * *

The lofty and magnificently bannered halls of De Lacy re-echoed with the sound of festivity, and the bright armour glanced, and the jewelled casques with their waving plumes were thrown aside, as the warriors of those feudal times caroused together at the hospitable board of the Baron de Lacy.

The arrival of Martin Baraton, the beloved and accomplished minstrel king, was hailed with enthusiasm and joy; for he was protected and respected alike in the palace of the monarch and in the cottage by the road-side, where the wayfarer gladly rested; he was famed above all compeers in his fascinating art—a perfect magician of sweet sounds and thrilling emotions.

And the aged harpist, in flowing robes, entered the vast illuminated hall, leaning on the arm of a female, whose form was enveloped in a dark mantle, with a kind of coif attached, which concealed her face, and whom Martin Baraton named as his adopted daughter—a sister of the fraternity—also experienced in the divine

art, and even excelling himself; moreover, willing and ready to save his now infirm strength, by being his substitute.

Great was the curiosity excited to obtain a sight of the unknown lady, as they were reverentially conducted to the dais, the place of honour, and the silver harp placed by servitors in a suitable position.

When the coif was thrown back, and the loose mantle fell, a face and figure of majestic and peerless loveliness was displayed: it might possibly have been enhanced by the costume, composed of the most sumptuous eastern materials; a turban of eastern form rested in massive folds on the open brow, looped up by a single ruby of matchless glory.

There was a subdued murmur of admiration and astonishment as the lady commenced a prelude full of touching pathos, and with the slightest possible indication of faltering or agitation in her soul-stirring voice:—

"Two murmurs beautifully blent,
As of a voice and instrument;
A hand laid lightly on low cords—
A voice that sobbed between its words.
Stranger! the voice that trembles in your ear,
You would have placed, had you been fancy free,
First in the chorus of the happy sphere,
The home of deified mortality!"

By universal suffrage, the title of "Queen of the Minstrels" was awarded to the stranger; for never before, in the science of minstrelsy, had aught so perfect and so excellent been heard.

Modest and retiring, but as haughtily as a dame of high degree, that lady moved, and received the adulation lavished upon her with careless indifference; and with tenderness and reverence combined, the good Martin Baraton tended and watched his adopted daughter. Chains of gold were flung around them by many a princely cavalier in those grand ancestral chambers; and chains of flowers, enwreathed with beauty's wiles, were flung around the gallant hearts of many a belted knight, stern and immoveable in the battle field. Ere the few days had elapsed during which time the royal minstrels sojourned at De Lacy's, and when they departed, an aching void was left in *one* manly heart, which no reasoning or pride could cure.

I will not use that common-place, hateful jargon, and say the Baron de Lacy was "*in love;*" but that he certainly "*loved,*" his admiration and particular fancies being equally excited; that he bitterly lamented the apparent discrepancy of rank between them; that his struggles were heroic and victorious.

He turned a deaf ear to the dictates of his heart, and only permitted prudence and reason to hold their sway; pride also whis-

pered: "An Earl De Lacy to wed a wandering minstrel queen, however virtuous, beautiful, and gifted!—an Earl de Lacy's *sister* to wed a minstrel king! for remember your solemn vow, most noble Baron!"

A good deal of obstinacy, combined with shame for his past violence towards his gentle sister, assuredly assisted to strengthen his resolves: so pride and prudence gained the mastery, as they usually do, when placed in competition with *love, by man;* frail, silly *woman* does sometimes render herself ridiculous, by setting a contrary, most reprehensible example.

So, after a while, the Earl De Lacy, with some secret sighs, and cherished memories at heart, found his way to Haddeston, on an ostensible visit to his sister; but, at the same time, to seek his early playmate, whom his father had destined for his bride, should the lady herself lend a willing ear to his rather tardy wooing.

It was evening when he reached the abode of Sir Thomas Middleton Hearone, who was now returned; and after receiving a cordial and affectionate greeting from the fine old veteran, and clasping Emaré, with unwonted tenderness, to his breast (he could now feel for *her*), he inquired after the health and well-being of the Lady Bellisent; there was a lurking smile on the straightforward, jovial countenance of the good knight, as his daughter entered the chamber; for the Baron De Lacy started, when she addressed him, gazed upon her again and again, and, unlike his usual self-possessed and courteous manner, he was evidently ill at ease, puzzled and embarrassed: he apologised, at length, by saying, that the resemblance was singular (even the tone of voice being similar), between the Lady Bellisent Hearone, and an individual whom he had formerly been acquainted with; but whose eastern costume much changed the character of her beauty. Sir Thomas Middleton Hearone thereupon joked his young friend, with the facetious quaintness elderly gentlemen deem themselves privileged to indulge in, respecting the romantic passages of eastern life, which had softened the hardships endured by the mail-clad warriors of Palestine.

But when the lady of Haddeston struck her harp, and chaunted forth minstrel lays of love and glory, the mystification of De Lacy was complete.

Old scenes were discussed, old quarrels revived, and they found each other so *very* charming, that after a few weeks' sojourn at Haddeston, the Baron De Lacy had no fears of rejection, when he applied to Sir Thomas Middleton Hearone, for sanction to address his charming daughter; that worthy knight referred him to the lady herself, but she, with pretty fantastical self-will, declined giving any definite answer until the following evening.

At the upper end of a lighted chamber, a solitary figure was seated at a harp—Martin Baraton's own silver harp—Martin Bara-

ton's own adopted daughter—the minstrel queen, in her eastern attire, beautiful and dignified, as before, but, it might be, a shade paler, and striking the chords in a desultory manner, as if her thoughts were wandering, and, ever and anon, casting anxious and timid glances towards the entrance of the apartment.

De Lacy came; he was by her side; speechless, from a host of tumultuous emotions; as the minstrel queen, with a soft winning smile, extended her hand to raise him, and whispered,—

"*The Lady Bellisent Hearone bade me tell you, that, as the wandering Minstrel Queen, she doth not scorn your proffered love.*

"By the glories of the holy sepulchre, I am right in my suspicions!—*one and the same!*" he exclaimed, as he clasped her to his heart, forgetting reasons—vows—everything on this breathing earth, in the overwhelming transport of that moment.

* * * * * *

The Lady Bellisent Hearone was heard thus to whisper to Emaré—with a laughing glance towards the Baron De Lacy, who approached them:—

"*So, after all, there will be double nuptials, celebrated right brilliantly, before the same altar!*"

C. A. M. W.

THE PALMER'S TALE.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

PART I.

To the castle gate, at close of day,
Staff in hand, came a palmer grey:
Swart was his cheek, wheron the blood
Spake nor of youth, nor of hardihood;
The sandals that bound his feet were worn,
And his pilgrim cloak was soiled and torn;
And the withered palm branch that graced his hand,
Told its own tale of the Holy Land.

Feebly he sounded the bugle's blast;—
The guard was set, the portcullis fast,—
For many a mile round that lonely keep,
Lay moor, and valley, and mountain steep;
And rarely visitor, rich or poor,
Claimed hospitality at its door.
For its gloomy walls lay beyond the ken,
Or beyond the seeking, of worldly men.

Again the pilgrim sounded the horn,
And never echo seemed more forlorn,
Than that which now prolonged its sound,
Amidst that solitude profound;
Dying, dying briefly away,
As if in a land where nought might stay,
It seemed to warn that pilgrim old,
Of niggard help, and reception cold.

"Ho! who is it seeketh so late,
Parley at Lord Fitzallan's gate?"
"A palmer poor, from the Holy Land,
Asketh a night's rest at his hand;"

"It is well for thee, that with such a claim,
With a wanderer's trust, and a wanderer's name,
Thou comest to crave, what prince or peer,
Might crave in vain, craving it here."

With a grating sound the door drew back,
The palmer followed the warder's track;
By the glaring light from the pine-torch thrown,
He saw the court was with grass o'ergrown;
And darkly frowned upon either side,
The gaunt walls o'er him and o'er his guide;
And the desolation and silence seemed
Like unto what men have wildly dreamed.

Through a heavy porch, and a passage vast,
They reached the castle hall at last;
Round the spacious hearth where the pine-logs shone,
Stalwart forms of armed men were thrown;
Some in their heavy slumber kept
The bench or the board whereon they slept,
Whilst others, roused by a rare surprize,
Gazed on the pilgrim with eager eyes.

To these, as yet but half awake,
Of his charge the warder briefly spake,
Then turned away. The palmer bowed
His greeting to that scattered crowd,
When one stepped forth before the rest,
And gave kind welcome to the guest;
And drew his bench to the bright hearth near,
And placed before him the castle cheer.

Yet lower the pilgrim bowed his head,
In mute reply, but no word he said,
In silence his frugal meal he took,
Whilst on him bent many a searching look;
And he asked no blessing, first or last,
And no word of thanks his pale lips passed,
But, finished, he drew his staff from the ground,
And lifted his head, and gazed around.

Scarce pierced his glance all the solemn length
Of the dark-groined roof in its massive strength,
Scarce caught he half the devices borne
By the banners that waved there night and morn;
'Scutcheon, and cuirass, and helm, and shield,
And swords that the mighty alone could wield,
Decked the walls, and looked grimly down
On the flickering blaze, and the shadows brown.

From these he turned, after brief survey,
To where in silence those dark men lay,
Some with bold, some with stealthy glance
Marking his own, some sleeping, perchance;
All reclining, in listless mood,
On the scattered benches, bare and rude;
Or on heather heaps in the shadows piled,—
Luxurious couch for the mountain child!

Slowly each upturned face he scanned;
His own still wore its expression bland;
He quailed not beneath those glances keen;
Changeless, moveless, his look and mien;
Nothing of scorn, and nothing of ire,
Spake in his dark eyes quenchless fire,
But it seemed as a spell on those bold men thrown,
And they cowered in the gaze of the unknown.

"But that it seems not thy wont to pray,
We would ask thee to greet the coming day
With an *ave* or a *benedicite*,
And so seek rest:—for morn must see
Thee on thy way; no wanderer here
Findeth a second night of cheer,"
Said one; and the palmer on him cast
A stedfast look, and outspake at last.

"Neither to sleep, neither to pray,
Sought I this castle's walls to-day;
A guilt hangs o'er them that must be proved,
A curse weighs on them that must be moved;
'Purify ye my house of prayer,'
Saith the Lord Jesus everywhere;
And by all I know, and by all I feel,
This is not a place wherein to kneel."

"Prayeth your lord, or sleepeth he,
In the chamber, or the sanctuary?
Do not the fierce storms draw him forth,
When clouds roll darkest in the north?
Flies he not sunshine, flies he not man,
Hath he not put on the world a ban?
Shunning the earth, and seeking no heaven,
Strives he to forgive, or be forgiven?

"As the world serveth, doubtless ye
Yet serve him with fidelity;
Ye do the work of his stubborn will,
Questioning not, if for good or ill;

Ye leave him to revel in his mood,
To tread the wastes of his solitude;
But *I* with a higher purpose come,
And as ye *have* been, be now,—be dumb!"

The palmer rose, and his outstretched hand
Was waved as a wizard waves his wand,
Slowly, solemnly, threateningly;
And none there moved, though each might see
That gliding figure a dark porch gain,
And vanish,—not to return again;
And on every ear his footsteps broke,
As he threaded the aisles,—but no man spoke.

PART II.

In the cloister aisles,—a Saxon hold
For the monks, had been that mansion old,—
Restlessly pacing to and fro,
Wrapped in a grief he might not forego,
Was a man, whose form amid the gloom,
Scarce showed by column or by tomb,
So dense was the troubled darkness round,
Veiling the skies, and masking the ground.

A "troubled darkness," within, without;
Darkness of nature, darkness of doubt;
Of gathering storms, of gathered despair,
Of cloud, and tempest, and soul, was there;
Loudly the winds howled through each crank
Worn in the walls, massy and dank;
And the fiercer storm of one human heart,
Scorned in their havoc to bear a part.

In the fitful pauses that came and went,
There were other sounds with the tempest's blent,—
Grinding of teeth and clenching of hands;
And such groans as serve to loosen the bands

Binding the spirit to the clay;
All that the mortal can do,—save pray,—
In mortal agony, seemed to be,
Called forth by that woe's intensity.

Fitfully, too, there were wild words borne
On the beating blast, ere its strength was worn,
Words that still breathed of a grievous care,
Of nurtured wrath, or nurtured despair;
Sad and strange was the contrast given,
By those quiet graves, and that spirit riven,
The passive death, and the battling life,
To one earnest witness of the strife.

And who was that witness? the palmer old;
He had tracked the chief to his grief's strong-hold;
And, firm in purpose, he boldly held
His place by a column, time had felled
Before its fellow's; in its fate,
Perchance, he beheld his own, too late,
For he seemed awhile from the scene to pass,
And to gaze in the void as in a glass.

But a short, sharp cry pierced to his brain,
And called him back to the hour again;
"O God!" so brief was the thrilling shout,
When quickly the palmer turned about,
And loudly cried, "Who calls on Him,
That dwelleth amid the cherubim?"
No answer came, save the booming sound
Of the unchained whirlwind thundering round.

In the next brief pause of the tempest's wrath,
Came that other voice, "Who tracks my path?
What daring spy, of my speech takes note,
Seeking to fathom its fathomless thought?
Who lingers near? by His holy name,
He shall rue the purpose for which he came,
With soul ignoble and heart of steel,
Probing a torture that none may heal."

"The threat falls heedlessly on mine ear,
No earthly power, and no man I fear,"
Said the palmer; "lesser minds have bowed
Before thine own amid the crowd,
But the time has come even thee to teach,
What heights the human mind may reach,
Or to what depths sink down:—repair
To the Western Keep,—I'll meet thee there."

PART III.

* * * * * *

Aye! be a man, or be less,—or more ;
Bear, or defy God's will—or adore ;
Thou hast done none of these : look back
O'er the barren wastes thy thought can track,
From the hour in which thy grief had birth ;—
The coward crawls purposeless on earth :
Start not ; a bold or a trustful soul
Will never yield up all self-control.

" I will ask the fiat at thy hand,—
With what class of men tak'st thou thy stand ?"
" With them that bear ill, perchance, but not
With them that defy God or their lot,"
Said Fitzallan ; and the generous blush
Of loftier thoughts was seen to rush,
From the rich source of a true heart,
Yet earnest for the better part.

" I may not quarrel with thy speech,
Yet speak'st thou of things beyond thy reach ;
Thou talk'st with cool blood of the battle heat,
Thou watchest from far the tempest beat ;
The aids of a holy calling are thine,
Here thou seekest nothing, hast nought to resign ;—
Thou may'st judge of the wrong of fixed despair,
But not of man's power to suffer or bear."

" And think'st thou my blood was ever cold ?
Will not even thy young blood grow old ?
I've said my chiefest errand here
Was a tale of interest for thine ear ;
Listen : the story is of one
Whose sand of life is nearly run,
But he still liveth,—him I knew
In youth, and loved as I've loved few.

" Fair were his opening views of earth,
His lands were broad, and noble his birth ;
Early his prowess in arms he proved,
Early in beauty's bright train he moved ;

Lord Oswald's wealth, and Lord Oswald's grace,
In every heart had gained a place,
And he won,—Oh, there are no words to tell
What he won in the peerless Isabel!

"Unshadowed by doubt, unshadowed by fear,
The bridal morn with its pomp drew near;
Joy in each heart, and joy in each face
Seemed upspringing ever the scene to grace;
When suddenly,—nay, never start,
Others on earth have played *thy* part,—
A wail from the maiden's bower passed on,
Piercing all hearts,—the bride was gone!

"Gone! and her fate, for many a day,
In the depths of its first mystery lay
Unravelled. I need not to thee
Say what the dark despair might be,
Of the bereaved one; months knew not
His feet to pause on a resting spot;
And he vowed that the spoiler's coward soul
Should pay a price for that outrage foul.

"But he stopped not here,—listen! he vowed,
Not in the night,—in sunshine, aloud—
Never again to kneel or to pray,
Till his heavy burden was taken away;
Never of heaven to breathe trustful word,
Till the frantic claim of his grief was heard;
And he walked abroad in this bitter mood,
And found earth a savage solitude.

"*The selfish man will be selfish still,*
Whether his fortunes be good or ill:
Lord Oswald shunned the haunts of his kind,
He threw the beliefs of old to the wind;
Impatient, wrathful, pitiless,
Asking no blessing, scorning to bless,
Scoffing at every wrong save his own,
He stood in his trial-hour alone.

"I've said, Lord Oswald 'prayed not, nor sought
Of heaven nor of heaven's mercy aught;'
But he gained his soul's desire, he learned
The tidings for which his soul had burned:
He slaked his thirst in the robber's blood,
And, bright in the pride of her maidenhood,
Restored to the scenes she had graced so well,
The beautiful Lady Isabel.

" He that had scorned to kneel or to pray
Strove to do both on his wedding day,
And could not! his stiffened joints refused
A service to which they were all unused,
And to lip and heart, alike, the change
To prayer was something cold and strange;
The bridegroom felt in his soul a chill:
He knew he had worked in the past for ill.

" *The selfish man will be selfish still,*
Whether his fortunes be good or ill:
The love for which Oswald perilled his soul
Held him not long in its control;
The quiet joys of his home became
Distasteful, wearying, and tame.
Cold, and neglectful, and cruel, grown,
He stood once more in the world alone.

" After bitter years, sullenly borne,
He left his hearth with impatient scorn;
For the pallid face, and the faltering tongue,
And the breaking heart—breaking with wrong—
Suited him not. He sought the world;
The past was behind him lightly hurled;
And, when months had fled, he heard, unmoved,
That strangers were tombing her he had loved.

" Lady Isabel left an only child,
Fair as herself, as gentle, as mild,
A fragile girl, whose blossoming,
Strangers long tended. But the sting
Of late remorse touched her sire at length;
His pride was struck in its hour of strength
By God's own lightnings, and he stood
In another, wilder, solitude.

" 'Mid the boundless desert wastes of sin,
There, when God's light had entered in,
He saw a pale face, and a wasted hand,
That beckoned him to the holy land:
He followed, and where javelins fly
Was still the first, but he might not die;
And the face and hand left him no more,
Till they drove him back to his native shore;

" Till they lured his feet to the home of old,
Whence the love had passed that could not grow cold;
Till his eyes were fixed upon one fair face,
Fated thenceforth to take their place;

Till father and child together stood,
And flowers sprang up in the solitude;
Till he vowed in his soul another vow,
For whose fulfilment he striveth now."

PART IV.

Months passed away, and that castle gate
Saw not the old or the needy wait;
Months passed away, and the hour of prayer,
At morn and even, was sounded there;
Fitzallan a happier man had grown
By ceasing to brood over self alone,
By feeling that man's power to bless
Might with his will grow limitless.

And he was happy, though troubled yet
With a grief he sought not to forget;
Happy in each unfolding good
Of a mission rightly understood;
Happy in every thought that bore
His spirit on to the better shore;
Happy in every stedfast trust
That lifted his hope above the dust.

The palmer kept by his side alway,
Clad in a costly suit of grey;
But when a year and a month were past
He resumed his former garb at last;
His pilgrim cloak that was soiled and torn,
His scrip, and staff, and his sandals worn;
For his feet no longer in peace might dwell,
And he came forth purposed to breathe farewell.

"The parting hour has arrived, my friend,
My task is crowned with a blessed end,
I leave thee bound on the upward track,
I dread not thy turning to darkness back.
Our paths on earth lie, henceforth, apart;
But the true in purpose are one in heart,
And mine shall rejoice from far to hear
Thou keepest the way of the righteous here."

Heavily fell each parting word
On Fitzallan's soul, as amazed he heard
The purpose of the faithful guide,
Whose place by none might be supplied;
But he knew, whilst sorrowed and dismayed,
That the palmer's course might not be stayed,
And he stood awhile, as one too weak
In his sudden grief to act or to speak.

The palmer resumed his speech, and said,
"I do not leave thee alone to tread
The coming years with their promise fair.
Nerve well thine heart, with true strength to bea
Such flood of joy as may well o'ercast
The brightening skies we have gained at last.
I have somewhat on thee to bestow,
With a solemn blessing, ere I go.

"Wealth—of which thou wilt still have need,
To clothe the naked, the hungry to feed;
Beauty and worth—but cast thine eyes
Hitherwards, and, with curbed surprise,
Of all thou seest take heedful note;"
More he spake not, but, swift as thought,
A panel from the wall he drew,
And exposed the inner scene to view.

By an oriel window, where a ray
Of the passing winter sunshine lay,
As loth to part, three maidens sate;
One than the rest had more of state—
Not of garb, but of look and mien—
Crowned with the calm grace of a queen,
Her step as the fawns was light and free,
As she rose and knelt at the palmer's knee.

Over her bosom and blushing face,
Giving each beauty a softer grace,
Thick clusters of rich ringlets rolled;—
'Twas an angel's head, with its shadowed gold.
And the palmer stooped, and parted the hair
From the glowing cheek and the forehead fair;
And he beckoned the Lord Fitzallan near,
And his cheek was blanched, as with sudden fear.

"Alice!" for other word no power
Had Lord Fitzallan in that hour;
But the next moment on his breast
Those shining tresses found a rest,

And the palmer spake once more, "In me,
Her father, the Lord Oswald, see,
And listen while I tell thee now
The purport of his second vow:

"He found his child happy and fair,
But the heart in which he sought some share
Of love was to another vowed:
To one that 'mid the world's dense crowd
Was unto him a stranger. He
Well knew the power of adversity
To try the heart's and the spirit's worth,
And he set himself a task upon earth.

"Suddenly, with some skill, as thou
Wilt doubtless own, owning it now,
The Lady Alice away he bore,
Leaving the tale that she was no more;
And to thee then heavy tidings came,
On the first field of thy young fame,
Which thou didst quit with the heavy heart
In which glory had no further part.

"His spies were round thee; of them he learned
That thy grief had every solace spurned;
That stern, and sullen, and churlish, grown,
Thou liv'd'st but for thyself alone.
He saw all his former self in thee,
And vowed that Alice should never be
The bride of one that, however crost,
To each better sense of his kind was lost.

"*The selfish man will be selfish still,*
Whether his fortunes be good or ill:
Remember this. In thee he sought
The germs of more exalted thought,
And found them, to which saving truth
Thou ow'st the chosen of thy youth,
With whom, in gladness may'st thou dwell;
I go to prayer and penitence. Farewell!"

The records of the happy and good
Are the least valued or understood.
For generations, that castle door
Was open both to the rich and poor;
And in this our day, where yet the race
Bear rule, each sojourner may trace
On a sculptured tomb these words:—"Prape stylle
For the soul of Oswald Umphrabille,
And for her that lobed hym faithfullye,
The Ladye Isabel." *Vale!*

MARMADUKE HUTTON;

OR,

THE POOR RELATION.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH.

CHAPTER XIX.*

THERE never was a more inexplicable old rascal in all this world than was Marmaduke Hutton during the week that followed the Doctor's invitation, till the day itself. He was so tetchy, and suspicious, and whimsical, that his ancient friend and ally, Humphrey Pestlepolge, who seemed to have bound himself hand and foot to his humours, like some fawning hound that licks the hand that spurns it, was nearly driven to desperation by his eccentricities and peevishness, and had well-nigh vowed dissolution to the compact subsisting between them; and which he would infallibly have done had not the prospect of certain golden advantages, which seemed all the fairer in the retrospect of the future, restrained his impatience, and compelled him to wear for a time the chain that galled him so sorely.

One night the two old men were sitting by themselves in the gloomy dining-room; Marmaduke, as usual, occupying his easy chair in front of the dull red blaze, whilst Pestlepolge, who had just dismissed the charming Penelope to her virgin slumbers with a paternal blessing, was sitting far back out of the little light there was, eyeing the old man with the unslumbering vigilance of a tiger. They were sitting thus, with nothing but the firelight to enliven

* Continued from p. 327, vol. I.

their conversation, which, faint as it was, was more than sufficient to show the yellow, and shrivelled, and hard features of the host, who, not affecting to perceive the eager scrutiny of his companion, leant eagerly forward with uplifted hands to catch the warmth of the fire.

There was something, too, strange in him, as he sat in this unusual attitude. Whether it was the fire that gleamed from under his bushy and grizzled eyebrows, and which seemed to penetrate even to Pestlepolge's corner, so different was it to any thing the latter had ever beheld in them before; or that the heavy and repulsive features that had so long been distorted with pain of body and of mind (and believe me that the torture of the one is light and easy in comparison with the anguish of the other), now looked less wasted and more natural at this moment from their absence, we cannot say: it might be both; and yet, as the tempter looked, a sharp spasm of pain seemed to electrify every feature with galvanic power once more, and old Marmaduke, without moving his position, in a husky, gasping voice, muttered,

"I had a letter from him this morning, Humphrey."

The unconscious start his auditor made, as he spoke, assured him that there was no need to explain from whom he had heard, or of whom he spoke; and so, going on, with the same unearthly voice, and never once lifting up his gaze from the dull firelight, which for the time seemed to have become a part of his very being, he said,

"He writes me that he is well, very well and happy, and that he is at present visiting Sir Charles Courtenay—Courtenay! I ought to know that name," he muttered, looking deeper into the dull embers, and curling his long yellow claws like some loathsome bird of prey in the death-struggle; "dear, dear! how my memory does fail! or I ought to remember the name."

"Perhaps, my dear Hutton, you will remember it afterwards," edged in Pestlepolge, coming to his assistance; "a peerage will tell us in an instant who his patron is."

"Yes, yes, I know that, Humphrey," retorted Marmaduke, pettishly; "you always will be interrupting one when there's no necessity. I was only trying to recollect something. Ah, yes, I will think of it another time. I was—dear me, how forgetful I am!—what was I talking about?" he demanded, with a bewildered air; "it is all your blame, Humphrey, for interrupting me."

"You were talking of your nephew, sir," said Pestlepolge, promptly, "you were just saying—"

"Oh! to be sure," continued Marmaduke, rubbing his withered talons, "I remember, I was telling you about his letter. The letter is just like the villain himself, very high and very lofty; with such a tone of injured virtue and haughty disdain in it that had any one read it who knew nothing of either party, they would certainly

have fancied my scapegrace of a nephew one of the manliest and noblest fellows under the sun, and that I was one of the biggest—ha! ha! excuse me, Humphrey, you know what I was going to say, that I was one of the—we'll say the wariest old files that ever drew breath—ha! ha! it is so good!"

"Upon my word, Hutton, you are in such delightful spirits that we really will insist upon your company at the Doctor's, to-morrow night," rejoined Pestlepolge, chiming in with his humour; "you really have a most astonishing constitution; 'Wonderful stamina! extraordinary elasticity!' said the Doctor to me to-day: 'upon my word, my dear Pestlepolge, our friend does not do his constitution justice.' He said it with tears in his eyes," faltered Pestlepolge, in a broken voice, "he did, indeed."

"All lies, Humphrey, all sheer lies," growled Marmaduke, elongating his bony visage; "Yellowchops never cries but when he's drunk: *ergo*, he was maudlin when he delivered himself of that bit of hypocrisy."

"How can you misconceive the poor man's motives, sir?" urged Pestlepolge, virtuously indignant; 'you wrong his generous nature, I assure you."

"Well, well, do not talk about him now, Humphrey," retorted his companion, angrily; "I want to talk to you about my nephew: of course his letter, from beginning to end, is full of virtuous contempt of me, and you, and Penelope."

"Does he mention Penelope?" whined Pestlepolge, wringing his hands.

"Yes, yes; why shouldn't he?" demanded old Marmaduke, whose manner and voice seemed to grow more vigorous with every word; "he does mention her, and with a very hearty curse, too."

"Oh! oh! oh!" groaned Humphrey Pestlepolge, in an excruciating voice, "the shocking profligacy of the present generation!"

"Is mere moonshine to the double villainy of the last, Humphrey," growled Marmaduke, in a strong voice; "but what if he does curse Penelope, and you, and me, too? What of that? Are we any the worse for it? Can't we eat and drink, and laugh and grow fat, just as well with his maledictions as without them? Nay, can't we curse him again, my dear fellow? Aye, and we will curse him, and that, too, in a way that will tell ten times more swiftly than all his mealy-mouthed oaths. We'll teach him that our power reaches through a much wider circuit than that which bounds this old house; we'll teach him a lesson that he will rue the learning of to the latest moment of his life; we'll be a thorn in his side for many a long day to come, Humphrey, or I am not a living man at this very moment."

He looked so unearthly and demoniacal as he said all this in his passion, his yellow, wrinkled face was so corpse-like in its heavy and expressionless lineaments, his lips moved so feebly, and his

eyes were so hidden by the bushy eyebrows, that his terrified auditor well-nigh fancied that he was in reality dead, and that he had passed away with a curse upon his lips. In a few moments, however, he looked up with a keen, glittering eye, and said,

"Humphrey, you will tell no living mortal of our conversation, and least of all your daughter."

"Certainly, certainly, my dear Hutton: I never repeat the most trifling thing that passes between us. I consider every thing under the bond of secresy."

"You are right. I would not have any one know that that ingrate has dared to write to me. You understand me? No living soul ought to know that he has dared—"

"I will be as silent as the grave," stammered Humphrey, who began to fancy his host was mad, "not even to my daughter."

"Thank you. At another time I will explain why I wish this to go no farther," said Marmaduke, in a quieter tone.

During the whole of this time, the lynx-eyed vigilance of Humphrey Pestlepolge had never deserted its watch, and now, as he gazed, he saw the stern, iron-moulded, features grow undecided and vacuous, and a childish smile, more painful tenfold in its character than all the keen lines and furrows that villainy and cunning have ever ploughed in the most repulsive of human countenances, steal over all, as the old man looked up, and, after some hesitation, faltered out,

"You were saying something of a party, Humphrey; are we going any where soon, eh? Oh, dear me! I forgot that I have to give a ball next week, eh? haven't I, Humphrey?"

"You're very nearly right, my dear sir," rejoined Pestlepolge, with a gentle smile; "your little festivity is over, and now it is your turn to be feasted. You promised to partake of your worthy friend Doctor Yellowchops' hospitality, to-morrow evening. Just a small dinner, you know, quite in a quiet way."

"Oh dear, I don't recollect," stammered Marmaduke, in a bewildered tone, fumbling uneasily in his pockets, where his memorandum-book was not; "did I really promise Yellowchops?"

"You certainly did," said Pestlepolge, telling a bold falsehood.

"Then I suppose I must go," concluded Marmaduke, with a sigh; "but there won't be many, for the Doctor's rooms are very small. It will soon be over, though," and, comforting himself with this reflection, Marmaduke suffered himself to be talked into the idea of dining with the plethoric doctor, until he actually began to view the whole affair with some complacency, and even began to speculate upon who would be there, and what they should have for dinner, and whether the chimney would smoke again as it did last time, or not. Pestlepolge wisely changed the conversation at this crisis, and no further storms disturbed their serenity till bed-time.

Whilst Pestlepolge and his host thus passed their time within doors, plotting over the discomfiture of Walter Mordaunt, Penelope Pestlepolge and the gallant Doctor Yellowchops were cultivating the sentiment of love in the shrubbery, which was preferable to the lawn from being shaded from view of the house; so that if any prying eyes peeped out from any of the windows, the dark shadows of the trees, notwithstanding, cast a very effectual midnight over its haunted enclosure.

The Doctor was impassioned, Penelope was tender. The Doctor felt that at his time of life love should fly with lightning wings to the altar; Penelope, on her part, felt from sad experience that delays were dangerous, and that though the Doctor was obese and pimply-faced, and had an unpleasant obliquity of vision, and was coarse in his manners, yet that more insuperable impediments than these even could she have surmounted to escape the hateful doom of single blessedness. And then a thorn still rankled in her heart, under which the attentions of the impassioned Yellowchops were actual balm: she had been jilted by Walter Mordaunt, and this, to a woman so spiteful, and jealous, and malignant, as Miss Pestlepolge, was more galling than all the scorn and contempt of a lifetime could be.

Following the young couple at a respectful distance, was a short, squat figure, which all the cloaks and shawls in the world could not prevent any one from recognizing to be Miss Noggles, who, with a stitch in her side, and a twinge of rheumatism in both arms, was trying to sing a hymn, the connecting notes of which were sadly dislocated and shaken out of tune by her chattering jaws. Kitty hated the Doctor, whom she fancied to be both selfish and dissipated, and had no great love for her mistress as well, whose character she was of course very well acquainted with, so that she viewed with no great complacency these nocturnal wanderings, which threatened to make her a perfect wandering storehouse of all the aches and pains that ever were known from Eve downwards.

They had been walking about, as the Doctor averred, for a quarter of an hour, but as Miss Noggles assured them, on being referred to, for two good hours at the least, when they were somewhat startled by hearing some one approaching from the fields. Who it could be at that late hour the Doctor, who knew Mr. Hutton's early habits, could not imagine. Penelope was hanging tremblingly on his arm, whilst Miss Noggles, whose invariable refuge it was to give vent to her fear in screams, was already commencing a few short shrieks, probably as a sample of what was to follow.

How the Doctor cursed the darkness which had until now so kindly befriended them! how he strove to whisper some tender nothings into Penelope's ear, and pinched Miss Noggles' arms until they were black and blue, to make her desist! and yet how

all the time he felt wondrously uncomfortable and foreboding himself, as if he anticipated in some sort that mischief was brewing.

By some evil chance they had all got crowded up on the walk that ran through the shrubbery. The men who were coming towards them could not see a foot beyond them for the darkness, and therefore it was not surprising that the Doctor and Penelope should receive so smart a shock, consequent upon the quick rate at which the strangers were coming up, as in a moment to lay them sprawling on the ground, Miss Noggles falling upon the top of them, and yelling murder and fire at the very top of her voice, in a tone that might have raised the dead.

"Who ever are you?" roared Doctor Yellowchops, from beneath the two struggling screaming women, "let me get up! If I only were up, wouldn't I make you ashamed of yourselves! Help! thieves! holloa!"

"Fire! Fire! and Murder!" roared Miss Noggles, kicking violently, and struggling with an imaginary robber; "Mur—der! Mur—der! oh! we'll a'l be killed, and burnt alive."

Penelope could say nothing; her arm was round the gallant Doctor's neck, and although this feat of devotion had well-nigh strangled him, she would not on any account leave go.

Presently, Yellowchops felt his burden lightened, as the thieves, whoever they might be, managed by some miraculous means to lift Miss Noggles away, and deposit her upon the grass, where she still lay struggling with an imaginary murderer; and then the Doctor managed to scramble upon his legs, and, still pinioned by Penelope's wiry arms round his throat, he scrambled into the moonlight, and found himself confronted by two men, equally as tall and athletic as himself, whose hats were slouched down so over their faces that he could not detect a single feature of either.

"Is your name Yellowchops?" inquired one of the dark figures, in a voice he fancied he had heard somewhere before.

"Yes," stammered the Doctor, "Doctor Yellowchops, sir."

"You are the man we want, then," rejoined the other, promptly, "we have a chaise waiting below, near the inn; if you accompany us, you will find it to your advantage at some future time."

"Really, gentlemen, you seem to act in such a very abrupt manner," faltered poor Yellowchops, who felt terribly bewildered between his terror of losing a good patient, and his horror of being, perchance, waylaid and murdered in cold blood by a gang of designing villains, and the cold sweat started out of every pore of his skin at the bare thought of such a fate; "besides, as you perceive, I have a lady with me," turning to Penelope.

"The lady can retire to the house," said one of the men, decisively; "allow me, ma'am, to see you safe there," and he held out his arm.

Penelope screamed, and Miss Noggles ejaculated, in a tone that would have made a third party's blood run cold with bare horror; "oh my, Miss Penelope, he's a 'sasinator; don't touch him, on your peril, mem, or you're as good as dead to begin with."

Doctor Yellowchops imagined he heard a stifled laugh proceeding from one of the muffled-up figures beside him, and this reassured his drooping courage more than all the asseverations of safety and assurances of a safe return, the mysterious strangers could have made. Besides, they had a chaise down below at the Inn, and this of itself, was a guarantee for his safety. To be sure it was quite possible that the driver might be one of a gang of murderers, but this was not very probable; and in reality he ran a greater chance of losing a good patient, by refusing to go, than incur the risk of being deprived of his precious life by remaining where he was.

"Allow me only to see this lady and her maid safely back to the Grange, and then I am at your service, gentlemen," said he, with professional politeness, and as the unknown merely assented by a bow, he drew Penelope's arm within his own, and walked slowly up to the house.

"Will you be long dear, dear Mr. Yellowchops?" sighed Penelope, with tearful pathos; "oh I dread a thousand frightful calamities in your leaving us to-night."

"My heart's-love," murmured the enamoured doctor; "you must not alarm your gentle heart with such dismal forebodings; depend upon it I will return very speedily."

"I am such a poor, weak, silly thing," faltered Penelope, who felt that all these terrors made her vastly interesting; "and when any danger menaces those who ——."

"There is no danger, dearest,—no danger!" rejoined the doctor, duly elated with his own importance; "but why did my Penelope not continue the sentence, 'when danger menaces those who ——;' dear Miss Pestlepolge, will you not add what you intended should follow those delightful words?"

"Pray be merciful," whispered Penelope, coyly; "you men are such conceited, egotistical creatures."

"Upon my honour, you are quite cruel, sweet," rejoined Yellowchops, fiercely; "but your heart does not coincide with the censure of your lips; ah! Penelope, one chaste salute must pay the forfeit of your fickleness."

To Miss Noggles' intense disgust, the doctor hereupon attempted to snatch a kiss, but as Miss Pestlepolge was much too little accustomed to be so much sought after, to yield her favours quietly, a little struggle ensued, which continued until they entered the house, when hearing some one enter the entrance hall, the doctor abruptly decamped, leaving Penelope and her handmaid in a

scarcely less pleasant predicament, as they scarcely knew whether to advance or retreat.

To the great horror of the mistress, at least, they discovered that the interrupter of the doctor's love-scene, was no less a personage than Marmaduke Hutton himself, who with his dressing-gown, red cap, and clumsy slippers, came creeping towards them, holding a bed-room candlestick in his hand, the dull light of which falling on his countenance, as he held it over his head, made his strongly marked features at once grotesquely ludicrous and repulsive.

"Eh! what is that you, child?" he exclaimed, on discovering his guest; "what are you doing here? where have you been? you can't have been out child, and yet if I don't mistake you have a bonnet on? and you chit, too, with that saucy physiognomy," chucking Miss Noggles under the chin, sarcastically, "have you taken up the trade of love-making o' nights?"

"As for my phizinimy, please sir," retorted Noggles, spitefully, "it is as it was made, and on account of love-making, why please sir, I leave that to my elders and betters; I'm only a poor girl, sir, and have to earn my bread in the world, so that, as you see, I have to renounce the devil and all his works."

"Which of the works of the devil then have you been engaged in, child?" inquired old Marmaduke, eyeing Penelope's thin, hatchet face, by the light of his miserable candle; "you look as if you had been guilty of something very naughty."

"Oh please, sir," chimed in Noggles, edging herself in front of her discomfited mistress, and eyeing her ague-struck examiner, with very disdainful glances, "no gentleman as calls himself a gentleman would ask a lady, and one that is eating his own bread, such a question; you're mighty inquisitiontive, sir, which no gentleman as calls himself one would demean himself to, seeing that it's but dirty work to lower oneself to, and the wages in reason are but poor; and if we aren't to go about just as we please, without asking certain people's leave, why the sooner you get cross-bars and iron-cages put up, the better, and then we know what's our fate; only I must say, no gentleman would be guilty of such meanness."

"You're an impertinent baggage," squeaked Marmaduke, with glittering eyes and quivering lips.

"I'm as I was made, please sir," rejoined the imperturbable Miss Noggles, dropping a deep curtsey, "and in reason of being called a baggage, it's a thing that never passed a gentleman's lips with preference to me; I always kept a good krakter, please sir, for which I am truly thankful, and no gentleman as is one, would take a poor girl's bread from her, by such insinnywations."

"Get away about your business, impertinence," cried Marmaduke, who began to see the folly of disputing with such an antag-

onist; "and mark me, ma'am, I particularly beg that whilst an inmate of my house, you curtail your midnight walks a little."

"Oh dear, dear!" tittered Noggles, triumphantly, "I'll entail anything you like; it's not for a poor girl like me to fly in the face of such a knowledgable gentleman as yourself, and as to the matter of the midnight walks, though there's only eleven o'clock striking by the hall clock, yet I must say it's very agreeable and pleasant like, walking in the moonlight, when one isn't over old and doddery-like."

"Hush!" whispered Penelope, who seemed strangely terrified by Marmaduke's appearance at such a moment.

"You may 'hush!' ma'am, if you choose," cried Noggles, with a lofty contempt of consequences, and who felt the present to be an opportunity to show her eloquence, (which was most certainly of the perpetual motion description,) such as she rarely enjoyed, "but I can't hold my tongue, mem! and I won't hold my tongue, mem! and I will speak, mem! and now you may lead me to the stake, or put me in an iron cage, and carry me about the country as a show, at a penny-a-head, in a wax-work exhibition, or put me in the pillory, or set me to the tread-mill, or do what you please, but you sha'nt make me hold my tongue, and so I give you fair warning, mem."

"Put a padlock on that girl's mouth," said Marmaduke Hutton, sneeringly, as he shuffled away, realising Shakspeare's image of 'a lean and slippered pantaloon,' in pitiable perfection; and as Miss Noggle's eloquence did not subside until Penelope was warmly tucked up in bed and anxious to fall asleep, the latter felt that the suggestion was a very good one, if it were only practicable.

CHAPTER XX.

A room, that, by the flickering and sickly light of two wasting candles, looked vast, and dim, and comfortless, and that wore an air of discomfort, as well from the way in which the floor was strown with trunks, and cloaks, and shawls, and portmanteaus, and all the rubbish and litter of travelling; with a smouldering

fire, wasting itself away in smoke upon the hearth; with a heavy, gloomy, ghostly-looking bed, standing in the centre, the very plumes on the canopies of which were enough to conjure up visions of frightful spectres, and goblins, to the midnight watcher; and through the drawn curtains of which, issued the fitful mutterings, and groans, and stifled sobs of one with whom the grim destroyer was battling in his strength;—such is the scene we now venture to describe.

The candles were flickering in their sockets, with a long, black, snuff, overtopping each; the rain pattered on the casements, for the night had changed, and instead of the silvery moonlight gleaming through the unshaded windows as it had done an hour before, the blurred and gloomy track of the rain was now all that was to be seen, as the panes rattled with every sudden gust of wind that swept across them; nothing could be more gloomy than all within and without the chamber; the mutterings and howling of the storm without, the painful breathing of the sick within, broken as it was with the sharp scream of pain, or what was still more appalling to listen to, the sobbing moan that more than all seemed to proclaim the wretched being to be suffering under some terrible calamity, which the profoundest skill had failed to relieve.

In one corner of the room, piled carefully one upon another, stood eight boxes, the singular construction and materials of which, immediately attracted attention. Made of some dark wood, for they appeared perfectly black in the uncertain light, and of an octagon shape, these boxes were apparently of great value, from the manner in which they were secured at the corners with heavy bars of silver, nearly three feet in length, and half that depth and width. You could not detect, by the most minute search, by what means they were opened, as, in place of the usual keyhole, a silver dagger, evidently only placed there for ornament, was discoverable; a dressing gown, made of Thibet wool, hung over one end of these, and upon the top lay a sword, the scabbard of which was richly inlaid with precious stones.

In front of the fire, reclining in an easy chair, sat, or rather crouched, a man apparently in the decline of life; suddenly the firelight gleamed up, and you caught a glimpse of features, which, once seen, were never forgotten: the hair, which was grey, and unpowdered, was singularly thick and bushy, and his grizzled eyebrows hung like two huge pent-houses over eyes which needed all their shadow to subdue their keen and fiery glances; and yet the pale immoveable features had something so rigid and death-like in their expression—if expression it could be called—that this immobility and repose struck you as at once terrible and unearthly, in comparison with the fire and life those glances conveyed.

This man's gaunt, yet powerful figure, was attired in a costume

as singular as his countenance; a coat of dark blue cloth, fitting tightly to his body, with narrow skirts, was met at the waist by a pair of loose, gaily figured pantaloons, such as the sheicks of Alexandria wear at festivals; the neck of the coat was heavily ornamented with small silver ornaments, of curious workmanship, whilst large buttons of the same metal, as bright as mirrors, ran in double row down the front; the features might have been pronounced handsome, were it not that an unsightly gash almost dissevered the right lip, through the gaping void of which the glittering white teeth were visible.

Nothing seemed to shake this stern watcher's immoveability of demeanour. The rain fell without, windows rattled, the wind howled, and the weary watch-dog yelped drearily in the yard beneath; the sick man murmured and chattered in his sleep, moaning and sobbing, in the particular manner we have described, at long intervals, and still he never looked up; once a white, wasted hand was thrust from between the dark curtains, and seemed to beckon to him, and though his gaze was fixed upon the very spot at that moment, yet no expression of surprise or pity spread itself over his iron visage; nay, even when the candles, that had long flickered and gleamed fitfully in the sockets, at last sputtered and went out, he did not rise to renew them, but sat in the darkening room, with the smouldering firelight, and death at his elbow, battling hand to hand with his tortured and despairing victim.

There was something very terrible in this death-like indifference, when a tragedy so appalling was enacting within a few feet of this companion of the dying; there was something so startling in the sobs, and groans, and laboured breathing of the man who lay tossing and writhing on his bed of torture, whilst this man sat in the growing shadows that made everything within that room tenfold more spectral and unearthly, as immoveable as if every fold and feature were cut out of stone.

Presently a chaise was heard to drive into the court-yard beneath, and doors were heard to open and shut rapidly, and footsteps smote upon the stairs; then this man, rising up, with measured movements, lighted fresh candles, and stood in the centre of the room, watching the door with his keen glittering eyes, that seemed to burn with some unnatural fire, whilst his colourless and rigid visage was perfectly expressionless and dead. The next moment the door opened noiselessly, and the two cloaked figures walked in, followed by Doctor Yellowchops, behind whom came a servant, carrying a branch candlestick, which he set down on the chimney-piece, and retired.

"Is this the doctor?" inquired the watcher, fixing his keen bright eyes on Doctor Yellowchops, who shrunk from their basilisk glance.

"It is," returned one of the doctor's guides, laconically.

"You are a surgeon, I believe; have you brought your instruments with you?" demanded he.

"No! we did not find him at home," answered one of the men.

"No matter; we are already provided," said he, sternly; and approaching a box, which resembled, in appearance, those we have already described, except that it was not barred with silver, he took from it a case of surgical instruments, which the professional eyes of Doctor Yellowchops assured him to be of great value.

"We depend upon your skill, sir," said this stern being, placing them in the doctor's hands. "Be calm, I entreat you—be firm"—and motioning his two companions to leave the room, he followed them to the door, which he double locked after them, and then removing the candles to a small table near the bed, withdrew one curtain, and signalled the doctor to advance.

He obeyed, trembling, and beheld a sight, which well nigh paralysed him as he gazed.

Lying propped up by pillows, which in many places were stained with blood, was seen the figure of a man, who, though apparently little beyond his prime, was wasted to a skeleton; a scarlet shawl, of some rich material, was bound, turban fashion, around his head, under the loose folds of which straggled a few tangled locks of jet black hair; the skin was drawn over his face in that stiff, hard manner, sometimes witnessed in the dying, immediately before their dissolution; his large sunken eyes glittered like two fires in their sockets, and, with the deathly complexion, and wasted appearance, made this miserable being look more like the abode of an evil spirit, doomed to expiate some heinous crime, by a probation of torture upon earth, than a human being passing from time into eternity.

Suddenly, as the doctor gazed with a sickening motion of pity, which few would have given him credit for, a dark crimson stream bubbled up from the sick man's lips, accompanied by the sobbing moans we have already mentioned, as so painful to listen to; and then, as if the fearful paroxysm under which he seemed to labour had taken effect, his limbs writhed wildly to and fro, as if in agony, a stifled scream escaped his lips, his livid countenance became distorted as that of a fiend, and then, with a hollow groan, he sunk down insensible amongst the pillows—stiff, rigid, and death-like.

"Now, now, on your life exert your utmost skill!" cried the doctor's companion, seizing his arm, which he squeezed like a vice, "the crisis of the disorder has come;—he will lie thus in a fainting fit for twenty minutes; as you hope for salvation, be expeditious, or all will be lost!"

The doctor trembled with horror as he thought of his deficient education, and how few and futile were the expedients under his

control; his associate, in the meanwhile,—every one of whose movements were executed with a rapidity as swift and silent as the lightning that flashes across the summer sky,—had already selected from the gold-enamelled case several instruments, the form of which suggested their uses to the despairing surgeon.

"Is your hand and courage firm?" demanded his companion, fixing his bright searching eyes inquiringly upon him.

"I am not easily moved," said the doctor, whose pallid countenance belied his words. "Can you assist me?"

"Your patient must be bled first, profusely;—nay, man, your hand trembles like an aspen-leaf!" said the other, sternly.

The sick man still lay apparently lifeless, on the disordered bed. Yellowchops, who now felt supported by some strange confidence, suddenly determined upon a decisive course of conduct; and, disregarding his companion, who had now gone to the other side of the bed, and was supporting the sick man in his arms, examined the instruments, which one glance told him to be in excellent order, and at once dashed boldly into the middle of his art; as the right arm of the patient was bared, however, the same sickly dread came over him again, on perceiving the member to be withered from the wrist to the elbow. The stern attendant perceived his cheek blanch; but the doctor, nerving himself up to the task, continued his operations with a trembling heart, feeling strangely superstitious, in spite of himself, at all he witnessed around him.

It was a sight that would have stirred the strongest, could they have lifted the dark-plumed canopy from that bed, and gazed upon the scene below; the sick man, immoveable, death-like and still, with his glassy eyes and livid complexion,—his attendant, lying beside him on the bed, and holding him in his arms,—his features, distorted by the hideous scar we have described, wearing their immoveable and expressionless character,—his glittering eyes, watching with wolfish eagerness every movement of the surgeon, whilst poor Doctor Yellowchops plied his art, with the big drops of sweat standing in thick batallions upon his throbbing brow, and feeling in his mind as if the first false move he made would make his companion stab him to the heart.

When the time the latter had mentioned was expired, the sick man gave symptoms of returning animation; a profuse sweat burst out upon his dry hot skin; his eyelids drooped over those lustreless balls; a faint bloom, almost too delicate to be seen, spread itself over his gaunt and wasted features. His attendant watched all these symptoms with breathless anxiety; and when a deep sigh escaped the patient, followed by a few inarticulate sounds—which the doctor never afterwards could mould into words—a gleam of joy for a moment shot athwart his face, and his stern iron jaws seemed for a moment to move in prayer, as he gently

suffered him to fall back upon the pillows, and then motioning the other to watch until his return, he left the room.

He might have been absent half-an-hour, during which the sick man had gradually sunk into a peaceful slumber, when he returned, and with a quick glance at the patient, whose attitude alone sufficed to re-assure him, motioned Yellowchops to follow him; the doctor, with a heartfelt prayer, obeyed, and presently found himself ushered into a lofty room, which, though furnished pretty much in the same fashion as that he had just left, had, nevertheless, served out on the centre table a supper, which Epicurus might have envied.

"Eat!" said his companion, laconically, motioning him to a seat; "you have ridden some distance, and must be hungry, sir;" and Doctor Yellowchops, who always could command an appetite, fell to, without further invitation, noticing, previous to doing so, that the service on which the meal was served was of massive silver, and that a couple of footmen in rich liveries waited upon his companion and himself.

The wines, too, were of the rarest vintage, and did credit to the delicious viands they followed. The doctor felt bewildered and well-nigh intoxicated, in spite of himself; and yet he had obtained no clue by which to discover who this strange and wealthy patient could be, and the darkness of the night had prevented his examining the house on entering it.

When supper was ended, his companion slipped a heavy purse into his hands, and, with a low bow, wished him good night.

"If—I beg your pardon—but, if your friend should require my future services," stammered Doctor Yellowchops, whose courage revived as he felt the weight of the purse, "how am I to learn—"

"Should your services be required, I will send," rejoined his entertainer, sternly; "but I do not expect to be necessitated to trouble you, as my master rarely experiences a second attack so soon after the first —"

"A thousand pardons!—may it be long before he requires them!" stammered Yellowchops, rather abashed; and, with another low bow, he followed a footman from the room, and, crossing a long and lofty hall, presently found himself in the open air, with a chaise in waiting to convey him home.

Scarcely certain whether he was awake or dreaming, the doctor jumped in, and as soon as the vehicle began to move, dropped off in a doze, and did not waken up again until he arrived at home.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONTRARY to the angry remonstrances of Lady Courtenay, and much to the bewilderment of Sir Charles, who could not imagine how a woman who loved her future husband so passionately as his niece did Sir Clarence, Madeline kept her room, during the whole of the day of the latter's arrival; and thus her ladyship was forced, as well as she could, to make up for her niece's want of manners by her extra civility and complaisance towards their favoured guest.

Sir Clarence, to do him justice, took very little to heart his bride's want of good manners, and there was no lack, on his part, of laughing and prosing with Sir Charles, and listening with well-bred patience to her ladyship's wearisome accounts of her conservatory and pheasantry, and the ailments of her pensioners. Mordaunt he did not deign to notice further than by a haughty stare, which the young man returned with proud disdain.

He was an extremely handsome man, was this Sir Clarence; or, rather, he was the wreck of one, for you needed only to look at his bloated figure, and flushed and dissipated countenance, and restless eyes, with the dark purple rings encircling the underlids, to perceive that dissipation and extravagance had done their sure and certain work betimes with his constitution; his conversation was principally of town life, the opera, and the yacht-clubs; the gambling-houses and Watier's he durst not mention before Lady Courtenay, whose morality was unimpeachable, and so he talked away at Sir Charles with well-bred indifference, and mentally plumed himself upon his superiority to the silent and reserved Mordaunt, who sat quite removed from the rest of the party, apparently forgotten by them all.

This very soon seemed to strike Sir Charles, who, slapping him heartily on the back, exclaimed, "God bless me, Mr. Mordaunt, are we allowing you to fall asleep? upon my word now, but that is too bad. Clarence, why don't ye drink to my young friend, Mr. Mordaunt, eh?"

"Oh! ah! Mr. Mordaunt, I will be most happy—ah!" and Sir Clarence poured himself out a glass of champagne, and nodded across table; "Mr. Mordaunt—ah?" and Sir Clarence sipped his wine, and frowned magnificently.

Walter, who was very proud, and fancied himself an intruder upon the hospitality of Sir Charles Courtenay, bowed when Sir Clarence bowed, and set down his wine untasted, a circumstance which Lady Courtenay did not fail to note. Sir Clarence, however, was

too much wrapped up in his own grandeur to notice anything that such a poor devil as Mordaunt, who had neither money or estates, chose to think about; and so the evening wore on, and Mordaunt rose to retire.

"Mr. Mordaunt, will you join me in a canter in the morning?" said Sir Charles, in his kind cheery voice; "if a young fellow like you can be bored with an old man's company, I shall be very happy."

"Certainly, Sir Charles," rejoined Walter, bowing to Lady Courtenay as he spoke; "I shall be most happy to accompany you."

Sir Clarence's glance at that moment rested upon our hero, and, for the first time, something like a suspicion that Walter's athletic well-knit figure was equally as handsome, and more graceful than his own, crossed his brain; this discovery made him make a very awkward bow in return for the one with which Walter honoured him, and for the first time that day put him out of conceit of himself."

"I did not know you had a guest, Sir Charles," said he, knitting his brows as he had ever done since a boy, when the door had closed upon poor Walter; "a likely-looking young fellow 'faith, but sulky, I take it."

"It never struck me that he was so," rejoined Sir Charles, who really liked Mordaunt, and thought his disposition faultless; "he looks rather out of spirits to-night, poor fellow, to be sure: but that will all be over by the morning."

"Oh! he is low spirited, is he?" echoed Sir Clarence, twirling his whiskers; "and what, pray, are his prospects, Sir Charles?"

"What are his prospects? No question is asked more frequently in the world, and no question is more difficult to answer."

"What are his prospects?" asks the scheming mamma, when her quick eye detects a likely young fellow dangling about some charming daughter, whose sole wealth lies in her beauty and accomplishments.

"My dear Lady Tufanuph, Mr. Dangle pays your charming Amelia very marked attentions, and you really ought to inquire of his uncle, the general, what are his prospects, he really ought to be asked;" whispers the lady, flirting her fan.

No one's prospects were less defined than were poor Walter's. He was like a straw carried away on the busy tide of the world around him, without occupation or means of support, and so it was no wonder that Sir Charles, in attempting to answer Sir Clarence, should feel rather at a loss, and confess, after all, that he really did not know what his younger guest's prospects were.

"He is quite a gentleman, whatever he may be," quoth Sir Charles, hurriedly slurring over his appalling ignorance of Wal-

ter's expectations; "and a handsome likely young fellow into the bargain."

"Yaas—rather good looking," drawled Sir Clarence; much in Miss Courtenay's society, eh?"

"Eh, what? yes, rather—that is, not very much," stammered Sir Charles, getting more and more confused; "they have occasionally ridden out together, and that is all."

"Oh, oh! Miss Courtenay is, probably, rather indifferent to his company," observed her lover, who began to feel a few jealous qualms.

"Oh! certainly, my dear fellow; you would not have the girl to feel any preference for him, when we have always so carefully inculcated into her mind her old engagement to you; that would be the most gross neglect of duty, sir."

"Madeline is so fond of riding," observed Lady Courtenay, quietly; "and young Mordaunt was the only attendant available, except a groom."

"He is not one of the Mordaunts of Farnley, is he?" inquired Sir Clarence.

"I believe not; indeed, to confess the truth, I have not asked the young man to what family he belongs, as we met entirely by accident," stammered Sir Charles.

Sir Clarence did not look half satisfied, but he felt he could not say more at present, and so the conversation ended.

Walter had left the room with a painful feeling of discontent, against whom or what he scarcely knew, rankling at his heart, and which the silence and solitude of his own room was scarcely likely to alleviate. There was a bright moon, too, which seemed to tempt him to a midnight stroll, so he put on his hat with the intention of taking a saunter on the terrace for half an hour or so prior to going to bed, with the expectation of dispersing the gnawing disquiet he felt.

There was something so holy, and calm, and quiet in the stillness of the hour and the scene; so delicious was the sabbath-like silence to his chafed and impetuous soul; the heavens, with ten thousand glorious eyes, seemed to look down so majestically grand and magnificent around him, and the balmy breeze swept past, so laden with a thousand sweet perfumes, that he felt in a moment transported out of himself; and ravished with the loveliness of the time, he sank down on one of the carved balustrades of the terrace, and presently became lost to everything but the scene before him.

"A low sigh, breathed very near him, made Walter start up to perceive Madeline Courtenay standing within two paces of him.

"Dear Miss Courtenay," he exclaimed, taking her hand respectfully, "are you not afraid of the damp air, so thinly clad as you are?

"Pray don't be alarmed for my safety, Mr. Mordaunt," said the beautiful girl, mournfully; "I will not catch cold."

"You are unwell, I really fear you are," cried Walter, in alarm; "I can see that your cheeks are very much flushed; dear Miss Courtenay, allow me to escort you to the house?

Madeline stamped her little foot in anger, as the youth persisted in his terrors.

"If I am ill at all," she said, hurriedly, "it is not bodily illness, at all events; can the mind not feel weary, and sad, and dispirited, as readily as the body?"

Walter felt struck with the coincidence between his own mental disquiet, and that of the gifted and lovely creature before him, as she said these words:—

"I came out here to find a solace in the beauty of the night, for unpleasant thoughts," said our hero, ingeniously; "but you, surely, are not unhappy?"

Madeline pressed her neck convulsively with her little hands, as she murmured, "I am very, very wretched."

"Wretched! can it be possible that Madeline Courtenay, beautiful, and gifted, and rich, and courted by all, can find room in her vocabulary for such a word?" cried Walter, passionately; "no! no! no! this must be some strange hallucination."

Madeline smiled faintly, but seemed too much absorbed by her own reflections to reply; perhaps she might have felt the indecorum of making a young man, in Walter Mordaunt's position, the receptacle of her griefs, for a minute afterwards she drew her shawl closer round her shoulders, and said, in the half playful, half mocking tone she sometimes employed, "Shall we take a stroll round the gardens, Mr. Mordaunt; or are you so terrified by my green-eyed melancholy, as to decline the challenge?"

"No one can fear when wit so refined and beauty so peerless as that of Miss Courtenay is his escort," said Walter, with rustic gallantry.

"Your flattery is very palpable, Mr. Mordaunt," said the volatile girl, laughing merrily; "if it were not so, I am afraid it would prove very dangerous."

"You know I am only a novice in the art," said Walter, gaily, "so that you must exert all your charity, in extenuation of my clumsiness."

Madeline's gaze unconsciously rested on him, as she thought of Sir Clarence, with his pompous egotism and solemn dulness, and the contrast only made her heart ache the more as she thought of the fate in store for her; almost unconsciously she drew closer to her companion, whose arm she held, for the terrible vision had made her sick and giddy, and again she felt the intoxication of his presence, for Walter, at that moment, was looking down upon her with eyes, in the dark depths of which, if love did not lurk, admiration and pity certainly did.

And again, Madeline thought of Sir Clarence and Walter Mordaunt.

In the first place, Sir Clarence was so old—for is not five-and-thirty almost patriarchal in the imagination of a young and healthful girl, whose ardent and romantic mind has just opened to the realities of life? and then he was pompous, and selfish, and self-opinionated, and dull and egotistical, and vain as a peacock, of a person which had once been handsome, but was so no longer.

Madeline sighed, as she ran over the unattractive catalogue of her lover's faults, and compared them with the more romantic graces of Mordaunt's person and face, and ardent temperament and courage; true, he was poor, and unknown, but these drawbacks only seemed to make him personally more interesting, and Madeline felt how hard and cruel it was that an heiress, like herself, could not escape a marriage of wealthy dulness, united to Sir Clarence, by bestowing her fortune and hand upon Mordaunt.

When a woman hesitates between love and prudence, the first invariably turns the scales, and Madeline Courtenay was no exception, in that respect, to the generality of her sex; no rest came to her weary eyes that night; sleep hovered not around her head, for one image only filled her mind, and drove away the very idea of repose from her; whenever she closed her eyes, Sir Clarence Mildmay rose up before her, claiming the fulfilment of their ancient compact, and gloating over her anguish, with solemn stupidity of manner. Madeline's woman's spirit rose within her, strong in indignation of such a traffic of all the happiness of her life-time, that an ancient agreement, half jest, half earnest, might be religiously observed; and then came the image of Walter Mordaunt, making her writhe in agony and despair over a fate which affection for her kindred, and prudence for her own fair reputation, seemed to render inevitable.

The arrival of Sir Clarence had the effect of determining Sir Charles to give a ball, if nothing more; and when Mordaunt and Madeline came down to breakfast the next morning, they found the trio eagerly discussing the pros and cons of the entertainment. Sir Charles wanted it to be numerous; Sir Clarence fancied it ought to be select; Madeline was appealed to; did she think a large or a small party would go off best?

"I really don't know; pray do just as you please," was her indifferent answer.

"I should like it to be crowded," said Sir Charles, who was very hospitable, and liked to make folks happy.

"A select party would be much pleasanter," said Sir Clarence, fastidiously; "do you not think so, Miss Courtenay?"

"I really don't care; why will you persist in teasing me?" rejoined Madeline, impatiently.

"Oh, I'm sure Madeline would like a large party, would you not, love?" inquired Sir Charles. Bless me! what ails the girl? Why niece, you are as white as a ghost!"

"Madeline probably did not sleep well last night," said Lady Courtenay, with quiet tact; "young people are often feverish in spring," Sir Charles.

"Feverish, hum! Why the girl can scarcely stand upright," cried Sir Charles, with great trepidation, surveying his niece from head to foot. "My dear love, pray tell us if you are ill?"

"No, no, I am quite well, dear uncle," said Madeline, hoarsely, though she affected to smile. "Come, let us hear about the ball; let us make out the lists;" and she sat down, leaning over his chair, as she often did, when in a playful humour, though her rigid countenance, pallid complexion, and abrupt demeanour, betrayed to one, at least, of the party, that inwardly she was powerfully moved by some hidden influence.

No one, in fact, could avoid noticing the unusual manner she displayed on this fatal morning; at one moment, eagerly engaged in the conversation that passed around her, at the next, plunged in a reverie so deep, that Lady Courtenay was frequently under the necessity of repeating a question she put to her, before she received any answer; now startling even Sir Clarence from his pompous egotism, by a wild sally of mirth totally foreign to the subject, and, a moment after, answering by monosyllables, or not at all.

Mordaunt was a silent and sad spectator of these alternate fits of mirth and woe, and reverting to the conversation he had had with Madeline the preceding evening, was at no loss to assign their cause.

"We must ask Lady Jermyn and her daughters," said Sir Charles; "Lady Jermyn is a very good woman, though rather wrong-headed on one or two points; the girls wild giddy things, but unsophisticated."

"And her ladyship's niece, Kate Mayflower," added Madeline; "beautiful Kate, with her graceful figure, her passion for romps, and a voice merry and sweet as a nightingale's."

Sir Clarence took a long breath as the names were put down; Madeline had taken away his breath with her eulogium on her friend.

"There are the Rendleshams and Mr. Mostyn," said Lady Courtenay, quietly; "we met Mr. Mostyn at Naples, you know, my love."

"Yes, yes, I remember," returned her husband; "a nice quiet man, rather an invalid; put them down, and John Courtenay."

"Cousin John," added Madeline, abstractedly.

"Handsome Jack, as he is called," said Sir Charles, laughing merrily; "ha! ha! Sir Clarence, I'd have you look wide awake when John comes, or you may be cut out, you know."

"My love," said Lady Courtenay, significantly.

"Have you got John down, sir," demanded Madeline, whose pale face had flushed a brilliant scarlet.

"I shall be very happy to make the acquaintance of Mr. John Courtenay," quoth Sir Clarence, with solemn magnanimity. "What are his prospects?" his invariable question, touching every young man he heard mentioned.

"Really, I can hardly tell," blurted out Sir Charles; "Jack is a harum-scarum fellow, with a heart like a lion, and a figure—but no, you shall wait and see Jack in *propria persona;* suffice it that Jack has an estate somewhere or other, but whether in England, Ireland, Scotland, or the Antipodes, faith, it would take a wiser man than me to find out."

"Charles, my love, how you talk; Mr. John Courtenay has a very pretty place in Dorsetshire," said her ladyship.

"Has he, my lady? I'm glad to hear it then, for John's a good fellow, and worth his weight in gold; Madeline there, and him, the rascal, are great friends,—eh, Lina?"

Sir Clarence glanced suspiciously over to his betrothed; Madeline was playing carelessly with her pen, apparently absorbed in thought, and her jealous lover in a moment suspected, from the involuntary smile that lingered on her countenance, that she was thinking of this very John Courtenay; Sir Clarence felt the green-eyed monster, Jealousy, in a moment busy in his soul, whispering to him to hate this very John Courtenay, and to watch his intercourse, step by step, with Madeline; he thought of Madeline's slight to him on his arrival, when she did not even deign to give him her company on the occasion, and how wayward and abstracted she had been the whole of that morning.

"John will be sure to come, for he loves nothing better than a good merry houseful," cried Sir Charles, gaily; "Mr. Mordaunt, you will like Jack Courtenay," he added, kindly, as he nodded to Walter.

"And I will hate him," thought Sir Clarence, scowling.

Madeline's heart insensibly became lightened of its weary load as the prospect of "Jack Courtenay," as Sir Charles called him, opened before her: it only took a very short time now to make out the lists for the ball, and Madeline was gayest of the gay to all but her future husband.

Her ill humour nearly returned, nevertheless, when she discovered that Sir Clarence intended accompanying Mordaunt and herself upon their ride, instead of going over Sir Charles's home-farm, to be bored with his worthy host's improvements; this, however, was an evil that could be borne, even although Sir Clarence was more stately and insufferable on horseback than on foot, but she determined to manœuvre so as to keep him always in the back ground, and thus at the same time torture his vanity and appease her own antipathy to his society.

When Sir Clarence, however, rode up to the front of the hall, expecting to find her there with the rest of the party, he felt not a little chagrined to perceive his betrothed seated quietly by Lady Courtenay's side, in her ladyship's poney carriage, the pleasure of having outwitted him lurking beneath the dark lashes of her eyes, and speaking pretty plainly in the dimpling smiles on her countenance.

"You will be forced to put up with Sir Charles and Mr. Mordaunt's company," cried Lady Courtenay, with a gracious smile; "I am afraid to trust my niece on horseback this morning, Sir Clarence."

"I hope Miss Courtenay is not indisposed," inquired the concerned Sir Clarence, bending down to his saddle-bow; "Oh! I am sure that beautiful complexion belies your ladyship's certificate of indisposition."

"Madeline had only a bad night," said Lady Courtenay, earnestly; "and though her spirits really bear her through wonderfully, yet I must not let her run the risk of a scamper in such dangerous company; you must not be jealous, for you know—" and the rest of her ladyship's communication, whatever it was, ended in a whisper which sent Sir Clarence away smiling and bowing more lovingly than ever.

"Now, Madeline, my love, we will have a quiet drive round the park; the gentlemen will not be at home until three or four o'clock, so that we need not be in a hurry to return; do you not think Sir Clarence a very fine-looking man."

"He wears well for his age, madam," returned Madeline, sarcastically; "you would scarcely suppose him to be so old."

Lady Courtenay nearly let the reins drop with astonishment. "My dear child," she exclaimed, "how dreadfully old you make Sir Clarence out to be; consider, love, he is your future husband."

"Sir Clarence Mildmay, aunt, shall never be my husband," cried Madeline, with a look and tone that made even Lady Courtenay quail before her; "No! I would rather live out the rest of my days, old and poor, and forgotten and unloved by all, than be the wife of that man—and that, madam, is my creed!" continued she with bitter emphasis, as she turned her beautiful and scornfully indignant countenance full upon the angry gaze of her ladyship.

TO AN ADOPTED CHILD.

It is said on the stormy winter nights, there are wailings wild and sweet,
Swept along on the tempests' whirl—the desolate heart to greet;
When the opening gates of Paradise, receive a soul to rest,
The strains of angelic hymns escape from the mansions of the blest;
And the blissful music floateth by, brief as the lightning's play,
And onward faintly echoing rolls—o'er boundless space away.

Mine adopted one! my heart's own child! my soul hath welcomed thee—
Thy voice hath breathed o'er its discord wild—this celestial harmony;
The wintry storm hath been drear and cold—and the mariners' hope will cling
To the land where flowers of summer bloom, and birds for ever sing:
A flower of earth art thou to me—a bird of summer skies,
And on thy pure and transparent mind reflected Heaven lies.

Mine adopted one! mine only one! my beautiful and best,
Though stranger to my blood thou art—unnurtured at this breast—
No mother's love could exceed the love—so deeply cherish'd for thee—
Thou dearest—sweetest—and brightest gift—star of my destiny!
Though youth is passing away—and sorrow hath quenched its light—
Let this one bright star illume the path—and day beams forth in night!

Mine adopted one! my darling child! when winter tempests roar—
The angel music floateth past—and is heard on earth no more;
Thou, too, must quickly pass away—for the longest life doth seem—
When named in the breath with *Eternity*—but a transient fleeting dream;
Live so beloved—that in youth or age—the Paradise gates may be,
On the stormy night—or the sunny day—freely opened to thee!

C. A. M. W.

JOHNSON *VERSUS* MILTON.

BY J. EWING RITCHIE.

In penning a few remarks in accordance with our title, it is necessary that we should first consider the character of Johnson, or rather that portion of it developed in his critical writings with which we have principally to do, and which we would term the critical section of his character. We have said, with which we have principally to do, because in judging a man's judgment, in criticising the criticisms of a critic, there is much that at first sight may seem foreign, which must be taken into account. Causes from within, or from without, may act upon the man and modify the judgment. The habits, the prejudices, the feelings, the passions, the opinions, the interests, of the critic, may in a thousand various ways affect and render unfair the criticism. Unconsciously to himself, with an aim that shall be good, he may yet pronounce a sentence that shall be untrue. A man may sit down to draw a Venus, may intend to flatter even her, to endow her with eyes more deeply, darkly, beautifully blue, lips more red, brow more fair; and yet the lady drawn may possess the pleasing peculiarity of being the ugliest of all Earth's daughters.

It is now the fashion to run down Johnson, as amongst our fathers it was the fashion to praise him. A race has arisen that knows him not. Money-making Manchester can barely find time for its threepenny newspaper, and patronizes no literature that dates from the dark side of the French Revolution. A change in style and thought has taken place since Johnson's day, the laurel has been torn from his brow by an almost unanimous confederacy of the great men, and the little, in the literary world: many of whom had all Boswell's foolishness and none of Boswell's sense—that reverence for and subjection to a master mind, which obtained for him what little honour he ever had. Boswell did what few men do—he saw the divinity within—he could tell when he had seen a man—he could see that beyond the rough exterior—beyond the outward sins against grace and manner, where there was something true and great within; and, inasmuch as he did this, did he himself rise in all that gives dignity and worth to man. Boswell has rendered

undying his own name and that of Johnson's; to that most perfect of all biographies, that most life-like of all pictures no one has ever turned in vain. Johnson's works may fail to delight him. Rasselas may, indeed, be an eastern tale, but his life has all the charm and freshness of reality. We see the unwieldy form, we hear the dogmatic conversation, and almost shrink into nothing at the annihilating "sirs." We form one of the then many who stood and gazed, and trembled, and admired, in his presence. Involuntarily we join the throng—we do homage to the man; we lay our offerings at his feet, and then turn away, and unite in the general cry, "Great is the monarch of Bolt Court. Great is Samuel Johnson."

Thus was it in his life-time. In an old arm chair, apparelled in rusty black, corpulent somewhat more than bard beseemed, in the first floor of a narrow court, in a crowded street of a crowded capital, did he sit and talk and legislate with the state and power of a tyrant. That day is passed. He, the great literary dictator of his time, whom not merely Grub Street, but all England, delighted to honour, has had his right to that high eminence disputed—his claims denied. Those whom his one word would have silenced with disgrace, were he alive, have made him the object of their paltry sneers. To a degree the contempt of the contemptible literature has been his lot.

Johnson's character and life unfitted him for the part of a critic, and, therefore, it was not to be expected he should play that part well. In the early part of it he was literally writing for bread, and, therefore, could not lead the age; and when he did lead it, all that the age contained of one-sided views of unbending prejudice, of dark and unrelenting bigotry, was embodied in his life and character, and had become as inseparable a condition of his being as the life-blood that flowed in his heart. He had been taken up by a class, and he stood by that class to the last. There was little of catholic feeling in him—his mission was truly to his own. His views were those of a thorough Englishman, and that Englishman a thorough advocate of church and state, and of church and state as they were before Old Sarum was disfranchised and Manchester sent its representatives to Parliament. Johnson argued, as every genuine John Bull invariably does;—the Athenians had no printed books, therefore they were an ignorant set of men; the Scotch prayed without a liturgy, consequently, they had no religion. In this perfectly free and easy manner did Johnson undertake to dispose of whole classes and communities of men. He divided the world into two classes. Himself, and those who agreed with him, he placed in the first class; they were right. The rest were wrong. With him was orthodoxy and salvation—with those who thought differently there was heresy and death. Unfortunately foremost in the latter stood Milton's undying name, and

Johnson, who was but an indifferent poet, or rather no poet at all, but a tolerably sonorous rhymester, attempted to criticise the minor poems of Milton, to whose beauties he was utterly blind. Never was mortal man more unfitted for his task; the critic and the author had nothing in common. For Johnson to set up as Milton's critic was as absurd as it would be were Grantley Berkeley to sit in judgment on Quaker Bright, or were Mr. Lane Fox, who has declared himself ready to ride up to his charger's neck in the blood of the papist and the infidel, to favour the reading public with the life and times of the late member for all Ireland. As well might the patentee of Betts's British Brandy become the biograpgher of Father Mathew—or the Rev. Hugh M'Neile undertake to pourtray his reverence the Pope.

In opposition to all the rules of good nature and law, where the circumstances are doubtful, Johnson invariably inclines to the most unfavourable side. He acted completely contrary to the more charitable rule of believing a man innocent until he is proved guilty. Hence the unfavourable facts, and still more unfavourable insinuations, which mark his life of Milton, and which, at the time, to borrow a figure from Boswell, caused "the hounds of Whiggism to open in full cry," as well they might. When we recollect also who it is who makes the charges, Johnson's own surly one-sided character, many of them appear perfectly ridiculous. Quoting a passage, Johnson remarks, "Such is the controversial movement of Milton. His gloomy seriousness is yet more offensive. Such is his malignity that hell grows darker at his frown." A few pages further on, he represents this austere, unbending man, as an abject, fawning sycophant at the feet of the Protector. Johnson well knew that the materials that form the one character are very different to those that form the other, but he made the blunder in his anxiety to wrong the character of the writer of "Paradise Lost." Milton belonged to no establishment of religion. Johnson shakes his head, and says he was not of the church of Rome—he was not of the church of England, and having thus taken it for granted, that not to belong to either of these was not to be a religious man at all; he gravely observes, to be of no church is dangerous. But suppose we substitute for Milton's name that of a good Tory and high churchman, a friend of Johnson's, such as Dr. John Campbell, we shall hear him tell a different tale. "Campbell is a good man, a pious man. I am afraid he has not been inside of a church for many years; but he never passes a church without pulling off his hat. This shows that he has good principles." Bear also in mind, that Johnson, himself, when in Scotland, thought it right to absent himself from public worship, because the ministers of the Kirk had not received episcopal ordination.

But to proceed with the criticisms on the smaller poems.

Speaking of them, Johnson says, "If they differ from the verses of others, they differ for the worse." Before we agree to this sweeping condemnation, let us just see what kind of poetry it was Johnson preferred to Milton's; we must glance at the time in which Milton wrote. His smaller poems were written first. "Comus" was composed somewhere in 1634, in intervals of time obtained whilst Milton was reading through whatever has come down to us of the authors of Greece and Rome. It was an age in which art had usurped the place of nature; it was an age in which quaint conceit, and far-fetched metaphor, and recondite allusions, were the all in all of what was called poetry in the language of the times. Of true poetry there was but little. The bright constellation that gave glory to the reign of the maiden queen, and the name of England, had become extinct. Shirley alone remained, and he contented himself with editing the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher. Of the others nothing was known. Cowley was the fashionable poet. His principal poems are on love, according to his own theory, "that poets are scarcely thought freemen of their company, without paying some duties, or obliging themselves to be true to love." We must, however, remember that Cowley's love was like the wit of Hudibras, of whom Butler sings:—

> "He had much wit,
> But was shy of shewing it."

The fact is, Cowley never was in love but once, and that love he never had courage enough to declare. Cowley was no Petrarch, and his Laura never knew the flame she had lighted in the poet's breast. Hence his verses on love might well be what, indeed, they were, strained, unnatural, and unreal, with comparisons in abundance, but with little of the inspiration of poetry and love. On such altars burned no sacred fire; from such verse-mongers escaped no thoughts that breathed, no words that burned. In this age of "strong lines," as Isaac Walton called them, in contradistinction to that smooth song made by Kit Marlow, appeared the "Comus" of Milton, which Johnson has criticised wrongly, because being "Comus, a *mask*," he judges it as if it were "Comus, a drama;" the rules that apply to the one, not being applicable to the other species of composition. "It is a drama," he says, "in the epic style, inelegantly splendid, and tediously instructive;" the fact is, it is no drama at all. Alas! Samuel, a generation has arisen that in its wicked stupidity considers much that thou thyself didst write, "inelegantly splendid, and tediously instructive." But we should have begun in the order in which Johnson has criticised the poems. He begins with "Lycidas." "One of the poems," says he, "on which much praise has been bestowed, is Lycidas, of which the diction is harsh, the rhymes irregular, and the number

uncertain." To answer these criticisms, we need merely reprint part of the poem itself. Milton thus begins :—

" Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pick your berries harsh and crude;
And, with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead—dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin, then, sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring—
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string;
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse:
So may some gentle muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn;
And, as he passes, turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nurst upon the self same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the grey fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star, that rose at evening bright,
Towards heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel,
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute;
Rough satyrs danced, and fawns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.
But O, the heavy change now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee, the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn:
The willows and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear," &c.

"In this poem," says Johnson, "there is no nature, for there is no truth." This is pretty well for a beginning, but the Doctor would fain demolish "Lycidas" at once. He proceeds to say, "There is no art, for there is nothing new." To say that a man writes a long poem neither according to nature or art, seems to us equivalent to saying, that he did not write at all. Nature is a very vague term; and Johnson's nature was of that peculiar kind which is but another name for art. In his heart Johnson was a thorough-bred Cockney—a Cockney of the worst class—one not from accident, but conviction. Had he lived in the country, he would have done what Horace Smith, in jocularity, threatened to do; he would have paved the front of his house, and would have hired a hackney coachman to have driven backwards and forwards on it, in order that pleasing reminiscences might be aroused of scenes within the neighbourhood of Bow Bells. If "Lycidas" be neither truthful nor new, Johnson should have shown another poem equally plaintive and beautiful. It is a sign that a master is at work, when a subject that has formed the bitter burden of many a poet's song, should yet be resung, so as to reach and thrill the human heart. But Johnson, with bigotry's spectacles on his nose, could see nothing but what any one else could do. In the same manner, country gentlemen, like Sir Philip Warwick could see in Cromwell, at first, nothing but a clumsy, badly dressed man. It is a well worn theme, that of Lycidas. Friend has wept friend, from the time that David bewailed Jonathan, and even before that. In such a case, novelty can neither be expected nor desired, for novelty would be untruth. When the oft struck chords of the human heart have to be restruck, it is truth, and not affected novelty, however ingenious, will do it. If I would weep and mourn, my language and feeling must be the language and feeling of all of the human race, whose hearts have been torn by sorrow since time began; and for a poem to call into play merely the sadder feelings of the human heart, it is essential that poem should have truth. These feelings "Lycidas" does excite. Judging it, then, by its effects, this truth "Lycidas" has.

"The poem," says Johnson, "is that of a pastoral—easy, vulgar, and therefore disgusting." He had just been saying that the diction was harsh, and the numbers unpleasing—qualities which have never yet existed in conjunction in a poem that could be called easy. To be easy, Johnson argued, as a matter of necessity, a man must be vulgar. At least, he knew such to be the case with himself, and many of the Grub Street gentry, with whom, in his younger days, he caroused. Hence it is not to be wondered at that Johnson, who had come in contact with so much dirt, who had raked with the set of whom Savage was a type, should always write, as it were, on stilts, and be disgusted with those who did not do the same. Hence Johnson's love to high sounding latinity

was only equalled by his contempt for the good old Saxon tongue. No man can have lived as the worthy doctor at one time did live, but must have often heard the racy, expressive vocabulary of the latter most grievously abused. By a transition—and to Johnson not a very difficult one—the sad and simple wail for Lycidas becomes easy, vulgar, and disgusting. Johnson laughed at poor Goldsmith. His careless good nature, his love for himself, and his plumb coloured suit, Johnson despised. Goldsmith, however, was well aware of the latter's foible, and exposed it, too, when he told him he made his little fishes talk like great whales.

Cowley is quoted in contrast to Milton. Johnson says,—"When Cowley tells us of Harvey, that they studied together, it is easy to suppose that he must miss the companion of his labour, and the partner of his discoveries. But what image of tenderness can be excited by the lines,—

> "We drove a-field, and both together heard
> What time the grey fly winds her sultry horn,
> Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night."

In the very concentrated essence of matter-of-factism—if we may coin such a word—Johnson profoundly observes: "We know that they never drove a-field, and that they had no flocks to batten." But imaginative as this undoubtedly is, no one can deny that it represents a tender intimacy, a generous friendship, such as that of Damon and Pythias—a fellowship of thought, and hope, and desire, rudely torn asunder by the cold hand of death. It is its simple, unpretending character, that heightens the charm of the image presented to the mind; it possesses, besides the minor, though at that time the rare merit, of being in keeping with the rest of the piece. But let us see how Cowley writes. The following, we believe, are the lines to which Johnson refers. Which are the better, the more chaste, and beautiful, and present the more tender images, any one but the Doctor could tell, without much difficulty. Cowley thus writes:—

ON THE DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM HARVEY.

"It was a dismal and a fearful night,
Scarce could the moon drive on the unwilling light,
When sleep, death's image, left my troubled breast,
By something like death possest.
My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my soul hung the dull weight
Of some intolerable fate.
What bell was that? Ah me! too much I know.

"My sweet companion and my gentle peer,
Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy end for ever and thy life to moan?
Oh thou hast left me all alone!
Thy soul and body when death's agony
Besieged around thy noble heart,
Did not with more reluctance part,
Than I, my dearest friend! do part from thee.

"My dearest friend, would I had died for thee!
Life and this world henceforth will tedious be.
Nor shall I know hereafter what to do,
If once my griefs prove tedious too.
Silent and sad I walk about all day,
As sullen ghosts stalk speechless by,
Where their best treasures lie.
Alas! my treasure's gone, why do I stay?

"He was my friend, the truest friend on earth;
A strong and mighty influence joined our birth:
Nor did we envy the most sounding name,
By friendship given of old to fame.
None but his brethren, he and sisters knew,
Whom he that youth preferred to me,
And ev'n in that we did agree,
For much above myself I lov'd them too.

"Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,
How oft unwearied have we spent the nights,
Till the Lœdean stars so famed for love,
Wonder'd at us from above;
We spent them not in toys, or lusts, or wine,
But search of deep philosophy,
With eloquence and poetry.
And which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.

"Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,
Have ye not seen us walking every day?
Was there a tree above which did not know
The love betwixt us two?
Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade,
Or your sad branches thicker join,
And into darksome shades combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is lain."

And thus sings Cowley, through many a dreary verse, with which we will not tire the reader's patience. The immortal discoverer of the circulation of the blood deserves a more poetic strain.

Milton was deeply read in classic lore. This is everywhere

apparent. The erudition of the "Paradise Lost" and "Regained," is perfectly overwhelming. Every line he wrote shows how much and how well he had conversed with the master minds of Greece and Rome; how deeply he had drank the spirit of their proudest philosophers, the genius of their divinest song. What can be more pitiful than the comment of Johnson: "Among the flocks, and copses, and flowers, appear the heathen deities, Jove and Erebus, Neptune and Æolus, with a long train of mythological imagery, such as a college easily supplies. Nothing can less display knowledge, or less exercise invention, than to tell how a shepherd has lost his companion, and must now feed his flocks alone, without any judge of skill in piping; and how one god asks of another god what has become of Lycidas, and how neither god can tell." To say the least, the appeal of Cowley to the Lidæan stars was open to the same censure Johnson has pronounced on Milton; the stars would know as much about Harvey as the gods about Lycidas. Johnson makes one more objection, but as that is more religious than critical, and more sectarian than either, we shall pass it by. We now come to "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso." Johnson here agrees with the many, and in such matters the voice of the multitude, if it be not the voice of God, is that of truth. Of the sonnets—those true tests of poetic feeling—Johnson observes, "they deserve not any particular criticism, for of the best it can only be said, they are not bad." Five of these are Italian; these elsewhere he confesses he could not understand, so that his censure is inapplicable to them. He continues, "Perhaps only the eighth and twenty-first are entitled to the simple, slender commendation, of not being bad." Thus writes Dr. Johnson. A man of more poetic feeling, and less intolerant frame of mind, would have returned a very different verdict. The sonnets are gems. What poet ever addressed woman in a higher strain than did Milton in the following?—

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

"Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth
Wisely hath shunned the broadway and the green,
And with those few are eminently seen,
That labour up the hill of heavenly truth,
The better part with Mary and with Ruth
Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
Thy care is fixed, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
Hast gained thy entrance, virgin wise and pure."

And if he had been the cold-hearted man Johnson, endeavoured to make him appear, he would never have written as he did,—

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

"Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom washed from spot of child-bed taint,
Purification in the old law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind;
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But, O! as to embrace me she inclined,
I wak'd: she fled; and day brought back my night."

These sonnets have been much misunderstood, and amongst those who misunderstood them may be numbered Dr. Johnson. He, indeed, has been the chief cause of much of the misunderstanding. What are they but the workings of a great and mighty heart, involuntarily venting themselves in the form of poetry, and that poetry of a high order, to which but a few of the most gifted of earth's sons only could attain. Such had existed in the days of Elizabeth, but it had made way for the cold correctness and prosad rhyme Johnson and his contemporaries could appreciate so well. It was not to be expected that their simple majesty, their artless elegance, and, above all, their generous and fervid tone of thought, should be acceptable in an age when art was everything, and nature but a little better than a dream of the past. Deep in Milton's heart there was a well-spring of living poetry, which the winter's blast could never turn to ice; which the heat of passion could never dry; living poetry, which a thought, a word, could cause to flow; a sweet memory of the past; a glowing hope of the future; a note of music—a melody of love; a dream of the night; and it gushed forth in immortal verse, and poured forth its priceless waters, like a river, rich with gold and precious stones. Replete with the force of feeling, with the majesty of truth, with the charm of genius, they have come down to us as the creations of a leisure hour—creations such as a master mind could call forth at will—creations that would endow with a fair fame and an undying existence, many a less gifted man.

THOUGHTS ON DYING.

Some friends met together, thus expressed themselves :—

Said one—" I would speed in flight away,
To the bright realms of eternal day—
On swift wings borne from all sense of pain,
Without time to glance back to earth again :
No death bed scene—and no agony—
To grieve the beloved assembled nigh ;
They would not mourn for the ransomed one—
Or wish to recal the spirit gone!"

"And I"—said another—" oft pray to die,
So gently summoned from on high—
The solemn warning thus sweetly given,
May smooth and prepare the way to Heaven ;
No pain to disturb my peaceful mind—
Friends around me—low breathings kind ;
I would depart with a smile serene—
And enter my home on the blissful scene."

Whispered another, with tremulous sigh—
"Thus—thus—oh ! *not thus*—dare *I* wish to die.
I would linger and love as earth's own child,
Ever in prayer to the Saviour mild ;
No smile may gladden my pallid face,
At the awful close of our earthly race—
For the dread approach I hope to meet
A suppliant—lying at Jesus' feet :
The hours of pain I pray may be
Few—and short in *intensity ;*
For I would patiently fade—and know
My days were numbered—calm and slow.
Oh ! that my thoughts and dreams may be
Soothed with celestial harmony—
And fondly clasped to the best loved breast—
May I wake to an endless—glorious rest!"

C. A. M. W.

THE DOUBLE ROMANCE;

A TALE OF THE "OVERLAND."*

GATHERED FROM MR. IN THE PORTFOLIOS AND PORTMANTEAUS OF PASSENGERS.

BY TIPPOO KHAN THE YOUNGER.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Cousins: an unexpected arrival.

Wonderful are the workings of beauty! And we are not speaking of that abstract, ideal, invisible German thing which she found, and still continues to find its numerous train of unhappy worshippers—but of that active, living, personified beauty of all climes, which attracts the unimaginative as well as the soaring and dreamers. From the courtly aristocrat, who, cold in the midst of triumph over the region of the female heart, indifferent amid a mine of jewels,—the least of which would dazzle into madness the less worldly-gifted and worldly-fortunate—will crouch beneath the glance of a stray, unsophisticated virtue, which has fixed and thwarted him, acknowledging himself to be a vanquished, helpless adorer—down to the lowly apprentice, who endeavours to obtain a peep at some charming atom of life, which he knows to exist under the soiled pink bonnet at his side in the omnibus; and to ravish a look from that significant flesh and blood which insensibly and irresistibly attracted him to that to-and-fro travelling bench, on which he has found himself; to be caught, in fine, by that insinuating man-trap which he shuns not, while he distinctly sees—from

* Continued from page 148, vol. 1.

this gorgeous, to that simple-minded one, we say, beauty exerts her sway and influence; and what a gap have we left to be filled up by the various degrees marked out by education and position in society!

Julia Westwood knew that she had achieved a victory; she felt sensible that there was, at least, one heart which she had thoroughly enchained, and which, at any time, she was at liberty to claim and call her own. But the more she conjectured to whom that heart belonged, the more she became confused and bewildered on the subject. Nor had she as yet dared to make a confidence of the real truth of the case; for, although she had often broached the matter of her unknown admirer's tender looks and ill-concealed blushes to her cousin Ellen, there was a certain pride which forbade her to bestow any open serious attention to a circumstance of so casual and common-place a nature. Besides, others might take a different view of the question; even were admiration admitted, it might easily be argued that such admiration from an innocent, easily wounded youth, meant nothing. Indeed, we know some people who are always looking up at other people's window's and while No. 6, in the Square, imagines that she is the only attraction of the broad-brimmed hat, and long-tailed horse, which go regularly past at the same early afternoon hour of the day, while her brougham is waiting at the door, the identical cavalier is playing the same interesting game with No. 16, in the Street, No. 26, in the Crescent, and No. 60, in the Terrace, all in the parish and immediate vicinity of the first house aforesaid: again, the moustachios, which have curled into the affections of the widow at Almack's, have also, on either side, twisted round a captive from the *Etablissement* at Dieppe, and rooms at Harrowgate, respectively; nor are we at all prepared to state, that even the "imperial," into which a certain elderly maiden lady once consented to pack up all her sentiment and sympathy, is not at this moment being wilfully locketed in the heart of another certain lady, far younger, and far more engaging to the owner of the destroying tegument. Ellen might secretly imagine that the looks were intended for *her*; nay, Miss Hemstitch, the lady's-maid, might—and the case has many parallels—suppose that *she* was the real source of attraction, and that the eyes which actually turned to her young mistresses, at the window, darted, ideally, over the ornamented table, out of the door, and down the staircase, through an appropriate statue of Venus, into the snug sitting-room below, where she sat marking the Colonel's pocket-handkerchiefs; and sighing—as she reflected that one who had erst sworn her constant fidelity, had left her to have his name written on the worthless texture of his heart in the indelible ink of another. It was altogether a puzzling, difficult question—moreover, it was absurd; and fifty times did Julia Westwood determine to think of it no more,

each time breaking the resolution so soon as formed. Colonel Westwood had scarcely even troubled himself to note the stranger's personal appearance; romantic, run-away attachments had now become incomprehensible to him; and a chance-eye adventure, to entail any matrimonial consequences, was, in his estimation, just as little requisite of his caution on behalf of his daughter, as a visit to the theatre for himself, lest he should be inclined to study Hamlet, preparatory to a *debut* on the boards. Mrs. Westwood had once looked at him as he was passing the house, and—alas for the ill-starred stranger—on that occasion, he wore the mackintosh cape, and carried an umbrella.

"Is that the man you always tell me of, as Julia's silent admirer?" said the lady.

"Yes—there he is! now, isn't he handsome, and so aristocratic-looking;—isn't he, mamma?" jestingly responded Ellen, putting her hand, at the same moment, round her cousin's waist, as much as to infer that no harm was intended.

In a minute after, Mrs. Westwood had turned away from the window, and was in the act of drawing her chair to the fire-side, to commence a tractarian pamphlet; and Julia alone thought of the "Pastor Fido" who had gone by, and of the shower of rain in which he was so soon to get drenched, probably for the sole sake of seeing her.

Indeed, he was not quite the orthodox individual to monopolise the thoughts of a young lady in the West End; no, not by any means. For although he had very frequently been seen at the opera, and other public places of amusement, now and then, too, at a subscription ball, where lady patronesses, of sufficient note in the world of fashion, dispensed tickets, in very correct attire, and much as any other individual who would do for a Marylebone *belle* (with and without the final letter, the second being instrumental to the due disposal of the first), still, he was never found in private parties, never met out of London, and none of the box keepers at the theatres knew his name, or, indeed, who was the party referred to, when Amble, who was admitted as a sharer in the joke, attempted to solve the mystery. Then again, there were occasions, in the very height of the season, when he had been observed getting out of an omnibus; once he was detected on the top of that useful and economical vehicle; he frequented the cheap steamers; and Stubbs, the footman, who had often noticed him, in the afternoon, from the large dining room windows, and wondered whether, in stealthily turning towards the house, he had an eye to spoons or persons, caught him one evening smoking a cigar in Cremorne Gardens, and reported the circumstance to Hemstitch, who, singularly enough, repeated it to Julia Westwood herself. Nor was he handsome, that is, he was well enough, and, as we have said, *could* look like a gentleman; but there was, perhaps, too little delicacy

of feature, and too much of morbid, melancholy aspect, to suit all tastes; his eyes, though of dark, piercing hue, were too inquisitive and uncertain; his nose was too prominent, and his lip too nervous, to complete an attractive *tout ensemble;* and oil to his straight, brown hair, and trimming to his slight brown whiskers, would have proved about as healthy and as strange as modesty to a confirmed egotist, and assurance to an ultra-bashful man. And his usual walking dress was of most questionable propriety; the tailor who had fitted him had either no ambition to shine himself, or hoped but little profit from his customer; the hat, gloves, and boots, were sadly the worse for wear, and the minor articles of visible wardrobe were treated with painful neglect. And, to crown all, he was scarcely ever known to be out on week-days, save late in the afternoon; what could he be doing all the morning? was he behind a desk, or a counter, or where? No; the stranger, whoever he was—and we shall doubtless obtain the substance of the shadow, in time—was one of the last men, to all appearance, whom the reasoning and the reasonable would denote as the fitting lover of the graceful, lady-like, pleasing, and pretty Julia Westwood. And as she was sufficiently a slave to education, to obey the ordinary lessons of worldly opinion, how could she be supposed, even in the deepest recesses of her heart, to nurture encouragement for the admiration of so undesirable a follower?

A few days succeeding that on which the barrister and his pupil were last shewn to the reader, Mrs. Westwood and the young ladies were in the drawing-room, awaiting the daily announcement from Mr. Stubbs, or his superior, the silent Crusty, that luncheon was on the table. Julia and Ellen sat on the sofa, having put down the work on which they had been engaged at the same precise moment, any wilfulness in the simultaneous part of which proceedings, must be attributed to the latter. Mrs. Westwood was too busy in the comfortable arm chair, reading the "Jesuit's Daughter," which she had but lately received from the circulating library, to hear the conversation carried on, even had it been held in a higher key. By the way, the good lady, of a protestant French family, had suddenly taken to read tractarian works, in the shape of pamphlets and novels; and was now lost in amazement at a tale, describing how Agatha, the daughter of one Ignatius Delamere, had been led, for a time, from her father's faith, by the persuasions of her lover, a young clergyman of the Church of England, and won back again by the threats and subtle reasonings of her sire, who, thinking to have gained his object to the extent of his wishes, sees his lovely child expire by his side, to the accompaniment of that deep voice of admonition and exhortation. The story was professedly written by one who had experienced much adversity in the cause of truth, to prove the insidious and dangerous scheming of the fraternity, and the mischief which the system of admitting any of their members,

directly or indirectly, into families, is likely to create; but, strange enough, although the daughter dies, and each practical result of the tale is as favourable to the cause espoused as heart could wish, the theory is prodigiously partial to the papist, and there is a mass of unopposed arguments on the side of the Jesuits, and some hundreds of pages of close letter-press, which, if severed from the remainder of the volume, might be called, with great propriety, "Protestantism Refuted, or Rome the True Church." As our object is merely to glance at, not to review the book, we shall say nothing about the character of Dr. Twang, except that we conceive he would have been a far more natural champion, under the papal banner, than amid their opponents, in the war of opinion and discussion.

"So you have not yet finished Archy's purse?" said Julia; "I wonder you do not complete it for him."

"This is the second," answered Ellen, in that peculiar tone which is so well expressed by the French verb '*bonder*;' "and he has never yet been here to claim the first. What can he be doing all this while? I am sure uncle Edward knows all about him, though he keeps so quiet on the matter."

"Why, did he not himself tell us that he had business to complete which would detain him for several days, and that he preferred staying with his solicitor at his private house at Bromley, till it was quite finished, for then he would have so much undivided time to spare for my lively and amiable cousin?"

"Julia, dear Julia, tell me; do you know what it is to love? Now, do pray answer me candidly, as your own true sister; for I am sure there are many things that you must have kept secret from me; indeed, I do not mind telling you, in frankness, that I have now and then concealed things from you."

"What! and I thought you ever my confiding sister, Ellen. But I presume that now I may be admitted to share in these mysteries? if so, I will forgive you, and promise to prove an attentive listener to any revelations which you may have to make."

"Oh! indeed, they amount to a mere nothing—trifles of feeling, which I would scarce acknowledge at the time of their working: perhaps, I was ashamed of them; though now, to speak the plain honest truth, I have no such repugnance to recall their existence, for I knew there was no real love in the whole matter."

"Love! then you fancied—"

"Fancied—yes, you have guessed it; *knew* myself to be pleased, and, consequently, fancied that a certain gratitude must be due for the pleasure derived from compliments and flatteries which I now treat as very ordinary attempts to win a young lady's favour. There was Captain Hampton, and that odious Italian Count, and—but all this is over now, and I feel that I never gave my

heart away, but to—never mind whom; I only wish he were here, the truant, instead of going about from place to place with uncle Edward, as I feel certain he does: do you know, Julia, uncle Edward is a very wild man, I am quite positive."

"I always thought so, dear Ellen, but in your case I see no cause of fear whatever. For my part, I should expect from any one to whom I could have, as you say, given my heart, nothing but the strictest propriety."

"And so I do, and so I am sure he does behave towards me," quickly returned Ellen, the colour rising to her soft cheeks; "but I scarcely understand you, Julia; do you think he—"

"I tell you, Ellen, I see no cause of fear whatever."

"But uncle Edward has such a queer acquaintance."

"So he may have, but why should this distress you? Perhaps it is that you are jealous of the solicitor's charming daughters, the Misses Grace and Fanny, whom we had the good fortune to meet on the day of our last pic-nic—is that it, Ellen?" This was said in that good-natured manner which spoke at once to the purpose aimed at, viz., to point out that there was not the least danger to be apprehended in the quarter alluded to.

"No, no, I had rather they remained in their father's house than out of it at present—for I think their charms are far more likely to drive away, than retain their guest. But it is uncle Edward I am afraid of: he spends so much money—and Archy, you know, Julia—" added Ellen hesitatingly, but with great *naivete* and simplicity; "Archy is very generous, and he has not much, although he did expect a large fortune."

"Which cause makes him run away to India with my good sister, and deprives me of my best friend and companion;" was Julia's reply, the passage of a tear to the eye becoming apparent in the ruffled serenity of her features. She took her cousin's hand in her own, and continued with evident truth and sincerity. "So accustomed have I grown to your society, and so dull and sad must I feel when you are parted from me, that, were it not for my father, I could make up my mind to accompany you myself, and live with my married Ellen in the hot and distant climes to which her destiny is leading her."

Ellen threw herself into the arms of the fair speaker, and her heart responded to the affection shown towards her in tears and in kisses.

A friend of our's tells us—and he is a man of some discernment and much experience—that India owns no longer the marriage-market of former years; that young unmarried ladies are few, much too few—and mostly residing with their families—from a sort of home necessity which even overland communication cannot entirely remove, and indulging in no matrimonial speculation, save such as may arise in the common course of things. But then

the trumpet of Rumour did once sound a blast upon this subject, proclaiming a different state of affairs, the reverberation of which is still in the ears of those who never quit Europe firesides—and so, Julia Westwood, who might have had fifty good offers, and fifty well-to-do lovers at her feet, in the great metropolis, was offering no mean proof of moral courage and affection to her cousin Ellen, in expressing the sentiments recorded above.

Mrs. Westwood raised her eyes from the book, and was about to make a remark on the scene going on before her, when a train of thought precisely similar to one which she had once herself acknowledged when contrasting the two religions, which formed, as it were, the main subject of the work she was reading—seemed to spring up suddenly, and like the effect of magic on the page she had just turned over, and so the novelled Jesuit threw his large dark cloak over the two delicate and living forms on the sofa, and hid them from the lady's view.

"Julia," continued Ellen, after a pause, "you never answered my first question: I am sure I have sufficiently gratified your curiosity respecting my own secrets—do, dear Julia, tell me—has there been no little confidence to make on your part? is there none to make now? I should so like to assist you to the utmost of my power. As for going to India you must think no more of that; it is all very well for me to follow a camp, and march with my liege lord from station to station, wherever he may be ordered: it is the life I have determined on, and like it I will—but you, Julia, you must have other views; you must marry what the world calls 'well'—you must have a title, for I know you can get it if you wish—you have graces and virtues which will ensure it to you; I am earnest, for while I never confessed my acquiescence in your superiority when we were to remain together, now that we are to be separated, I do not mind, in the least, acknowledging it: not only are you far more enviable, and far more powerful, but you are far better than I am. I have always been a flighty, enthusiastic girl; men have been afraid of me, though, why, I can hardly say, but I have seen it, indeed I have. I never condescended to make my views harmonize with theirs, that is, if it did not perfectly suit me—why should I? for never did I find any who made their views to harmonise with mine; mind, I speak of old times—music, romance, excitement, illusion, these were the idols of my existence; I was perhaps wrong to treat them with so much regard; now—but you know the rest—how little do we understand ourselves! Do you remember what a rough answer I gave you when you said, "Ellen, you must not let your heart be won by the East Indian whom uncle Edward is about to bring here."

"Something like just as if I should ever take a fancy to—but I forget what it was exactly, so we will drop that matter. I am sure I wish you every happiness of your choice."

"Which, however, you do *not* quite approve—was that it?

"I never said that, Ellen; nay, I have a very great regard for Archy, and think him a most eligible man, if you will have the correct word."

She did not say "eligible," as applied to her cousin, or, indeed, any one in particular; and yet Ellen was thoroughly satisfied, nor was she so suspicious on this point as—who shall we say?—haply, some from amid whose MSS. we are now compiling a romance.

"Still you have not answered my main question."

"Well, Ellen, I cannot deny that there may have been some little secrets untold on my part, but nothing worth the remembrance, nor of the least consequence whatever."

"That remains for me to decide on. Confess."

"No, no, there is nothing to be told."

"Confess."

Mrs. Westwood looked up instinctively at the mention of this word, then, in an instant, her eyes were on the book again.

"I tell you there is nothing."

"But it must be told. Well, I will guess. I am sure it is a love question, for such as we are would be secret on no other matter among ourselves. Who is the happy man? Is it Lord Dimville, who, by his addresses to you, so offended the fiery Miss Curlingtons?"

"Lord Dimville I never have thought of, but as a silly companion at a dinner table."

"Or Captain Polleker?"

"Captain Polleker I never liked, though I pitied his consummate vanity."

"I will tell you then—Mr. Tacit?"

"The clergyman, or his brother?"

"The clergyman?"

"I never spoke to him."

"But eyes—eyes will do, Julia, and you know this, at least, you ought to have found it out. However, we will pass him over for the brother."

"He was a married man, on our first introduction, and is not now a widower, that I am aware of."

"Then I will tell you: Major Brim, Sir George Stump, Captain Funnel—oh yes, that officer of engineers—I am sure of it, Captain Funnell."

"My dear girl, you are very much mistaken."

"Let me see; I wish, however, you would tell me—but stop, I have it: the unknown—the stranger in the odd dress—oh, Julia!"

And Ellen burst into a loud laugh, at the bare idea of such an absurdity: for, as will already have been seen, she had high opinion of her cousin in her worldly position. Yet, strange to say, Julia was more uncomfortable at the mention of this admirer, than

at any name previously brought forward by her inquisitiveness; this latter had no time to observe the effect produced, for the door opened. Mrs. Westwood put her book on the mantel-piece, and Stubbs, entering, announced that luncheon was on the table.

The meal was progressing much as usual, that is, none of the party did justice to the dishes set before them, and each was sparing of her conversational powers. Mrs. Westwood was musing on the maxims of the imaginary Jesuits; and her daughter and niece had been last engaged on a theme which afforded them ample scope for reflection and reverie. Suddenly a knock shook violently the street door, and almost immediately succeeding, voices and footsteps were heard in the hall.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Westwood, rising from her seat, and turning deadly pale; "that voice—it is my husband's—and all is not well, I am convinced."

"So it is, I am sure; I will go and meet him. Dear papa, how delighted I shall be to embrace him;" and Ellen, jumping up, had already placed her hand on the handle of the door.

"Stop, child, stop," quickly cried her mother; "Do you not hear that they have gone into the library, and that something strange has happened. Your father is not alone, his two brothers are with him; they will not delay to come to us; at all events, we will await them here. Julia, my dear, fetch me my book from the drawing-room."

Cold and calculating was Mrs. Harvey Westwood; and her conclusions on worldly matters, whenever she chose to form any, were usually correct. Many months had now passed since she had seen her husband, it is true; still it was better, more politic and more prudent, under the circumstances, to wait his coming with patience. And why should she not return to a work which pleased her, instead of frittering away her mental energies in useless conjecture and anxiety? There was a pause, during which poor Ellen suffered considerably, for she loved her father deeply; and, independently of her wish to see his face again, she was anxious to impart much of intelligence in the world of her own heart, to his ever ready and attentive ear. In a few moments more, voices and footsteps were again heard without, and Harvey Westwood was fondly embracing his wife and daughter, while the colonel and his brother, the barrister, stood by, looking impatiently, if not indifferently, on.

An observer might easily have perceived that some event of importance had occurred in the fortunes of the family.

RELICS.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

If, after we have shuffled off this mortal coil, to sleep the sleep that knows no waking, we could be permitted to revisit the glimpses of the moon, perhaps nothing would strike us as more cruel, more disrespectful and indelicate, or wound the feelings more, than to witness the careless manner in which those things are treated which we treasured up with a sanctified secresy, and holiness amounting to idolatry.

Relics of the past, the loved, the regretted, and the dead; tokens of affection, bestowed when the heart was young, warm, and fresh, ere it was warped by ambition, or withered by avarice, when it *did* cost something to make a present, involving a sacrifice of something almost as dear, to gratify the yearning of love or friendship; letters containing the last earthly wishes of the dear departed beings who fondly legacied to us their final thoughts, and revealed, as it were, the mysterious workings of the spirit, doubtfully hovering on the brink of that eternity it longed, yet dreaded, to meet; locks of hair, severed in unutterable agony from the lovely heads long since laid low in the hallowed grave; and even faded flowers plucked with trembling anguish in some annual pilgrimage to those very tombs.

To see the self-same hand that tenderly smoothed our pillow, dried our tearful eyes, and administered the healing draught, remorselessly employed in consigning to the devouring flames all that our memory held as the most precious, all that our heart valued the most, would appear monstrous in the extreme, the direst outrage to affection, the basest proof of neglect and forgetfulness of the lingering remembrance we fondly hoped would be cherished of us when we were no more. Such, however, is not the case. Neither unkindness nor contumely are intended by such conduct; but the natural desire of ridding ourselves of the really inconsidered trifles, whose preservation would perplex and embarass us, and which were only dear to their former possessors from the charm of association, that magic of the mind, but which, to others, being of no intrinsic value, are considered, as they undoubtedly are, mere incumbrances.

This I know from experience, having been the melancholy recipient of several enormous packages of letters and trinkets, left me by a lamented and revered old friend. At first, I piously resolved to keep every article inviolate; but when my grief and regret had a little subsided, I thought I would look them over, and select the best. I took the trouble of reading several of the letters, and could not but marvel, as I proceeded, how a woman of a tolerably good understanding, as my late friend was, and so far advanced in years, should have allowed them to survive her.

They were chiefly written in the formal cramped hand on which our grandmothers so much prided themselves, the sweet Roman hand of Shakespeare, as they imagined it. The style inflated, verbose, and affected; filled with unmeaning protestations of never-dying love, such as one young lady invariably writes to another, ere she knows what love really is; the outpourings of a weak, romantic mind, strongly imbued with a perusal of the earlier minor poets, who made every youth a Corydon, and every maiden a Phyllis. Some few, however, written after the colder realities of life had schooled the heart, were more natural, and consequently more pleasing. One, in particular, which touched me exceedingly, from its painful truthfulness, I transcribe, for the edification of my fair readers.

"My Sweet Laura.—Here I am once more at the dear old Grange. Every thing appears actually in the same state as when I quitted it ten years ago, to fulfil, as I devotedly believed, those bright anticipations whose fatal overthrow for a time deprived me of reason, and for ever rendered me a blighted and hopeless creature; and, were it not for the absence of many a dear, familiar face, whose graves have grown verdant beneath the suns of fast-succeeding summers, I should think, indeed, that I had only retired to rest on the past happy eve, and risen to the happier day, that, in fact, it was but yesterday since I last beheld all that now surrounds me.

"Oh! why does nature appear to stand still in every thing but mortal youth and beauty? Why must the very flowers and trees we gaze upon bloom in renewed loveliness, only to mock us with our own decay? And, alas! why is it so innate in the female heart to prize those charms which are so fleeting, so evanescent? Never shall I forget my horror at discovering the first grey hair mingling with my raven tresses: it looked like a thing of spite and malignity, to mortify and distress me; but now that they are as thick as the withered leaves of autumn, I am more reconciled to their inevitable appearance, and feel actually ashamed of my former sorrow, and can only excuse it from the recollection of the praises those tresses once won from lips that then *hallowed* all they extolled.

"As soon as I had rested after my long and fatiguing journey,

I ran with the eagerness of girlhood to *our* bower, at the end of the yew avenue. There, seated alone, I reviewed the past,—your life, and mine,—how chequered since! But, at the moment, lost in retrospection, I could see ourselves as we then were, both young, both lovely, both *beloved.* I could hear the vows of passion poured into our too confiding ears, broken by treachery and falsehood afterwards; your light laugh of derision seemed to die on the passing zephyr, as you affected to discredit, for the love of tormenting, what for worlds you would not have had otherwise; and the perfume of the flowers which overshadowed me tended still to strengthen the illusion; tears stole down my cheeks, tears of indefinable, inebriating rapture, and I blushed involuntarily, as in fancy I felt the warm lips of Arthur Stanley kissing them away, those serpent lips, which tempted me to love only to betray me to despair, when his fickle heart found a newer object for its transient adoration.

"O, Laura! truly suffering is the badge of all our tribe; real, or imaginary, every day of woman's life is a day of martyrdom; yet, for her, there is no redress, not even commiseration, deceived, victimised as she is, by ungenerous man,—for who regards with an eye of common compassion, the forlorn old maid, who is doomed, from early disappointment, to drag on the cheerless measure of her destined span, until death, her only friend, comes to her assistance, in unsocial, unsympathetic incommunity? Even the few vernal off-shoots of affection, the scathings of anguish have spared, are not allowed to shed their kindly fragrance around the contracted circle of her home. If, with true anxiety, she would, from her own bitter experience, warn the young and unsuspecting of similar impending sorrows, her caution is received with thankless ingratitude; she is taxed with envy and jealousy; her advice is disregarded, and she is treated as a morose, unamiable being, who, because no longer young herself, cannot endure that others should be so either.

"How does the expanding heart shut up, like the sensitive plant, at the icy touch of that chilling scorn, which perverts its best intentions, and stigmatizes its holiest impulses! Some would ridicule the idea of my considering myself as one of that contemned and persecuted race; but I reckon time, not by years, but emotions, and, feeling aged in mind and heart, I cannot but fancy I am equally old in every other respect; although, I certainly do see women, who have counted, at least, my seasons, still comparatively youthful; but they are *wives* and *mothers,* and the genial sunshine of domestic happiness keeps the heart and countenance green and blooming to a late period: while I, abandoned to my own chagrin, consume away like a flower, left by chance, in some dark shade.

"Write to me often, and often, dear Laura. Oh! were it not

that a sincere female friendship can survive all the chances and changes of this ever-varying world, life would be a blank indeed. But *that,* like fine gold, the more it is tried, the more it is purified! How many tests your's has already stood! how many more it may have to endure, ere your poor heart-broken friend is removed from burthening its sweet consolation, God only knows! Still, you will never weary of well-doing, I feel assured; but, will persevere unto the end, that my last moments may be gladdened by the sole ray of earthly beatitude, capable of warming and radiating their gathering gloom!

"My future letters, I trust, will be of a less sombre character; indeed, I shall make it a point of duty to render them so; but, after a protracted absence, and many sad and startling trials, the heart must speak, or burst, on the *first* gush of feeling which the scenes of youth and happiness naturally awaken. Mine, now that it has partially relieved itself of its oppressive load of vain remembrances, feels infinitely lighter; and if not yet able to sign myself, your contented, I can say, your *resigned,* and still undeviatingly attached,

"MARIA COURTENEY."

There were also several poetical effusions, in round, and German text, evidently the first glowing efforts of some youthful aspirant for my friend's favour, long antecedent to the more mature love-making in the bower, so pathetically alluded to, in Maria Courteney's affecting letter, with lockets innumerable, containing every conceivable shade of hair; none above the value of half-a-crown, so far as the precious metal was concerned. One, however, struck me as pretty, and interesting in its design; two doves, in white enamel, holding in their united bills a curl of that bright, beautiful hair, we know, at the most casual glance, must have belonged to one of those fair sunny creatures, who render the hearth-stone of some home so refulgent by its presence, so dark when snatched away! In this opinion, I was confirmed, by reading on the back of the locket, "Clara R., aged seventeen." I was vexed at finding only the *initial* of her name, and endeavoured to supply the hiatus, by running over in my mind all the most familiar ones, commencing with that letter; stopping instinctively at *Ritchie,* not from its being peculiarly euphonious, but that it has been bathed in the liquid stream of sweet and touching poetry, and appeared, therefore, most appropriate to the beautiful possessor of that silken curl. But, after a time, I grew dissatisfied with this conjecture, at first so pleasing; and, discovering that I could never gaze on the locket without a train of vague and perplexing thoughts occurring, I ultimately gave it to a very romantic young lady, who fell violently in love with the charming design of the pretty little doves so amorously billing together, and whose giddy and

inconsequent brain I knew would never puzzle itself with the astute subtleties which had so frequently made mine ache, to give the departed owner of that tress a local habitation and a name; and the remainder, with the letters and verses, tell it not in Gath, I quietly submitted to the fire, without one compunctious visiting of conscience, either. Indeed, if those funereal pyres were forbidden by the laws of a false delicacy, or, even sincere affection, where would there be found magazines sufficiently extensive to contain the various accumulations collected for generations? Women being proverbially hoarders of those sweet memorials, which constitute the wealth of the heart, but not, alas! of the purse; yea, from the moment when poor distracted Eve snatched the rose from her nuptial bower, when driven out of that lovely Paradise, which the Almighty had himself embellished with all that was beautiful and attractive, down to the present hour; they have heaped relic upon relic, noting them on the tablets of the soul, to revel over, when the sterner realities of life drove them to retrospection for that felicity, which their actual position denied them.

I myself am one of the most inveterate of the above-mentioned class; but, then I really *do* collect things of stirling value; having, amongst other treasures, several autograph notes from the finest periodical writers of the day, which I have taken especial care to signify in a memorandum, are most invaluable, not knowing what price they may bring in some future sale of such celebrated rarities; when, having outlived the present petty envy, which hates the merit which it cannot reach, and, worse still, the horrid utilitarian mania which now prevails, of seeing worth in nothing, except a rail-road; they will not be considered the mere rubbish they are now, I fear, and, consequently, swept down the gulph of that oblivion which renders nothing back, but which my restless spirit, cognisant of, would bewail as the most irretrievable of all epistolary losses, to which that of Junius would have been a matter of comparatively trifling importance, as his name *is* fictitious, while mine are undoubted, real, and delightful facts.

LITERATURE.

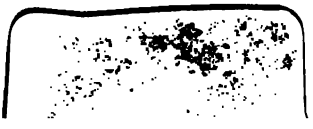
NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The History of the Girondists, or Personal Memoirs of the Patriots of the French Revolution. Vol. II. London: Bohn.

La Martine's second volume is a narrative of surpassing interest. The style is clear, the descriptions are graphic and animated. We would willingly extract some of the brilliant passages it contains, were it not that it is published at such a price as to place it within the reach of all.

Essay on the Constitution of Society as Designed by God. London: Arthur Hall and Company.

This is the work of a thoughtful man desirous of doing good; as such we commend it, though it is written in too fragmentary a form, and in a style by no means popular.

History of the Hawaiian Islands, embracing their Antiquities, Mythology, Legends, Discovery by Europeans in the Sixteenth Century, Re-discovery by Cook, with their Civil, Religious, and Political History from the Earliest Traditionary Period to the Present Time. By James Jackson Jarves. Third Edition.

We have given at length the title of Mr. Jarves's able and not uninteresting performance. Everything relating to the history or present state of the Hawaiians is to be found in it. It is proved to be a standard work of its kind—accurate, impartial, profound. The friends of mission, and missionaries, will thank our author for the testimony he has given on their behalf.